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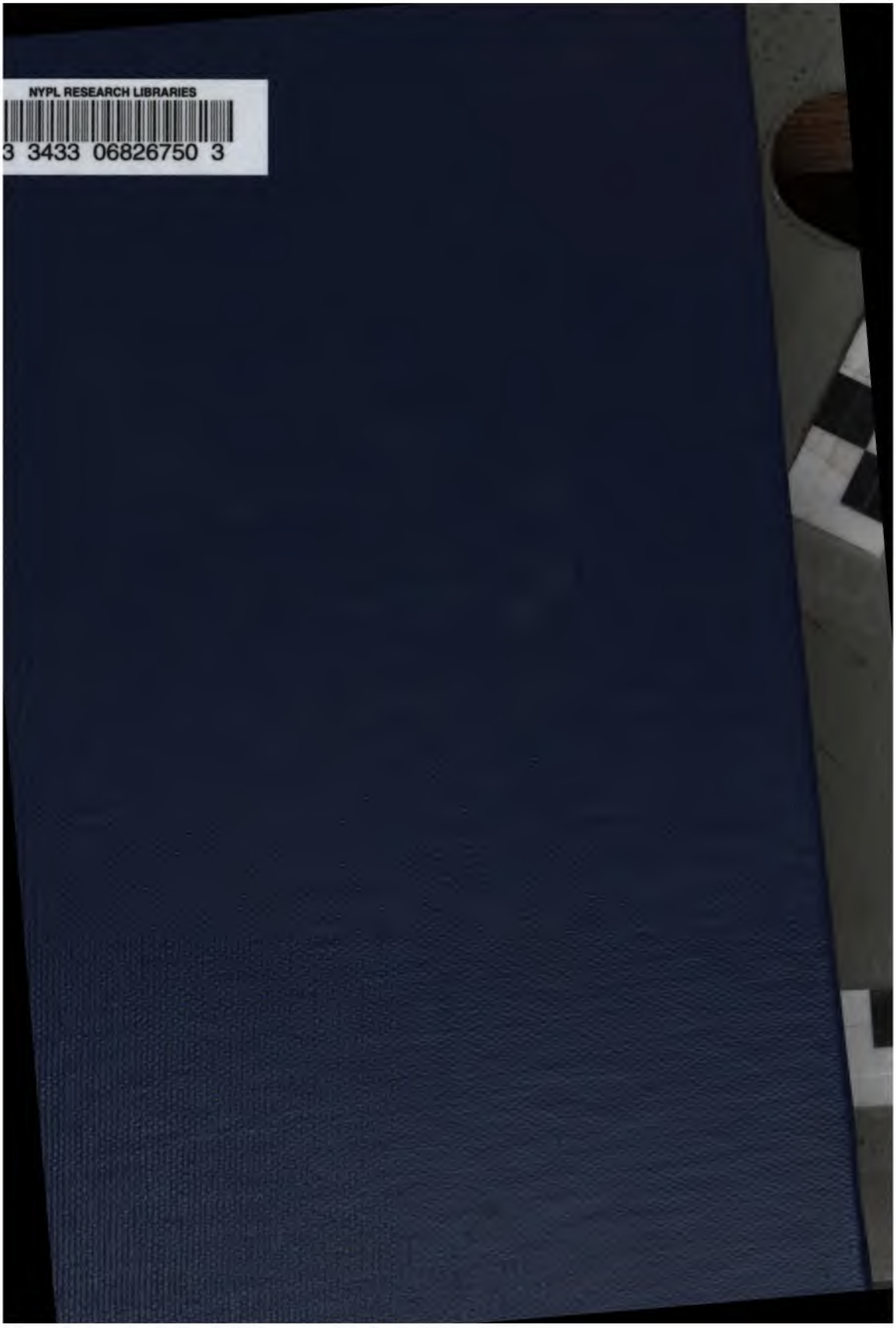
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REV. CORNELIUS VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.

THE

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AND

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Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON I.

BY REV. A. L. STONE, D.D.,
PASTOR OF THE PARK-STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

THE MINISTRIES OF TIME.

"I the Lord will hasten it in his time."—ISAIAH 60 : 22.

GOD is Sovereign and Omnipotent, but he waits the ministration of Time. He could force seasons and laws, but it is his way rather to work through them and by them. He has ordained them as servitors of his will. His purposes on the earth, in the conduct of human affairs, had, in respect to their accomplishment, a germination, a process, and a harvest-hour of consummation.

Time is the prime-minister of Providence, and brings to pass in due order, at their full periods, and at the appointed juncture, the patient counsels of the Most High. There is no hurrying and no sickness of deferred hope on that eternal and tranquil mind. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." It lends a new dignity and a sterner and loftier majesty to Time, when we consider it thus, not impersonally, as

the passing away of our days—the swift, mute lapse of the stream of life sliding down the vale—but as a strong executive angel, a sceptered and conscious force that has it in charge to reveal and fulfill the hidden plan of God.

Man is strong and works great changes upon the earth and his fellow-man. Art is strong and produces its rapid marvels. The forces serving the human will are nimble and muscular. Heat and frost lift up monuments of their might and magic. The fires of earth's center, the winds that sweep over her surface, the seas that thunder along her shores, these have their power and their trophies. But Time is the great magician. All these latter forces are sinews of its own arm. The changes, the revolutions, the histories of this world are only chronicles of the vice-regency of Time.

It is fitting, as the swift shuttle glances past again, drawing another thread into the woven fabric of God's scheme for earth and man, bringing out yet more clearly the parts in the pattern for the whole, that we pause to consider

This ministry of time in accomplishing the Divine pleasure.

If the whole scope of the supreme administration may not be known thus, we may gather at least some of the principles and particulars that unite at last to perfect that consummate whole. We shall see that Time is among men, the revealer, the attester, the vindicator, the rectifier, the fulfiller.

Time tests the principles of human conduct. I speak here of avowed principles, consciously, perhaps boldly proceeded upon, set in contrast or antagonism with one another. There is a differference among men, both in theory and in practice, in respect to these principles. The diversity and the divergence illustrate themselves in innumerable ways. Look in upon two scenes of family training. In one of them the idea is, with the controlling head, that the true end of domestic nurture is social success. Special stress then will be laid upon the accomplishments, whose chief grace is external. The manner is a matter of first concern. The gloss of an outward polish is of great price. The step must be put under tuition. Motion must be artistic—graduated to rule and canon. Exits and entrances must be fashioned after a model. The introduction into society is a grand and solemn crisis. Acquaintances must be made. The young lives must be launched upon the social world. What if they should be neglected, thrown out of the current, stranded high and dry upon the bank—the stream of their generation flowing merrily by, and leaving them, as it were, only to serve as landmarks for the progress of the gay, iris-tinted bubbles that float, with music and laughter, ever on amid greenness and bloom? This must not be. A social triumph must in some way be achieved. And all the care and painstaking converge to this issue. In the other the commanding object is the

formation of a right character. The interior life of gentle manners must be gentle thoughts. The only external polish that will never grow coarse is the outshining of inward purity and kindness. The law of love is the sufficient code of politeness and etiquette. The best social furnishing is the wealth of the soul's virtuous intelligence, an appreciation of what is true and beautiful in nature, in mind and morals, the utterance of generous sensibilities and of a self-respect that prefers its own calm approval to admiration and flattery, and sets the price of its modesty too high to offer itself as a prize for social bidding. You shall hear now the first of these two systems remonstrating with the other—predicting social isolation, social failure, urging the demonstrative and forcing culture, adopting it for the sons and daughters under its guardianship, and resting cheerfully and complacently in its superior discernment and wisdom. This subject carries me back in thought to my own early rural home. I look in again upon the families that were so ambitious of social conquests. I see the youths and maidens there planning festive entertainments, and delighting in gay assemblies. The fashions and the gayeties were, to be sure, somewhat on a rural scale; but it was our world, and a miniature in all essential features of the most brilliant metropolitan life. And, to be sure, the sober puritanical portion of the rising generation that were left quite outside this conventional society — their faces are not seen, nor their hands sought in the ball-room. The winter evening ride, the rural party, and generally all scenes of youthful merry-making in which the set came together, were made up without their presence. Here there were smiles and laughs and romps and dances and cards and all the staple of vain and thoughtless fellowship and enjoyment, from which our graver style of young life was self-exiled. And so the issue was made, and the trial of the two systems entered upon. And in the one circle, quick friendships were formed—a score of acquaintances were added to one's list in a single evening. No danger of being lost sight of socially—dropt out of social recognition: here the doors stood wide open to social settlements and domestic alliances. And sometimes it was felt, I know, on the other side, that all such doors were shut against them. They seemed isolated from those of their own age; their seclusion was uninvaded, they could improve their minds, cultivate their taste, study the secrets of happy, dignified, and well-ordered homes, quite to themselves. Who would know ever whether they were prizes or blanks? The drawing would be all in the other circle, and the more worldly policy looked like a success. There all was bright and glittering. Here lay a shadow. There, there was mating and marrying and giving in marriage. Here all relations were undisturbed. Taking life as it is, this more select discipline promised to be barren of results. But principles are everlasting verities; they change not;

they are of slow development often; their seed lies cold and motionless long; their harvest comes late, but it comes. Such issues are not to be settled in a day. Their trial takes in, in its progress, more elements than are at first seen to be included. The earlier appearances are not reliable exponents of the final consummation. Across the breadth of years I look and read the story truer. The paths of life from those two circles, the streams from those separate fountains, are visible before me. The gay, brilliant type quickly darkened and degenerated. That was its best. It never rose higher. There were early excesses—there were early and dishonored graves—there were floating wrecks of vice and dissipation—there were sad, sad tales of shame and anguish—there were miserable disappointments. Those that were specially decked and tutored for proudest triumphs, somehow always missed their goal. What they won was trash, or worse, and for the most part they drew utter blanks. It all came to naught. The glittering bubble burst, and there was nothing in the hand but the stain of defiling moisture.

And on the other side, once more, there was always a wealth of personal resources; there was a growing but unconscious refinement; there was fostered a selecter and more discriminating taste; solid and abiding qualities grew with the passing youthful season, and when more difficult and fastidious minds came searching for fresh, unsoiled natures, and an outfit for wider and higher spheres, they found the golden fruit hidden beneath the overshadowing leaves, and gathered it with pride and joy. I have lingered too long upon this, but it is a most instructive page. And the record is repeated at ten thousand social centers, only it can not be written at once, or read at a glance. Like Chinese writings, the lines stretch down the lengthening scroll of Time. Time is the slow scribe, the sure expounder.

One man argues that: "Take the world as it goes, and you must practice upon it to gain your ends. You must manage a little—you must move subtly and dexterously toward your aims—you must not show your hand—you need not tell the whole story out—you must ask more than you expect to get—you must put the best face on a thing it can be made to wear—you may well enough leave sharp eyes and keen wits to explore and interpret your silence. The universal system is such that if we do not adopt this policy, we shall be left hopelessly behind." Another man plants his foot immovably upon the conviction that honesty is the best policy. He must be frank, transparent, true. More or less, his gains must bring within his doors no reproaches. Poverty is a pleasanter household companion than remorse—strict right with a crust, rather than wrong with princely dainties. And the two procedures start together on the track. The first success is almost always on the side of cunning. Slow mov-

ing, downright honesty is speedily distanced. One holds a court, the other sits in solitude. The proverb hardly expresses a truth for "the life that now is." Ah! wait a little. Hear the witness of Time. Intrigue and practicing can not always escape the light—and the light they can not bear. Men once bitten grow shy of traps. No body loves to be practiced upon. Wily natures always come at last to be distrusted. These little business and social treacheries invariably, in the long run, lose the operators their richest capital—confidence. And the tides ebb away; and now it is honesty's turn. It comes late, but it is final. There is nothing after it. Here is perfect trust—unsuspecting security. Here we find bottom, and stand firm. The proverb was altogether right. Principles have had their development, and each after its kind borne their fruit. Time has ripened and gathered it—apples of Sodom for the one, apples of gold, nay, golden-globed sweetness from the tree of life for the other.

This is the demonstration of principle that can not be set aside —the demonstration of Time.

Again, Time is the test of friendships. Where is the love that never grows cold, that outlives youth and bloom, that was founded on deeper and more vital attractions than those that pass away with life's roseate morning? Where are the hands that used to clasp ours? Have they warm and welcoming palms for us still? Where are the lips that smiled upon us once? Do they keep smiles or sternness for us now? We used to listen to such earnest and tender expressions of interest in our fortunes, delight in our society, regard for our persons, and appreciation of our characteristics. Are all those utterances silent now? How much of youthful and ardent friendship has survived those summer days? How many of our later associations have kept their first gushing promises in truth and faithfulness?

And yet we must not judge harshly. If there is any lesson which Time letters most legibly on all the pages of our story, it is, that our hard, reproachful judgments, our morbid protests that all is false, deceitful, and hollow, that truth and honor have forsaken the earth, that none can be trusted, that no heart is sincere, that real kindness and genuine good-will are not to be found among men, are extravagances that would be ridiculous if they were not so false and injurious. We have been deceived and betrayed, but we must not generalize from that instance. We have broken through the ice here and there, but there may be yet broad fields of it as firm as a marble floor. The very hearts that we pronounce alienated and estranged, may rather have become wearied than chilled. Dislocated from one side, the broken fibers of social affections must cling somewhere. Thrown upon other fellowships, the tendrils have caught and twined about fresh objects. Once they were all free to turn and choose as they listed, but they have

been pressed long since into new alliances, and have responded to the new appeals as once they responded to ours. But in this very fact they show that their nature is unchanged. To human love, if not to our personal memory, they still are true; yes, and bring back the old relations, and we, it may be, should not find them wanting. This is what Time teaches.

And then, again, Time tries his tests upon character. Sorrowfully, often, we are made to watch this process. All seems fair outwardly. We have unbounded confidence. We surrender our gravest trusts. We rest upon this tried and approved integrity. It becomes a standard-bearer in the most salient advances of Christianity. It wins a good report. It stands a pillar, straight, strong, and upright. Lay your weight there, build thereon; and we build, and feel secure for solid years. And, one day, there is a crash. It was only the shell of a pillar; either within it was all rottenness and hollowness, or a sudden and violent wrench twisted it out of place, and down it came, fallen and broken. It is a mournful lesson Time has read us. Whom shall we trust? What shall we build with? Character that has stood seemingly all severer tests, passed unsullied amid youthful passions and summer temptations, met the hour and call of solemn duties, took on the sober livery of its autumn staidness and ripeness—can not this be confided in? Are life-long victories over manifold forces of evil no security? Ah! one test remains. It is a silent, patient, long-waiting detective. At last it gives in its report, and we are stricken dumb with surprise and grief. Hastily, perhaps, we say: "All is over; this is the end; there is nothing left there; here shuts down the gate of life and hope." And Time may yet correct this too hasty conclusion, and read us an unpublished story that would draw deep upon our tenderest sympathies, and forbid us to pass capital sentence upon our brother on one indictment only, when we are impeachable in many points, and lead up out of the valley of humiliation a chastened penitent, a restored wanderer, whose lore in divine grace and infinite compassion shall surpass all that we have known, whose fitness for rare and special service shall be tempered in this fiery furnace, and whose evening of life shall yet show a serene and glowing west. Hast thou, O Time! and thou, O wondrous grace of God! such revelations in store? We will pause, and hope, and pray, till the future draw back its vail.

Is there a ghost in every house, a phantom dogging every man's footsteps, a secret in every bosom? Here and there, there is a seemingly calm and self-possessed spirit, that faces tranquilly the light of day and the gaze of all-searching eyes, as though the waters flowed transparent with crystal clearness over a pebbly bed, in which the while there is yet beneath this surface-sparkling, a deep, dark pool, and at the bottom a grim, slimy monster that

never comes to the light. There lurks that leviathan for unsuspected years. No ripple above, no commotion on the surface, gives signs of the horrid life in the dark depths. The man walks amid his fellow-men as though with a consciousness never disturbed. No infirmity of nerve ever sets him to trembling. No pause in his unsleeping vigilance betrays him into fatal admissions. In his utter solitude he sometimes faces this untold story. But no lips can ever tell it. It lies within the compass of no single knowledge. It is broken into fragments, like a shattered ring, or a fatal bond torn apart and distributed into remote and alien hands. Can those fragments ever be gathered, those parts ever be reünited? Alone and by itself, each means nothing, reveals nothing. What simultaneous impulse shall move these "disjecta membra" to come together? The thing can never be; and the keeper of the shameful secret passes on reässured. Then Times waves his wand. The hand that held one fragment molders in dust, and the eyes of executors scan curiously the torn and yet ominous leaf. From opposite meridians, as though led on by fate, come up, at the only juncture that could serve the issue, the remaining witnesses. The mutilated memorial is again a whole, but it is written in cipher, and the dream of security lingers yet. And the magic wand is lifted once more, and the hidden key drops from its hiding-place, and all is legible and patent. Time has become the minister of justice. And the last words of every dying year wake in guilty breasts this dreary echo: "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid, that shall not be known."

And yet there are those to whom this word is not dreary, but animating; not a menace, but a long-sustaining promise. They have been under a cloud. Their character has been unrighteously aspersed. Men have believed evil of them. They have been the victims of mistakes, or of circumstances, or of malignant conspiracy. The baleful torches of calumny have flared upon them and blackened them all over. Their simple assertion of innocence has been taken as brazen-fronted hardihood. Many a hand has been withdrawn from them; many a face has turned away. Friends once trustful and beloved have passed by on the other side. So they have walked on in the cold shadows of the long night, waiting for the dawn; and the slow hours rolled away. They had no hope but in God, and God sent to them this championship of Time. And one day the solution of the mystery was suddenly uncovered, and men saw how they had been deluded, and how falsely they had believed. And this patient innocence shone forth like a rising sun, the brighter for its obscuration, all the more revered that it had suffered long in uncomplaining silence. And it is seen that character is not committed to human keeping. No enemy can take it from us. We need not fear, in our innocence, the face of mortal, the malice of infernal. We can calmly

defy all machinations; and when girt about with hissing serpents, who boast that they have us in their own den and power, we can stand in the heroism of this single truth: "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear: what can man do unto me?'

Again, the real struggle of a man's life, the crisis of his moral history, Time often holds in reserve. It comes not in his sheltered boyhood, over which bend only bright and genial skies. His youth glides past him, a peaceful stream flowing on through gentle meadows. Manhood takes him by the hand, and there has been as yet no faltering in his step. He seems to have conquered in the fields of life, to have mastered his passions without a conflict. And, perhaps, gray mingles with the native hue of his hair, the seal of his confirmation in settled integrity. He knows not, and no man knows, the strength of his propensities. The hour of trial has never fairly fronted him. What a mutinous crew slumber under the hatches there he suspects not! What combustibles are gathered beneath the fair fabric of his unsullied name! What a train might be fired, what a fight he might be called to maintain, with upleaping and furious foes and flames, he never for a moment dreams! It may happen to him to know better by and by. The ripe hour hurries on. It is all the more perilous that he has never faced real and mortal danger. He has no lore of warning experience. The train is fired, and the tumult begins. Let him gird himself like a man. The combat rages. What a fearful strife! Forward and backward the tide ebbs and flows. No such strain as this has ever tested the might of his arm. He has called himself a soldier, but he has never had a field-day till now. What if it should go against him. He pants, and bleeds, and falters. Oh! woe the day, if he have not a Divine Helper, or if he forget to look up for heavenly succor! Let no man speak harshly of the fallen; let no man plume himself upon his own immaculateness. Our day may come. Low behind the bending west the distant cloud may even now be rising. Be meek, charitable, watchful, and prayerful.

God even commits his own vindication to Time. He delays, both to visit for daring wrong, and to reward patient faith. His threatenings and his promises seem laid aside, forgotten. The impious cry derisively, "Where is the promise of his coming?" and the believer: "Lord, how long?" But there is no demonstration from the silent heavens. That sovereign hand begins its work afar off. It rolls up not a single event, but an ordered and massive system. The good die while yet the consummation hoped for lingers. The vile triumph, and their seed seems established in the earth. Then on the vast, dim dial, the index points to the appointed hour, and vengeance and deliverance do their work; and, amid blasphemy confounded and righteousness exultant, sounds the blessed voice: "I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

In the individual life the grandest spiritual truths are learned

late. Here, as in all learning, there is an alphabet first, and more wondrous revelations afterward. For these deeper and more radiant mysteries there must be often a peculiar preparation. The soul must have a past to look back to, to build upon. The path up the snowy Alps is at first along rugged and earthy ravines; by and by it emerges, and the dazzling peak shoots heavenward. The time of need, the hour of trial, the crisis of sharp experience, must bring the moment of revelation. We must suffer our converts to be babes; we must expect for ourselves more glowing and rapt discoveries of God's grace and loving-kindness than our poor attainments in the past have ever mastered.

But these ministries of Time touch heart-nerves in passing. They play sorely on tender chords. The music is solemn, wailing, and dirge-like. There are weeping kindreds here, who dreamed not a year ago, in their glad security, what Time had in store for them; that he should lead their best-beloved away from their circle; that he was weaving ever, while they smiled and slept, a winding-sheet for tender, fair, and manly forms; that, in the silence and in the darkness, he was digging a grave, and lettering some sweet household name in marble; that soon he should shroud their joyousness in the darkness of the tomb, their festive garments in the sable of mourning. But this he had in keeping for them. He has lent strength and grace to many a life; he has piled up bounties at every door; he has filled our garners with his loaded wains; but, alas! he has stolen from hearth-stone and fireside what he can never replace.

And yet Time has a ministry of consolation too. He heals where he wounds. It is of God that his touch has such a balm in it. He wipes away tears; he unknits the furrowed brow; he brings back the smile to the quivering lips; he leads the captive forth into the sunshine; he gathers upon the bereaved the tender and soothing spell of memory; he plants flowers in the path where bleeding feet have walked, pierced by the thorns.

O Time! what dost thou yet keep back from us? What commissions hast thou to execute upon us in these fresh opening days of the new-born year? Whither along this track that glides always into the shadow of to-morrow dost thou lead our feet? What of joy or of sorrow, of conflict or of suffering, art thou marshaling even now? Vain guess! No voice answers. Into the mist opens no vista of light. But this we know, Time is a creature of God. It waits upon that sovereign will. It comes to us, a guide sent from heaven, to conduct us onward into the good-pleasure of One, whom in life and in death we can trust with our mortal and immortal hopes.

O Time! roll on the year; bring up the forces of the hidden future. With one hand clasping the Divine hand, and a mutual good cheer, which we make a prayer to-day, we go forward in faith and hope.

SERMON II.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.,
PASTOR OF THE SOUTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BROOKLYN.

THE RETRIBUTIVE POWER OF MEMORY.

"But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."— Luke 16: 25.

When the life that now is shall be past, and that which is to come shall be present, it will be the office of memory to establish and perpetuate the connection of knowledge between these two periods of our conscious being. Without such a connection, the religion of the Bible, considered as expounding the relations between time and eternity, would seem to be a failure. The theory of probation here, followed by judgment and retribution hereafter, in order to be consciously realized in the future life, supposes that we shall be able in that life to return our thoughts to the scene through which we are now passing, reproducing it in the eye of the mind. This we must do, or we could not identify ourselves as the same beings, in the two states; nor could we see the relation between what we *are* in the one life, and what we have *done* in the other. Losing sight of this life, we should have no means of interpreting that; we should be unable either to give or receive an account of the deeds done in the body; and hence a system of rewards and punishments in any sense that we could appreciate, would be an impossibility. That memory will therefore exist as a faculty, and its action as a function of the future life, is as certain as the truth of the Bible. This idea is clearly stamped upon the words of the text. The rich man who lifted up his eyes in the world of woe, was told to recur in thought to the facts of his former lifetime. True, his body had died; but his memory was still living and active, fully able to go back to the world he had left, and recall its scenes.

Those, moreover, who believe in the immortality of the soul, whether on the ground of reason, or revelation, or both, must also believe in the immortality of its faculties, especially those that have little or no dependence upon the body, and which can therefore work as well without the body as with it, and perhaps

much better. Reason, memory, and conscience belong to this class of mental powers. We see not in what way death can wield any agency, either to destroy these powers or impair their activity.

Assuming, then, the immortality of the soul, also that of memory in the state of endless activity, and also that our future condition, in the relation of a sequel to a preceding cause is dependent upon our moral conduct in this life, we naturally think of memory, as one of the great agencies, that for weal or woe will be intimately connected with the history of our future being. How shall we be affected by this return of thought to the scenes of an earthly life? To this solemn and deeply interesting question, I propose in the present sermon to seek an answer, using our present knowledge of memory as the medium of asecnding to the sight of things future and eternal.

I. What, then, is Memory? Let us first define the faculty. Every one is aware of the fact, that the knowledge which we have once acquired, the things we have seen and done, the experiences that we have had, though not always present to the mind, are nevertheless so *retained*, that these same things may be, and often are, recalled to our mental notice. Every one is fully conscious of such a fact in his own history. We designate this fact by the term memory. Memory is therefore the mind's power of preserving and knowing its own past history—resuscitative or reproductive in the sense of bringing the items of that history to present view—recognitive in the sense of connecting those items with ourselves. So far as its action can extend, it makes the acquired possessions of the soul imperishable. This is memory here: it is the kind of mental activity to which we apply the term; and if the faculty be immortal, it will be memory hereafter. A change of worlds will not alter the nature of the power. It is the same in both worlds. We are, moreover, so constructed, that we can not discredit the knowledge given by memory. I am as certain of what I distinctly remember, as I can be of any thing. In its sphere the faculty is an absolute authority. Its testimony must be admitted. Such is its present character; and judging from the present, such will be its future character.

From this definition we see at a glance the immense importance of memory in the constitution of man. Without it he would be nothing as a spiritual being, either here or hereafter. The absolute loss of memory would destroy the whole framework of his mental existence, by limiting his intellectual life to the impressions of the passing moment. He would know nothing of the past, and could rise to no view of the future. He could neither love nor hate, hope nor fear. Comparison would be out of the question; reason would be dead, and progress impossible; and, indeed, the whole man would be reduced to a condition

worse than the lowest form of idiocy. There is a vast importance attached to the capacity; its services are of the highest grade; and if this be so here, then, by analogy, we infer that the same will be true hereafter. It will not be less as a power, or less needful, than it was in time. It is now vitally interwoven with our whole temporal destiny; and the presumption of a like importance, a like service, and perhaps much greater, through the ages of our endless being, falls into the ear of reason, not only as a pleasant sound, but as a truth too probable to be questioned, and too significant to be forgotten. Observing what the faculty now does, how it traverses the silent chambers of the past, preserving our knowledge, and diffusing light, and life, health and force through the complicated energies of our mental nature, we are lost in the contemplation of what it will do, when the hindrances of flesh and blood are gone, and the ever-increasing ages of the past shall be the field of its endless action. Immortality expands our ideas of memory to an estimate that is almost infinite.

II. Let me say, as a second item of thought, that memory operates in obedience to established and permanent LAWS. No one can have failed to see, at least in a general sense, that our ideas are in some way so connected together that they are mutually suggestive of each other, and hence proceed in companies or regular trains. The object present to the eye of thought brings up one that is absent, in virtue of some relation between the two; and thus we advance from thought to thought with the utmost celerity, precision, and certainty of movement. Take, for example, a common conversation in which a dozen persons may be sharers: see how their thoughts fly in all directions, moving hither and thither, marking an indefinite number of points, leaping over immense intervals of time, marching in and marching out with a rapidity that entirely escapes their own notice, sometimes apparently without any connection. The remark of one starts a train of ideas in the mind of another, who, in his turn, sets another mind in motion. Thus they go on, it may be for hours, simply thinking and talking, calling up millions upon millions of memories. And now if you had an eye sufficiently detective and comprehensive to explore this whole scene, you would see that, without hesitation, uncertainty, or confusion, every mind in this group has moved from object to object in the most perfect obedience to law. Not a thought has been present, or a word spoken, out of all connection with some other thought or word. Every thing was in its place according to a fixed mental order—not a moment too soon, or a moment too late.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain:
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Let me illustrate one or two of these hidden chains to which the poet refers. It is a well-ascertained fact of experience, that if two objects resemble each other, either in themselves, or in their effects upon our feelings, one being absent and the other present, the latter has the power to recall the former. Thus, according to this law of similars, you see a portrait, and you instantly think of the person whom it represents. You meet a man whom you never saw before, passing him without saying a word; and that man suggests to you an absent friend, perhaps long since dead, owing to some resemblance, perhaps very slight, between the two persons. Millions of ideas are daily crossing our intellectual heavens under the operation of this law. So also ideas that stand to each other in the relation of contrariety or contrast are mutually suggestive, according to the law of opposites. Vice will hence suggest virtue; and wealth, poverty. Kings and beggars are thus related. The thoughts expressed by the terms high and low, great and small, bond and free, wise and ignorant, are linked together by the relation of contrast. The one being present, the opposite thought will instantly make its appearance. The charms of antithesis and the power of wit depend upon this kind of association. Then, again, things that have been contemplated together in either time or place, are for this reason so connected that they are suggestive of each other; and this general fact is called the law of proximity or nearness. Your mind fastens upon a particular point in time past, or a particular place visited by you in other days; and what a multitude of objects connected with that time or place will at once rush into the field of vision! Having been once thought of together, they remain together in your after-history, being in this form laid up in the folds of memory. Thus the man of three-score years and ten has no sooner fixed his mind upon some item of his childhood, than a whole army of other items passes under his review. He can talk for hours together, reproducing with great vividness the by-gone scenes of early life, separated from them in time, but not in thought. Still further, things that hold to each other the relation of dependence expressed by the terms cause and effect, have the same power of mutual suggestion. If you think of the French revolution, you will naturally dwell upon the causes which led to it, perhaps recalling the men who were its chief agents. The mention of a disease will suggest to you some friend who died with that disease. Thus our thoughts, by a fixed order of nature, move from cause to effect, and effect to cause

Such, then, are the hidden chains or laws of mental association, by which our thoughts are linked together, and hence have the power of rescuing each other from the grave of oblivion. By them we conduct the process of memory. We do it without labor, yea, by necessity, having no power not to do it. We can

neither change the laws, nor refuse to accept the results of their action. The truth is, we must remember; we must converse with the past.

These laws represent no outward force, no determining necessity existing in the objects of thought. They are strictly subjective, inherent in the mind itself, being the established forms of its action, the divinely appointed methods in which it retains and brings forth its knowledge, and hence living in the mind as a portion of the furniture of intelligence. By a force wholly within itself, by a necessary energy in its own nature, alike inscrutable and irresistible, the mind makes the connection, in virtue of which our thoughts reproduce and follow each other in regular trains. It is so constructed by its great Author, that it must think in this way. And if such be its present constitution, if the laws of memory be inherent in the very nature of man's soul, if our intellectual reproduction and recognition of the past be thus an absolute necessity in the present life, think you that a transfer of the mind to other scenes will be the end of these facts? Exactly the opposite is the probability to be gathered, from what we now know of man. The fundamental principles of spiritual activity must go with the mind wherever it goes; they enter into its very definition as part and parcel of its being; and we hence infer that they will exist hereafter as really as they do here, doubtless very much intensified in their power of action. Reason thus carries her conception of memory into the immortal future. Exploring the man that now is, she forms an idea of the man that will be. Following him across the event of death, and lifting her pinions to the sublime elevation of eternity, she sees the same essential laws of intellectual life acting there that were so active here. In this way we obtain one clew to the future, ascending from the known elements of our present being to those that will enter into our future and endless being. Thus we think of ourselves as intelligent in both worlds, conscious in both, voluntary in both, in both exercising memory according to fixed laws, some of which at least rule our present life. Our mental access to things eternal is gained by that which we know in time. Our primary notions of ourselves as existing hereafter must be gathered from ourselves as existing here. By no other method can we form even the faintest idea of our future state.

III. Having thus defined memory, and briefly explained its laws, I wish to call your attention, in the third place, to the EXTENT of its retentive and reproductive power. In the amazing greatness of this power, as we observe it in time, we shall perhaps find the condition of at least conjecturing what it will be in eternity. It was the opinion of Lord Bacon that nothing in one's antecedent history is ever irrecoverably forgotten. Cole-

ridge held the same view. Whether the opinion be true or false, it is not possible to prove the negative of this view, since the argument would imply the memory of the very thing alleged to be forgotten, and would therefore be self-contradictory.

We know, moreover, as a matter of positive experience, that the prominent and leading facts of life past are safely retained in the bosom of memory. They are often brought to our notice. What one spontaneously remembers, is quite sufficient to excite his wonder. If we could take distinct notice of every idea thus brought up in the course of a single day, so as to count the whole, the aggregate would doubtless amount to a great many millions. Every one at sight, without a moment's hesitation, can answer an indefinite number of questions in respect to the events of his own antecedent history. Indeed, all that we know, all that we have acquired by our other faculties, all that we can bring up from the regions of the past, our knowledge of the meaning of words, what we have seen, thought, and done, how we have felt, what has happened to us in the journey of life, in short, the total treasures of our intellectual being, portions of which we are so frequently using, are stored away in the capacious chambers of memory. The available contents of this faculty, those to which we have constant access, and which because they are so common, excite but little attention, evince the marvelous scope of power. They show the breadth, extent, and force of its grasp upon the past. Even the most common man may well be astonished at the vast resources of his own memory.

When, too, we observe that all our knowledges and experiences, all things that we have ever thought, felt, said, or done, are linked together by the laws of mental association; when we consider the number of these laws and the manner in which they may coöperate with each other; when we remember that no item of our past being is isolated or dissevered from other items; when we regard the whole of life's events as a long series of connected particulars from the moment that now is to the one in which we drew our first breath; when we take this view, the mind seems to be a vast sounding-board, ever ringing with the echo of itself, or, to change the figure, a complicated mechanism of keys, any one of which, being touched, may give forth a million of notes, which may again be multiplied into other millions, and so on, till the ear of thought shall have heard all that thought ever held. The laws of memory, alike irresistible and infallible, contain a most wonderful arrangement to transmit the soul along the corridors of the past, even to the remotest period. They are suited to lay open the broad field of its realities, and bring them under present view. One knows not where to fix the boundary of a process conducted and facilitated by such powerful laws.

The many instances of remarkable memory that we gather from history, are an instructive commentary upon the greatness of this power. The man, for example, who, being blindfolded, can play several games of chess at the same time, with as many different antagonists, keeping in his mind's eye the exact position of all the pieces in each of these games, exhibits a concentration and grasp of memory, which though not miraculous, seem perfectly astonishing. Themistocles, we are told, could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. It is said of Cyrus, that he could repeat the name of evey soldier in his army. Hortensius, one of the orators of Rome, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, could enumerate from memory all the things sold, their prices, and the names of their purchasers. Ben Jonson could repeat all that he had ever written, and whole books that he had simply read. Seneca, the rhetorician, was able to repeat two thousand names read to him in the order in which they had been spoken; and on one occasion, two hundred unconnected verses having been pronounced in his hearing, he at once repeated the whole of them in a reversed order. Sir William Hamilton, who states these facts, also mentions the case of a young Corsican, who could, without the slightest hesitation, repeat "thirty-six thousand names in the order in which he bad heard them, and then reverse the order, and proceed backward to the first," and this too after the lapse of a whole year. It is said of Pascal, that he "forgot nothing of what he had read or heard or seen." There are persons who can recite every word of a lengthy discourse upon simply hearing it once. Some men have been characterized as walking-libraries, on account of the fullness and copiousness of their memories, having not only great power of retention, but also great facility in commanding and bringing forward, at a moment's warning, the extended and various treasures of their own minds. Such remarkable memories excite our surprise; yet it is well to bear in mind, that they are not miraculous, but simply natural in the sense of working according to those established laws that preside over the most common forms of memory. They show, in a very extraordinary manner, what may be done under the operation of these laws, more than suggesting the idea of a reserved and unexpended power of memory that is not ordinarily called into action.

There are also many striking and peculiar cases of resuscitated knowledge, in which apparently extinct memories are suddenly restored, that lead to the same conclusion. A very remarkable example of this character is detailed by Dr. Abercrombie. He describes the case of a lady who, in the last stage of a chronic disease, was carried from London to a lodging in the country. There her infant daughter was taken to visit her, and after a short interview carried back to town. The lady died a few

days after; and the daughter grew up without any recollection of her mother, till she was of mature age. At this time she happened to go into the very room in which her mother died, without knowing it to have been so. She started back, on entering the room; and when a friend who was with her asked the cause of her agitation, she replied: "I have a distinct impression of having been in this room before, and that a lady who lay in that corner, seemed very ill, leaned over me, and wept." This is certainly a very wonderful example of memory. Some secret spring in the soul of that woman was touched as she entered that room; and in the twinkling of an eye, her mind went back to a scene of her infancy — a scene of mere impressions at the time, which had been latent up to the period of this occurrence, but which being recalled and brought into the field of her consciousness, in the maturity of her intelligence, at once expounded themselves. Her memory did this work. What then may not such a power do?

The numerous instances of quickened memory under the influence of physical causes, show what the mind may do under special and extraordinary exaltations of its activity. Persons on the brink of death by drowning are said to have unusually vivid visions of the past. A gentleman stated his own experience to me, at such a moment, in the following words: "My whole existence rushed before me in an instant; and it seemed to me that I saw every thing that I ever did. I seemed to see all the past in one view." Dr. Rush, who was a very critical observer of human nature, says: "Sometimes we observe in mad people an unexpected resuscitation of knowledge; hence we hear them describe events, and speak in ancient or modern languages, or repeat long and interesting passages from books, none of which, we are sure, they were capable of recollecting in the natural and healthy state of their mind." He states the case of several Swedes and Germans, who, when dying, prayed in their native languages, though they had not used them for sixty years; indeed had forgotten them from early childhood. The Rev. Mr. Flint, an American clergyman, in his *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*, tells us, that, being prostrated with a fever, and partially delirious, his memory was more than ordinarily exact and retentive, that he was able to repeat whole passages in the different languages which he had studied, with entire accuracy, and that he recited, without losing or misplacing a word, a passage of poetry which he could not so repeat after being recovered to health. His power of recollection received a wonderful impulse from his physical condition. Sir William Hamilton describes the case of a French lady, the Comtesse de Laval, who, being ill, spake, when asleep, in a language not a syllable of which did she understand when awake. The language was that of the

nurse who had the care of this lady when she was an infant; and the words were such as would be used in teaching an infant child to talk. All these words were wholly lost to her in health, and when awake; and yet they were not absolutely lost, as proved by the fact that being an invalid, she recalled them in the hours of sleep. Precisely how her mental nature was thus moved, we can not tell; yet the case is a very impressive example of resuscitated knowledge. The words which she had heard when a little child, and which she had entirely forgotten in adult life, flashed across the heavens of her spirit under the circumstances we have named, showing that though ideas may be long buried in the soul, they may nevertheless be recalled, being latent but not lost. A very striking case of the same character, given upon the authority of Coleridge, is that of a German servant-girl, who could neither read nor write, but who, during an attack of nervous fever, was incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in each of these languages making coherent and intelligible sentences. When a child, this girl had lived in the family of a learned man, who was in the habit of walking up and down a passage in his house into which the kitchen-door opened, and reading with a loud voice in these several languages. Upon examining his favorite books, the very sentences uttered amid the delirious ravings of this humble domestic, were found to be contained therein; and this at once explained the marvel. The servant-girl had heard these sentences as a mere succession of sounds, attaching to them no meaning; and though in the ordinary condition of her mind they were wholly lost to her, yet when disease supervened and she became a maniac, some cord of her spirit was touched, and in an instant the long-forgotten sounds which she never understood were rolling from her lips. These sounds were in her memory sleeping but not dead, only waiting for an occasion to manifest their presence. Such a case conclusively shows that impressions once made upon the mind, may exist for an indefinite length of time in a latent state, and then be awakened and called forth into the field of our consciousness. Hence, as Coleridge forcibly says, it "contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this, *this*, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in the mysterious hieroglyphics of which every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from the living chain of causes, with

all the links of which, conscious or unconscious, the free will, our absolute self, is coëxtensive and co-present."

Memory contemplated in the light of this reasoning and these cases, seems to be a vast empire in its contents, in its celerity to move with the vigor and speed of a seraph, in its survey of the past, to approximate almost to our idea of omniscience. It is truly a wonderful power; and if such be memory here, in this nascent state of our being, this mere infancy of our intellectual life, what may it not be and what may it not do, when, with our other faculties freed from a body of flesh and blood, it shall soar in progressive expansion and enlargement through the ages of a coming eternity? We can not well avoid the inference, that this faculty will rise to a scope, a compass, a certainty, precision and fullness of action, that will throw the most vivid light of thought back upon our anterior being. Retaining memory as an indestructible attribute of our spiritual nature—living, and lasting, and acting when earth-worms shall have eaten up our mortal bodies — this memory, too, careering in the broad and spacious kingdom of its own laws, and excited by the intense stimulations of immortality—we surely shall not in these premises forget the world whence we came, or fail to recognize ourselves as the identical beings who, in that world, passed through the varying scenes of an earthly life. Our memories will and must forever keep up the connection of thought with our history in time. We shall forever see it. Though past, it will be held in present view. No remoteness of time and no multitude of particulars will impair or perplex the exercise. We shall doubtless more perfectly recollect the life that now is, looking at it from eternity, than we can now recollect it, looking at it from time. Things that here have faded into absolute oblivion, may be seen and pondered there, painted upon the canvas of thought with the clearness of a solar beam, returning to be consciously realized in that life where

> "Each fainter trace that memory holds
> So darkly of departed years,
> In one broad glance the soul beholds,
> And all that *was*, at once appears."

The Bible regards the present and the future as merely two stages in the history of one and the same being, linking them together in the relation of time, and in that of moral dependence, implying too the continuance of the same mental faculties; and analogy coïnciding with this Bible view, and studying memory in the light of those impressive facts which are earthly, passes onward and upward to those greater facts which are future and eternal. Beginning thus with the data of experience, reason flies to the land of spirits, and there beholds the immortal Memorist in the full vigor and vastness of his endles career. "Remember,"

says the Word of God. "Remember," echoes the responding voice of reason. Remember we shall, and remember we must, never forgetting the scenes of our earthly lifetime, or losing sight of its moral aspect; carrying along with us, from the day of our death to the remotest age of the eternal future, a clear and legible record of our own being. The thought is one of great sublimity. It enters essentially into the glory of our future life. We have no occasion to regret its truth, and surely we ought not so to live as to be afraid of such a truth.

IV. What, then, as a final inquiry, is to be impression of memory upon our HAPPINESS or MISERY in the future world? That so great a power will make an impression upon the soul, pleasant or painful, according to the character of the facts embraced in the exercise, is an inference derivable not only from the greatness of the power, but equally from the ample materials of our present experience. Let us ponder a moment upon this experience, especially in those aspects which involve the question of moral character.

Those who in their conduct towards God and man have been governed by the principle of virtue, ordinarily enjoy the rich blessing of very pleasant memories. Having lived well for themselves and the world, having acted virtuously in the successive stages and various relations of life, whenever they review the scene, they see much upon which it is agreeable to reflect. They have not wasted their powers in idleness, or perverted them by unlawful uses. To their families they have been of great service. What they could do, they have cheerfully done to relieve the sorrows of others, and promote the general interests of human society; and especially have they sought to discharge their duties to God, adoring him, loving him, trusting him, and accepting the salvation which his grace has provided for a guilty world. Lives thus enriched by virtue, thus expressed in the activities of benevolence, and thus marked by piety towards God, lay a broad foundation for happy reminiscence. As one enters the vale of years, and approaches that period when his powers of action fail, when his interest in the outward excitements of earth becomes feeble, and when too his accumulating infirmities loudly suggest that his days are drawing to a close, it is, it must be a great luxury then in thought to revert to the scenes and circumstances of a well-spent life. So Paul felt when the hour of his departure was at hand. What a cheerful radiance gathered from such a life, falls upon the past! What secret memories linger about the sepulcher of departed years! What inspiring hopes dissipate the shadows that overhang the future! Memory has a blessing for the truly good man. Adversity may come; disease may come; pain may make its home in his mortal body; death may mark him for a victim; yet his life, bearing the broad stamp

of virtue, and furnishing the condition of hope through Jesus Christ, is inseparable from himself, incapable of being lost, and hence a legacy of pleasant reflection when every earthly good is fading away. The toils, and trials, and difficulties to be encountered in living well, the temptations and the self-denials practiced, the total battle of virtue in her heroic struggle to be or to do, her sympathies with the suffering, her charity to the needy, her warning to the wicked, her faith in Jesus, her zeal for his cause, her oft-repeated prayer to the God of grace—all these varying phases of earthly goodness, whenever revisited in thought, invoke the smile of conscience, and by the appointment of God, connect themselves with a sequel of virtuous peace.

Just the opposite experience, even on earth, will sooner or later flow from a life distinguished by opposite qualities. Fix your eye upon that man who has pursued the way of sin, scorning every principle of piety, and laughing at all the sanctions of immortality—he has never drawn a single breath of genuine prayer, or done a single thing to please the God of his being. Pure, simple, unmodified, and appalling sinfulness has been, and still is, the only character which he has lived to acquire; thus he has spent his days on earth; and now, perhaps, in the closing hours of life, comes a period of meditation and review. His own memory has taken him in hand. That memory drags up the sheeted ghosts of long-buried sins. He looks at them, recognizes them, and pronounces them his own. His whole nature is pressed with portentous rumors from the past; the testimony of his memory he can not question; the voice of conscience he can not decline to hear; and do you wonder that such a man, conversing with such a past, is filled, as he now seems to be, with the piercing agony of self-reproach? There is, perhaps, no scene more dreadful than that furnished by the spirit of a man, when fully aroused under the self-inflicted visitation of retrospective and condemnatory thought. In such a crisis happiness is at an end, and misery becomes the dominant and all-pervading experience of the soul.

"Sometimes the universal air
Seems lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand, thousand dreadful eyes
Are looking down in blame."

Facts, to almost any extent, some of them of the most startling character, are ready to testify to the truth of this picture. The disquietude, bitterness, and despair felt by every sinner in the hour of his conviction, his dissatisfaction with himself, his fears for the future, his universal wretchedness of feeling, grow out of the elements of his own life, as rehearsed to him by the faithful voice of memory. A gentleman who had filled a high position in society, having for several years been a member of the

American Congress, in a sickness which he supposed to be his last, said to a friend: "Now that I see myself as I really am, and as I have been, my whole life looks to me like one long, dark, black line. I am to myself the most afflicting object of which I can think." Memory spake; and the bitter wail of woe was the echo that came up from the spirit of the statesman and the sinner. What was it that so terribly haunted that man of prostituted genius, the unhappy Voltaire, during the last hours of his life? What unnerved the spirit and prostrated the courage of this distinguished hero of infidelity? What caused him to exclaim, "I am abandoned by God and man?" What led him to solicit an interview with a Catholic priest, and actually draw up with his own hand a written recantation of the principles he had professed? The simple truth is, Voltaire, on his death-bed, seeing Voltaire in the career of his past life, was as much displeased as he was distressed with the sight. He could not, without dismay, endure the spectacle of his own existence. What, again, was it that created such intense anguish in the soul of Francis Newport, when the hour of his departure was at hand? An infidel in sentiment, and a profligate in morals, he at length reached the point where the return of thought to the life he had lived crushed his spirit with the greatness of its own agony. Looking towards the fire, the wretched man exclaimed: "Oh! that I was to lie and broil upon that fire for a hundred thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reconciled to him again! But it is a fruitless, vain wish; millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures than one poor hour. O eternity! eternity! Who can properly paraphrase upon the words, forever and ever?" Memory, true to her trust, sure in her action, and clear in her statement, looked into the past, and there gathered these elements of horror, and placed them in the bosom of this unhappy man. It was memory that kindled such a flame of self-inflicted wrath in the soul of the wretched Altamont, compelling him to exclaim: "O time! time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled forever! A month!—oh! for a single week! I ask not for years, though an age were too little for the much I have to do." Hear him at a later moment of the dreadful struggle: "Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future; worse dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames." These words need no comment. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" The lines of Lord Byron, the poet and the sinner, penning and publishing the retrospective griefs of his own spirit, seem pertinent to this entire class of cases:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers, the fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.
The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is lighted at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

Here then we take our stand, not upon a doubtful speculation, but a positive and well-attested fact of experience, that memory does sustain a most vital and intimate connection with the question of happiness or misery, acting in the one direction or the other according to the character of the report which it brings up from the past. Hence we speak of pleasant memories and painful memories, designating facts with which every one is acquainted. What then is the general conclusion of at least a very suggestive analogy in respect to the impression to be made by this same faculty after death? Unless all the laws that govern reasoning here, are to be reversed hereafter, it can not be true that persons who, in the moral elements of life, stand at opposite poles, and who in this condition pass into the world of spirits, will and must, by the force of causes inherent in their own being, be as widely divergent when they awake in eternity. It would seem impossible, without a total change in their mental natures, to identify them in one destiny, or unite them in one common class of experiences. In moral estimation they are radically opposed to each other; they present an essential difference in the manner of their respective lives; and hence, judging of the impression of memory in eternity by what experience teaches here in like circumstances, we come to the conclusion fairly, naturally, almost necessarily, that happiness will be the result in the one case, and misery the result in the other. Where the facts to be remembered are so widely unlike, the effect of the review must be correspondingly different.

In respect then to the dead who die in the Lord, the Bible assures us that they are blessed, not only in the fact that they rest from their labors, but also in the further fact that their works do follow them. These works, being alike the evidence and the elements of their spiritual character on earth, pass with them into eternity as the realities of their moral state; and in view of them, judging the good by them according to the rule of grace in Christ Jesus, God deems it fitting to give them the rich rewards of heaven. Is it then unreasonable to suppose, that the memory of these sainted ones whom God approves, will gather from the scenes of time at least some of the themes of celestial joy? In time they were prepared for heaven; in time they fought the battle of piety, and by the grace of God laid the foundation for eternal glory; in time they were greeted with the plan of re-

demption, and in time this plan came home to their spirits as the power of God unto salvation; in time they were led by a kind and merciful providence, their wants supplied, their faith disciplined, and their hopes confirmed; and, hence, as Christians, they could hardly understand themselves in the skies without recurrence to these antecedents of preparation for and progress towards their heavenly home. There is such an intimate connection between the facts earthly and the facts heavenly, that the thought of the latter can never be complete without the thought of the former. As we now look forward with joy and hope to what is to be, so we shall hereafter look backward with joy and gratitude to what has been, recounting to ourselves, perhaps publishing to others, the record of goodness and grace, piety and love, which began in the morning of our existence only to culminate in an eternal noon. Seeing this life as it was, thinking of it in that to which it has led, and beholding it in the clearer light of celestial knowledge, the good will carry it with them down the path of eternal ages, as the first chapter of that wonderful history which their memories will be forever writing, though never able to finish.

From this pleasant and hopeful view, so gratifying to thought and inspiring to the Christian pilgrim, we turn with a feeling of sadness to its melancholy contrast. What shall we say of memory in the experience of those whom God's decree for life's misdeeds has consigned to penal woe? In whatever this woe may consist, whether in the natural effects of sin, or in special inflictions, or in both combined, it is, in relation to the consciousness of the subject and the sufferer, an experience, something which he feels, and the reasons of which he can not but know. Memory forever keeping up the connection of thought between what he is and what he was, always impressing him with the living sense of identity in both worlds, will not fail to tell him why he is a fugitive from the realms of peace. And if the same laws of impression, the same responsiveness of feeling to the power of facts that exist here, shall continue to exist hereafter, then the memories of a lost soul must form a most doleful catalogue of visions had and experiences felt. I shall not attempt to draw the picture; I have no desire to speak in terms of extravagance or severity; yet I can not but think that it will be a dreadful thing to remember in hell. What is there in a life that breaks the law of duty, incurs the frown of Heaven, and ruins the soul, of which one can ever think with pleasure? Regret in its most pungent form, a consciousness of self-ruin without mitigation or excuse, a vision of divine authority resisted and mercies perverted, a clear and penetrating sense of self-condemnation, a distinct and self-pronouncing apprehension of the justice of God—these elements of mental experience, associating themselves with the exercise of memory, and deriving their chief

energy from the facts to which that memory testifies, may perchance enter into that dreadful compound of woe of which the Bible speaks in a manner well calculated to arouse the sensibilities of a sinning and sleeping world.

Those, moreover, who were born and educated in a Christian land, a land of Sabbaths and of Bibles, where the light of truth, as compared with the rest of the world, shines with unusual brightness, if proving recreant and undutiful under the high privilege thus afforded, must lay up for themselves a most awful treasure of bitter recollections hereafter. It is a clear doctrine, of both reason and revelation, that the more light one has, making a bad use thereof, the more guilt he incurs, and proportionately the darker his prospects for the world to come. Is it then true that the Bible contains a revelation from God? True, that Jesus Christ, the divine Saviour of men, put on the robes of our humanity, and after a public ministry full of light and love, laid down his life as an atonement for the sins of a lost race? True, that the Gospel which he preached and sealed with his own blood, is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?" True, that the God of this Gospel requires our acceptance of the same, enforcing it by the solemn sanctions of eternity? True, that this Gospel is urged upon us by motives greater than which it is not possible to conceive? Are these things true? And is it further true that we are the persons who know and believe these things, who have known and acknowledged them from the days of our earliest childhood? And, still further, is it true that we are setting at naught, and practically treating as fabulous, these gracious and glorious counsels of the great God in our behalf? Do we thus live under the Gospel? Are these the premises of life given, and these the facts of life conducted? Then, alas! alas! for our prospects in the world to come! It were better for us to have lived and died in the deepest darkness of paganism. I can think of no other class of beings upon whom memory will visit so stern a retribution, or in whose future experience the sense of self-ruin and guilt will burn with such resistless fury. It will be an awful thing in eternity to think of such conduct in such circumstances as a true and faithful transcript of time. The soul, pierced by the terrible vision, must pour forth the bitterest wail of anguish that ever fell on the ear of intelligence. In the following lines, containing, perchance, quite as much truth as poetry, we perhaps have the earthly costume of an immortal experience:

"Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his spirit move!
Golden moments—
When I felt his spirit move!"

I have thus discoursed to you upon memory considered as a retributive power, defining the faculty, explaining the laws of its action, unfolding the extent of its retentive grasp upon the past, and finally contemplating its impression in relation to the question of happiness or misery. In these several aspects, I have endeavored to show, on the ground of a reasonable analogy, what we are to expect in the life to come, employing the data of the present as a lamp to guide our thoughts into the future, and in every step of the progress reaching the very conclusion that coïncides with the Bible doctrine of our endless being. How much weight there is in these views, is a question upon which the hearer will judge for himself. To me it seems clear that they are sufficiently probable, and if probable, sufficiently significant, to address to all men a very solemn appeal in favor of Christian virtue, and an equally solemn one against sin. Combined with the explicit teaching of the Scriptures, they give to thought its law, to action its rule, to purpose its end, to virtue its hope, to sin its fear, and to immortality its condition. They present man to our view as a being capable of a great good, and equally capable of a great disaster. He has within himself the elements of the stupendous possibility, and he may by action create the elements of the certainty. My prayer to God is, that we may so act in this life, that when we review it in the next, memory will be our blessing and not the minister of endless woe.

SERMON III.

THE DUTY OF PRAISING GOD.

"Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"—Psalm 107 : 8.

The works, in which the goodness of God is expressed in the present state, and for which we are called to praise him, are the works of creation and redemption.

This world is a stupendous example of the creative power and wisdom and goodness of God. "The heavens declare his glory and the earth is full of his riches."

His great power and goodness appear in the light of the sun and moon and stars: in the various orders of creatures which he has brought into existence, and in the provision he has made for their wants; especially in the existence of man, whom he made in his image, capable of obeying his laws, of enjoying his favor, and of seeing his perfection displayed in his works.

The goodness of the Lord appears in creation, not only in providing what is necessary for man and all creatures, but in rendering what is necessary agreeable, so that they are induced to partake of it as a gratification, as well as for support. The light of the sun is not only useful and necessary, but pleasant. The fruits of the earth are not only means of subsistence, but agreeable to the taste. There is a pleasing as well as useful variety in the changes of the year. "Every thing is beautiful in its season." A field covered with snow in winter, considered in its associations and appearance, is as truly beautiful as a field covered with verdure in summer. Trees filled with blossoms are, on the same principle, as beautiful in spring as trees loaded with fruit in autumn. When we look abroad upon the scenes of creation, and in addition to the utility of every thing, consider how much there is to gratify the sight, the hearing, the smell, the taste, we must acknowledge that God is good. Like those pieces of coin which are valuable not only for their intrinsic worth, but for their workmanship, all things are inscribed with the skill, the goodness, the image of the Creator.

His goodness is exemplified in social blessings. These are adapted to our joy in prosperity, and to our support and solace in adversity; to our interest, our improvement, and our happiness in all respects. His goodness is expressed in schools and literary institutions, which are so necessary to expand, and enlighten, and enrich the mind. It is expressed in the blessings of liberty, and in the influence of government by which our lives, our property, and our rights in general are protected.

But the Gospel is the most glorious dispensation of his goodness. This breaks the fetters of sin. This looses the bands of death, brings us into the glorious liberty of sons of God, and renders us heirs of a glorious and blessed immortality.

In this world the Son of God has appeared—appeared in our nature. Here he has made an atonement for sin, and overcome the powers of darkness. Here he arose from the dead, and for our salvation ascended to the right hand of all majesty and power.

Here that blessed Spirit who garnished the heavens, and who is the author of all life and light, is pleased to exert his gracious influence in restraining and sanctifying men, in guiding and supporting them in the path of duty, and preparing them to receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away. Here God has given the Scriptures, and appointed Sabbaths and the ministry of the Lord, and all the means of grace; and even the afflictive dispensations of his providence are overruled for good.

The Lord expresses his goodness in particular gifts. With these some of mankind are more highly favored than others. The inhabitants of this country enjoy not only those blessings

which are common to mankind in general, as food and raiment, but some blessings which are in a sense peculiar to them. They have more liberty than any other nation, and their form of government is more suited to a free people.

They have the most religious liberty. Their consciences are under no restraint as to articles of faith or modes of worship; and if they avoid being bewildered, or led astray by the multiplicity of doctrines that are preached, or the variety of forms they have opportunities to adopt, and study the Scriptures, and make them their guide, they may be purer in doctrine, and simpler in worship, and more eminent in piety, than any other portion of the Christian Church.

To praise him implies a sense of his original and infinite goodness.

He has expressed his goodness in creation, by bringing all things into existence out of nothing; and he expresses his grace, by forming creatures for the services and enjoyments of his kingdom who were worse than nothing. It is his design, in all his works and dispensations, to bring creatures to a knowledge of his character, and furnish inducements for them to love and adore him: and a view of his perfection, as infinitely superior to things created, is necessary that he may be the object of our praise.

The duty farther implies gratitude for his benefits. He is the author of all good. He has created innumerable subjects of enjoyment, and faculties to enjoy those which are not created, so that we may partake of universal good. We should be grateful for the benefits conferred on others, as well as on ourselves. If we do not rejoice in the provision made for their happiness, we shall be opposed to the goodness of God, and shall be incapable of the true enjoyment of it in any respect. Yet we should be peculiarly sensible of benefits conferred on us; for in not acknowledging the goodness of God in what we feel and possess, we should indulge ingratitude against the dictates of nature. We should be grateful for the consolation he has provided for us under the experience of evil; that he renders it subservient to good; that he "brings light from darkness, and order from confusion;" that in this state of trial and change, he is preparing the way for the fullest manifestation of his glory and the highest perfection and happiness of his believing and obedient creatures.

To praise God implies a disposition to conform to him, to walk in his commands, to seek his glory, and the temporal and everlasting welfare of our fellow-men. "Doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God;" for how can we be pleased with that goodness which we do not wish to resemble, and the laws of which we are not inclined to obey?

To praise God implies that we trust in him for future support and happiness; for his goodness is infinite and inexhaustible.

Our views of it would therefore be essentially defective, and very dishonorary to him, if what we have already received should discourage us from expecting what may be necessary in future.

"Godliness has the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." There is a connection between the present and the future state; each is equally under the divine government, in relation to the same ultimate object. "God will therefore withhold no good thing from those that walk uprightly." He has promised that he will provide for them, and support them in all their trials and changes. He has promised that the Church shall be continued, and rise superior to all opposition, so that the earth shall be full of the knowledge and glory of the Lord."

Though the world and all material systems are "reserved unto fire against the judgment of the great day," yet the dead shall be raised, and after the judgment, to the righteous scenes will be opened extensive, varied, and glorious beyond expression or thought.

But God is the only object of praise, and the only ground of rejoicing. It should be the language of all intelligent creatures, "Whom have we in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth we desire beside thee. Things created are a shadow. Thou art the only original, substantial, all-sufficient good."

REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.

In connection with the accurate portrait likeness of a good man which stands at the head of this number of the NATIONAL PREACHER, we record a brief biographical sketch. We desire to honor his memory as a man, as a faithful minister of the Gospel, as an active Christian, as an indefatigable laborer in the cause of his Divine Master in every good word and work, and as a friend and classmate in college.

He was the son of the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer and Cornelia Paterson. These are historical names; the one in New-York, the other in New-Jersey. He was born in the city of Albany, May 25th, 1808. He graduated at Yale College in 1827. He was admitted to the bar in his native State in 1830. The same year, having decided to devote his life to the work of the ministry, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New-Jersey. He was ordained to the sacred office in 1835, and commenced his ministry in preaching to the colored population in Virginia. Circumstances beyond his own control constrained him to leave that chosen field of labor, and in 1837 he was installed the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Burlington, New-Jersey. In 1837 he was chosen Corresponding Secretary and principal executive officer of the Board of Education, under the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in which service he continued to the end of his laborious life. This is a brief record of the more important dates in his professional history.

Cortlandt Van Rensselaer was a good son and brother; a good husband and father; a good citizen, neighbor, and friend; a good minister and a good Christian. During his lingering illness, which terminated in death at Burlington, July 27th, the General Assembly in session at Rochester, embracing more than three hundred members, gathered from every State of the Union, (excepting three,) addressed a letter to Dr. Van Rensselaer, then upon his dying bed, expressing their sorrows for his affliction, and their high estimate of his worth and services. That letter was heard in the midst of tears and sighs. It was adopted by the whole Assembly rising to their feet, when the oldest minister present gave utterance in prayer to the feelings which swelled every heart. This is an incident unprecedented in our history. No other man was ever so honored. It was a tribute not to greatness, but to goodness.

The following is a copy of the letter sent to the Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer by the General Assembly:

"To the Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, D.D.

"Beloved Brother in Christ Jesus: The General Assembly has learned with deep solicitude of the afflictive dispensation which detains you from its present sessions. It has pleased Him whose 'way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters,' to visit you with a painful illness. We can not permit you to suppose that the Church which you have loved and served so well, is unmindful of you in this season of trial. And we should do injustice to ourselves not to assure you of our united and cordial sympathy.

"We are all well aware that one who feels himself drawing near to eternity, and around whose couch of suffering the light of that 'better country' is shedding its heavenly radiance, can stand in no need of earthly consolations. Nor would we offend your Christian humility by enlarging upon the services you have rendered to the cause of Christ. But we may—nay, we must—magnify the grace of God in you, which has wrought so effectually to the furtherance of the Gospel amongst us through your instrumentality. We can not accept your resignation of the important office you have just relinquished, without bearing our formal and grateful testimony to the manner in which its duties have been performed. With devout thankfulness to God, and under him, beloved brother, to you, we record our sense of the eminent wisdom, fidelity, and efficiency, and the noble, disinterested liberality with which you have for fourteen years conducted the affairs of our 'Board of Education.' Under your administration it has risen from a condition of comparative feebleness, to strength and power. Its plans have been matured and systematized. Its sphere has been greatly enlarged. It has assumed new and most beneficent functions. Your luminous pen has vindicated the principles which lie at the basis of true Christian education. And by your numerous publications, your sermons and addresses, your extended correspondence, and your self-denying activity in visiting every part of the Church, you have, by God's blessing, accomplished a great work in elevating this sacred cause to its just position, and gathering around it the sympathies of our whole communion. Nor may we forbear to add, that in prosecuting these manifold official labors, you have greatly endeared yourself personally to the ministry and membership of the Church.

"Rejoicing as we do in the auspicious results of these unwearied exertions, we mourn this day the sacrifice they have cost us. While the Church is reaping the harvest—a harvest which we fully believe she will go on gathering until the Master comes to present her unto himself, a glorious Church—the workman who has done so much to prepare the ground and sow the seed, falls exhausted in the furrows. There, dear brother, we doubt not you would choose to fall—upon that field to the culture of which you had dedicated your life.

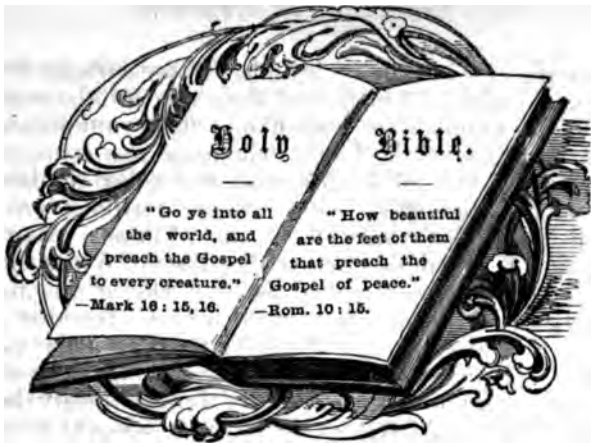
"On behalf of the Church we represent, we once more thank you sincerely and gratefully for all your labors and sacrifices. We lift up our hearts in humble and fervent supplication to our common God and Father, that his presence may be with you in this hour of trial. We hear with joy, that he does not forget you; that he is giving you strength according to your day; and that your peace flows like a river. We plead with him that if it be possible, this blow may still be averted, and your health be restored. But we desire to commit you into his hands. That Saviour in whom you trust will not forsake you. The Divine Comforter will comfort you and yours. Your covenant God will be the God of your children.

"To him, the Triune Jehovah, we affectionately commend you —praying that his rod and his staff may comfort you, and that whenever the summons shall come, an entrance may be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"On behalf of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session at Rochester, N. Y., May 23, 1860.

"JOHN W. YEOMANS, Moderator.
"WILLIS LORD, Stated Clerk.
"ALEX. T. MCGILL, Permanent Clerk.
"A. G. VERMILYE, Temporary Clerk.

"[Signed also by the whole Assembly.]"


Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON IV.

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LESSONS FROM THE LIFE AND END OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

"It had been good for that man if he had not been born."—MATTHEW 26 : 24.

SUCH is the alarming and astounding language of the Lord Jesus Christ respecting one of his disciples and apostles. The Messiah needed not that any should testify to him of man; for he knew what was in man. He searches the hearts and reins. He declares the end from the beginning. "Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray him." Christ's ministers are often deceived; Christ, never. He knows all things. He never was overreached. His eyes are as flaming fire. He easily detects the most specious pretenses. He knows all men, all hearts, all destinies.

The person here spoken of is Judas, whose surname is Iscariot. Judas, Juda, Judah, Jehudah, and Jude are all the same word, varied only in unimportant particulars. The word Judas literally signifies, the praise of the Lord. The name was common among the Israelites. One of Jacob's sons was called Judah. From him descended the tribe, within whose territory was Jerusalem, and from which arose the name of Jews. After the ten tribes broke off, Judah designated the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, while the rest were called Israel. One of the Maccabees, very renowned in history, was called Judas. Another of them, who bore the same name, suffered martyrdom under Antiochus Epiphanes. Besides these, there are several other persons of the same name, more or less noticed in Jewish history before the coming of Christ. After that we have an account of four men called Judas. One was Paul's host at Damascus. (Acts 9 : 11.) Another was surnamed Barsabas. He was sent with Paul and Barnabas and Silas to carry to Antioch the decrees of the Council of Jerusalem. This was itself a high honor. Luke calls him one of the "chief men among the brethren." (Acts 15 : 22.) Another was surnamed Thaddeus, or Lebbeus, or Zelotes. In Matthew 13 : 23, he is called the brother (or kinsman) of our Lord. He is thought to have been the son of Mary, the sister of the blessed virgin, and the brother of James the Less. If so, he was, according to the flesh, cousin-german to Jesus. His father's name was Alpheus. The last epistle in the Bible bears the name of Jude, and was written by this man. The other Judas, mentioned as living in the first century of the Christian era, is the betrayer of our Lord, surnamed Iscariot. The word Iscariot is variously derived. Some say it is an abbreviation of Issachariothes, and simply declares that he was of the tribe of Issachar. Others derive it from two Hebrew words that unitedly signify, a man of murder. Others suppose that his surname simply shows that he was of the place called Carioth or Kerioth. This is probably the true explanation. Ish-Carioth or Iscariot is literally, a man of Carioth.

Of this man the fearful sentence is uttered by the Lord: "It had been good for that man if he had not been born." What language of terror! Well might any ears tingle at the sound. "What heart can conceive the awful and tremendous import of those words?" Let us consider the life and end of him of whom they were spoken. But before entering into the particulars of his history, a few general remarks are pertinent.

1. There is no evidence that Judas Iscariot was a man of bad countenance. Most men are much influenced by looks, and many think they can tell a man's character by the physiognomy. This may often be true; but there are many exceptions. The case of Judas was probably one. In paintings intended to represent him,

he is commonly distinguished by a sly, mean, cunning, malicious countenance. There is nothing in Scripture to warrant artists in so painting him, beyond the simple fact of his wickedness. For aught that appears to the contrary, he was a man of calm, free, open, placid, benignant countenance.

2. There is no evidence that, up to his betrayal of his Lord, his conduct was the subject of censure, complaint, jealousy, or of the slightest suspicion. Until the night when he committed the traitorous deed, his reputation seems to have been fair, and without the shadow of a blemish. He was not ambitious, as James and John on one occasion were. He was free from the characteristic rashness of Peter. His sins were all concealed from the eyes of mortals. He was a thief; but that was known only to Omniscience.

3. There is no evidence that, during his continuance with Christ, he regarded himself as a hypocrite. Doubtless he thought himself honest. He knew no other kind of sincerity than that which he possessed. He may have had solemn and joyful feelings under the preaching of Christ. He may have had very awful and tender thoughts when he himself was preaching. Such is man's self-ignorance, that it is probable not one in ten thousand who are hypocrites firmly believe that such is their character. Nay, it commonly happens, that the worse men are, the better they think themselves to be.

4. Let it not be supposed that Judas ought not to have known his character. He shut his eyes to the truth respecting himself. He voluntarily rejected evidence that would have convicted him at the bar of his own conscience. Self-ignorance is a great sin. It is fostered by pride and unbelief and impenitence.

The first mention made of this man is entirely creditable to him. He is introduced to us as one of the twelve, whom Christ chose as disciples and confidential friends, to be with him and hear his instructions, both public and private. We are not told that Christ ever availed himself of the absence of Judas to make any communications to the eleven, until the night of his betrayal. Peter, James and John were more with Christ than the others. But between Judas and the other eight there does not appear to have been any marked difference in the treatment which they received at the hands of the Saviour.

Having for some time been a disciple, the Lord ordained him with the other eleven to the office and work of an apostle. (Matt. 10 : 2–4; Mark 3 : 13; Luke 6 : 12.) Since the birth of Christ this is the highest office to which any mortal could attain. The gifts requisite for the performance of its duties were extraordinary and miraculous. They belong to no man now living. The proofs of an apostle were in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds. (2 Cor. 12 : 12.) Every apostle must have seen the Lord. (1 Cor.

9 : 1.) There were in early times, as there are still, vain pretenders to this office; but it is the duty and honor of the churches to expose their idle claims. (Rev. 2 : 2.) But Judas was an apostle, and performed the duties of his office as did his fellows. He preached, he healed the sick, he cleansed the lepers, he raised the dead, he cast out devils. One part of the apostolic commission required the shaking off of the dust from the feet as a testimony against those who would not receive them nor hear their words. It may be that Judas did this very thing, but there is no evidence that he was more denunciatory than others.

After the return of the apostles from their first mission, and after they had given an account of their success, there is nothing said of Judas, until James and John, at the instigation and through the instrumentality of their mother, applied for the superiority over their brethren. On this occasion, it is said: "The ten were moved with indignation against the two brethren." (Matt. 20 : 24.) Luke says: "When the ten heard it, they began to be much displeased with James and John. (10 : 41.) The records shows no difference between the behavior of Judas and that of the nine others. They all may have spoken of the wickedness of such ambition, and their remarks may have been very just. Judas may have been as temperate as the others. There is no evidence that he possessed a bitter or intolerant spirit beyond others, nor that he was often guilty of censoriousness. It is not at all improbable that Peter was more liable to reproof in this matter than Judas.

Soon after this, we find Christ warning his disciples against "the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." (Luke 12 : 1.) Judas may have improved this hint so far as to attack these arch deceivers, and to preach some very searching, alarming sermons. But as a matter of personal application to his own heart and conscience, the warning seems to have been wholly neglected. Like many modern hypocrites, he probably gloried in his sincerity. Even bold transgressors, who break all God's laws, often boast of their truth, candor and honesty.

Not very long after this, Christ made a more pointed declaration, which must have excited considerable attention. It was this: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" (John 6 : 70.) We are not left to conjecture who was intended, for the Evangelist adds: "He spake of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon: for he it was that should betray him, being one of the twelve." (John 6 : 71.) Some time after Jesus said: "Ye are clean, but not all. For he knew who should betray him: therefore said he, Ye are not all clean." (John 13 : 10, 11.) What effect these sayings may have had, we are not informed. But they do not seem to have provoked any uncharitable remarks. Even Judas seems to have remembered that Christ had said: "Judge

not, that ye be not judged." (Matt. 7 : 1.) But we do not learn that these warnings of Christ caused Judas to search his own heart. It is certain that they had no permanent, salutary effect; though it is almost inconceivable that they should have been wholly powerless.

The next account we have of Judas respects his apparent regard for the poor. When the affectionate Mary anointed the feet of the blessed Jesus, Judas was there. Being treasurer of Christ's family, and acting without auditors, he had dishonestly used some of the funds for his own private purposes. Hence he is called "a thief." It is no where hinted, however, that he esteemed himself a rogue. He may have thought that he ought to have more than any other, as he had all the care of the fisc. He may also have deceived himself with idle plans of future restitution. There is no evidence that he fully condemned himself for a moment, though he may have had qualms and misgivings. When Mary anointed the Lord, Judas objected to such an expenditure, and on grounds quite plausible to some minds: "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" (John 12 : 5.) This reasoning seems to have struck others, who were good men. Matthew says: "The disciples had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste?" And Mark says: "There were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor. And they murmured against her." (Mark 14 : 4, 5.) How often are good men led astray by the specious pretenses of bad men. Judas cared not for the poor, but he coveted that money. He did not see what good it could do to anoint the Lord with so very precious ointment. It was not necessary for purposes of health. And Mary might have honored Christ in some other way. Besides, by giving the price of that ointment to the Lord, who regarded the poor as his friends, and who always gave alms when he could, there would have been no waste. We have much Iscariot charity in our day. No doubt many said of Judas: "What a kind heart he has to the poor. He never forgets them." We have modern economists, who love Christ no more than Judas, and who extol every thing that looks like saving money in efforts that are merely to honor Christ.

It is strange that the enemies of our Lord seem never to have thought of winning over any of his disciples. This is strong proof of the entire absence of suspicion respecting their fidelity. Accordingly they did not apply to any of the apostles to turn traitor; but "one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver. And from that time he sought opportunity to

betray him." (Matt. 26 : 14–16.) This is the account given by one Evangelist. That of Luke is much like it: "Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve. And he went his way, and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them. And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money. And he promised and sought opportunity to betray him unto them in the absence of the multitude." (Luke 22 : 3–6.) It is probable these enemies of Christ were much surprised when they saw and knew Judas, and still more when they learned his errand. This was the moment of exultation to wicked men and apostate angels. They seem to have thought that at last they would ease themselves of him whose sermons and miracles had made such an impression. When Judas went to the chief priests, he probably expected to obtain several thousand pieces of silver, and thought thus to make his fortune. Possibly he intended to get his money, fulfill his bargain, and put his Master into their hands; but expected Christ immediately to deliver himself out of their power. Thus the traitor would have become a swindler. Whatever were his thoughts, he made the offer to betray him. The chief priests loved money, and understood bargaining. They probably saw in Judas an anxiety to hasten the mattter. This would make them appear less careful in the business, until at length he sold to them the Lord of life and glory for thirty pieces of silver, a sum equal to £3 17s. 6d. sterling.

The bargain being made, the difficulty with Judas now was to fulfill his part of it. "And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him." Wickedness is troublesome. Probably Judas gave frequent assurances of fidelity in his covenant with the Jews, and would have pretended to be grossly insulted if any had charged him with a design of fraud. Sin fearfully blinds the mind, and hardens the heart. The devil seems now to have had full possession of Judas. He took no time, he had no heart for reflection. He may have kept up some form of prayer, but there was no sincerity in him or his devotions.

At the celebration of the Passover, Jesus said: "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say, Lord, is it I? And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born. Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said." (Matt. 26 : 21–25.) When it is said, "They were exceeding sorrowful," the reference is doubtless to the others beside Judas. It almost broke their hearts to think it possible that they should prove traitors.

But although Judas, last of all, asked, "Is it I?" yet there is no evidence that he had any right feelings, but the contrary. As soon as Christ told him what he should do, Judas withdrew and sought his accomplices in wickedness. This exposure before the whole family of Christ seems to have stirred up the deepest malice, and Judas felt no longer any restraint from the decencies of the case.

Judas being gone, Jesus said: "Behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me. And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master, and kissed him." (Matt. 26: 45–49. See Luke 22: 47, 48, 49.) What a band was this! How bent on shedding innocent blood! How cold and impudent the malignity of the traitor! How enormous his guilt! One would have expected that at this moment hell would have felt such mighty raven for her prey, as to open wide her mouth and swallow him alive. But his cup is not yet full. Vile as he was, he would yet sin more and more.

The deed was now done. The bargain was fulfilled on both sides. Judas had put his Master into the hands of his murderers, and he had obtained his reward. Yes, he had in possession "the goodly price," as it had once seemed to him. But presently the silver began to lose its lustre, and the money its value. The price of blood began to be a torment to its possessor. The inspired record is brief but striking. "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that Jesus was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself." (Matt. 27: 3–5.) No mortal can endure the fell gnaw of the undying worm. Judas found it so. That silver filled his soul with horrors intolerable. Of late he had greatly desired to get it, but now he throws it down in the temple, and calls upon the priests, the ministers of religion, for some alleviation of his distress; but they pay him no regard. They would not even receive back the price of his treason. Not believing in the value and efficacy of that blood which cleanses from all sin, not beholding in Jesus the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, not finding any sympathy from his accomplices, conscience wielding over his guilty soul the terrible sword of eternal and inflexible justice, and a hell burning within him, he hanged himself, and shot the awful gulf of death, and plunged into an undone eternity. "He went to his own place." "It had

been good for that man if he had not been born." It is as true of those who kill themselves, as of those who kill their neighbors, that "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

The aggravations of the sin of betraying Christ were many and great. The traitor was eminent in place, in gifts, in office, in profession; a guide to others, and one whose example was likely to influence many, and if evil, to give great occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully. His sin had for its object the Lord Jesus Christ. It was an attack on God himself.

This sin admitted of no reparation, no restitution. It was against mercies, against convictions of conscience, against frequent and recent admonitions, against his ordination vows, against his own preaching, against all the rules of friendship, against all the bonds of discipleship. It was committed deliberately, willfully, knowingly, presumptuously, impudently, maliciously. It was perpetrated just after the most solemn and tender interview on record, just after being engaged in the most solemn rites of religion. It was of a scarlet dye and of a crimson hue.

Taking his own life was but adding iniquity to iniquity. He may have justified himself in his suicide, and thought that he had a right to do as he pleased with his earthly existence. Perhaps he thought also that hell itself could not be more intolerable than his present anguish. Miserable man! why wilt thou place the seal of immutability on thy own perdition, making thy doom irreversible, and putting thy soul beyond the reach of even the mercy of God? Oh! what a fiend is man without the grace of God! No natural amiability, no faithful instructions, no power of working miracles, no solemn sacraments, no tears and warnings can save any man from the vilest sins and the hottest hell. God's free, sovereign, eternal love can alone save any soul.

This subject is full of instruction, and teaches many salutary lessons. Let us not so far separate ourselves from Judas as to suppose that we are naturally better than he, or that if left to ourselves we will not prove that we are ready for any deed of wickedness. A monster of depravity was he. But all sin is horrible. And God would have us learn wisdom from the fall of the worst men in the world. Thus we may profit by the overthrow of the most infamous. The lessons taught us by the life and end of Judas are such as these.

Though wicked men do not so intend, yet in all cases they shall certainly glorify God by all their misdeeds. "Surely the wrath of men shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." (Ps. 76: 10.) The wickedness of Judas was by God overruled to bring about the most important event in man's salvation. Let the wicked never forget that their unbelief, impenitence, profaneness and persecution of the godly, all their sins of heart and life and tongue, shall in spite of themselves glorify God,

though it be at the fearful loss of their own souls. The wicked now hate God but they can not defeat him. If they will not be vessels to honor, they shall be vessels to dishonor. If they refuse to be useful in a cheerful service, they shall be useful in their own destruction. (Ezek. 15 : 1–8.)

Nor shall God's unfailing purpose to bring good out of evil abate aught of the guilt of those, who work iniquity. Judas' treason was all foretold and of course it was predetermined. Yet his accountability for his wickedness was unimpaired; for he acted freely in all he did. Men may clamorously assert, but they never can prove, that the divine purpose so interferes with moral agency as to impair human obligation to do right. "It is wonderful that thinking and studious men do not see, that the whole system of prophecy is a direct and full confutation of all objections, on this ground, against the doctrine of predestination. The predicted events can not possibly fail of accomplishment: they must therefore either be absolutely decreed by the all-wise God, or there must be some necessity which can not be overcome even by the Deity himself. The first is Christian predestination, the latter is heathen fatalism; but neither interferes with man's free agency and accountableness; for he still acts voluntarily, according to the prevailing inclinations of his heart." Judas acted with perfect freedom. He could not have had more liberty. Therefore his guilt remained. That which was true of the betrayer, was also true of the murderers of our Lord. (Acts 2 : 23 and 4 : 27, 28.)

From the history of Judas we also learn, that when a man is once fairly started in a career of wickedness, it is impossible to tell where he will stop. God's grace may arrest one in the maddest career, as it did Saul of Tarsus. But left to himself, man will dig into hell. The good providence of God mercifully restrains even the wicked, else existence on earth would not be desirable. Scenes of violence and blood, deeds of outrage and atrocity, words of hatred and blasphemy, and looks of fierceness and terror would appall us every hour, but that God lays his almighty hand upon the hearts of men and commands them to be still. Unrestrained, every heart would show its possessor a monster of wickedness. Passions, which now lie smothered, would, if let loose, rage and sweep every thing before them. Natural affection, the voice of conscience, public opinion, regard to reputation, and fear of the law, are happily employed by providence to hold men back. "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will." (Prov. 21 : 1.) Even in this life many a poor sinner has been affrighted at the lengths which he had gone in crime and debasement, and has cried out in sore amazement: 'And have I come to this?' In the next world surprise awaits all the impenitent. "When they

shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." (1 Thess. 5 : 3.)

All men should especially beware of covetousness. "The love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." (1 Tim. 6 : 10.) Of the truth of this teaching Judas was a fearful witness. No tongue, no pen can describe the sorrows which rolled over his soul. When men are eagerly heaping up riches, they are doing work for bitter repentance in this world, or in that which is to come. Even on earth "the covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty; and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own; and makes a hard shift to be as poor and miserable with a great estate as any man can be without it." Nor can he divine who shall be the gainer by all his toils. "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them." (Ps. 39 : 6.) God has specially set himself to punish covetousness. It is idolatry. It is as true of this sin as of drunkenness, that in the end it biteth like the serpent, and stingeth like the adder.

Did men but know how bitter would be the end of transgression, they would at least pause before they plunge into all evil. Seneca said: "Malice drinks half its own poison." The same is true of all evil passions. The madness of men in rebelling against God is beyond a parallel in human history. They delight in iniquity, they roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, they risk all for it, and they lose all by it. Their hearts are fully set in them to do evil. Oh! that men would hear the warning words of Richard Baxter: "Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer and the murderer of the world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your Head, it shall not be able to keep you there." James says: "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." (James 1 : 15.) Yet no man, without the grace of God, sees the evil of sin till it is too late. Folly is bound up in the soul of man, till God drives it away by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

In Judas' pretended regard for the poor, we see what foul wickedness may be covered with the most plausible pretenses. The same thing is seen in every age. By false names every virtue is depressed and every vice exalted. Pascal says: "One of the greatest artifices the devil uses to engage men in vice and debauchery is to fasten the names of contempt on certain virtues, and thus to fill weak souls with a foolish fear of passing for scrupulous should they desire to put them in practice." The man

who beggars widows and orphans, and holds back the wages of the hireling, and lives by the distresses he brings on others, would fain persuade himself and his neighbors that he is prudent. Indeed, any pretext will satisfy a blind, stupid conscience. The great concern of the masses is to justify themselves before men. They little regard the tribunal of God. Yet the investigations of the last day will tear off all false pretenses, and sweep away every refuge of lies.

Nor should we forget that character may as well be learned from small as from great things. Judas' petty larceny was as good an index to his character as his treason. A straw will show which way the wind blows. Human character is not made up of a few great acts, but of a multitude of little things. Every-day conduct shows the man. Great events, in which we are actors, will fearfully expose us, if in small affairs we are unable to behave well. "He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little." (Ecclus. 19 : 1.) The failure of our virtue on great occasions is but an announcement to the world that we have been habitually coming short in our more private behavior. Little rills form the greatest rivers. The ocean itself is made up of drops of rain or particles of mist. A man is what his habits make him. He who can not resist a slight temptation will never gain the mastery over a grievous one. "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" (Jer. 12 : 5.)

It is also manifest that bad men may for a long time appear well. To do so may cost them trouble, but may still be practicable. Through life they may have such a fear of exposure, and be so studious of appearances, as to deceive all around them. Even suspicion may not soil their fair name, and yet they may be in the gall of bitterness. Eschewing the vices of the debauched, they may practice the sins of devils. It is true that this class of transgressors have a hard task. They are always like one who has a rent in his garment, which he finds difficult to conceal. Truth is one and simple. Falsehood is multiform and complex. An honest blunderer is to be preferred before the most cunning knave on earth. A life of deception is full of hardship and uncertainty; and at its close, when amendment is impossible, the truth comes out, and in a moment damnation flashes in the face, and the poor soul enters on an existence full of misery. When God tears away the mask, disguise is no longer possible.

And yet bad men might know the truth concerning themselves if they did not hate it. Judas well knew his own theft, yet he refused to consider it a sin to be repented of. He had before his mind the clear evidence of his own hypocrisy, but he was not dis-

posed to give it its just weight. He hated the light, and did not come to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. When will men learn that concealment is not innocence? We may hide our sins from our own eyes, but until God casts them all behind his back they may rise up at any moment and overwhelm us. If men were not as unwise as they are wicked, they would not go to the bar of God with a lie in their right hand.

How small a temptation to sin will at last prevail over a vicious mind. For less than twenty dollars, Judas sold his Lord and Master. Those temptations commonly esteemed great are not the most sure to prevail. The ribaldry of the Philistines did not move Samson from his fidelity; but the blandishments of Delilah overcame him. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Many a man consents to lose a friend for his wit, yea, to lose his soul for a quibble. Men may sin until the mere force of habit, without any apparent inducement, seems sufficient to impel them to great enormities.

Nothing prepares a man for destruction faster than hypocrisy or formality in actions of a religious nature. The three years which Judas spent in the family of our Lord probably exceeded all the rest of his life in ripening him for destruction. So many, so solemn, so impressive truths were presented to his mind, that he must have become very rapidly hardened. "I have peace-offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows," (Prov. 7 : 14,) said one who was now ready for the worst deeds. The reason why, other things being equal, apostates are so much more wicked than others, is that they have learned how to resist all good influences. They have tried the remedy, but first learned to render it ineffectual.

It is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment. The judgment of God, it shall stand; it is righteous, it is always according to truth. Man judges of the heart by appearances. God judges of appearances by the heart, and he judges of the heart by itself. The tribunal, from which there lies no appeal, will reverse a vast number of the decisions made by the tribunals of earth. Public opinion often errs. Individual judgments are as often erroneous. If men condemn and God approves, all is well. But if men acquit and God condemns, all is lost. He that judgeth us is the Lord.

We should never forget that official character is one thing, and moral character another thing. *All* official characters may be sustained without any real grace in the heart. Balaam's prophecies were as true and as sublime as those of Moses or Isaiah. So far as we know, Judas' performance of the duties of his apostolic mission was as acceptable and as useful as that of the majority of his brethren. Even success in preaching is not proof of piety. It is the message, not the messenger; the truth preached, and not

the man who utters it, that converts the soul. Piety is of infinite importance to every soul of man; but a man who has no piety may yet do good. Neither the validity nor efficacy of ordinances depends upon the personal worthiness of the administrator. It would be very dangerous to teach that our acceptance in approaching God is rendered less certain by reason of the hypocrisy of him who comes to us in the name of the Lord. The apostles expressly denied that it was by their own power or holiness that they wrought miracles. If we must know the sincerity of any man who is our minister, we could never be sure that we had served God acceptably in any sacramental service. The efficacy and saving power of ordinances is from the Lord alone. And as worthy partakers of the Lord's Supper can not be hindered from receiving a blessing by the insincerity of the administrator, so neither can the unworthy receiver secure the blessing by the piety of his minister.

The history of Judas shows us how man will cling to false hopes. Hypocrites hold fast their delusive expectations with the utmost tenacity. There is no evidence that during years of hypocrisy Judas ever seriously doubted his own piety. There were many sure marks, indeed, against him; but what cares any hypocrite for evidence? His own blind confidence is to him more powerful than all the truths of God's word. Because he is determined to believe his state good, nothing will convince him to the contrary.

If men thus self-confident forsake their profession, and openly apostatize, we need not be surprised. "It is impossible but that offenses will come." (Luke 17 : 1.) "There must also be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1 Cor. 11 : 19.) Open defections from truth and righteousness are no strange things. It has been so from the beginning. Jesus had his Judas. Peter must deal with Ananias, Sapphira and Simon Magus. Paul was in perils among false brethren, and Demas quite forsook him. We must expect those that are not of us to go out from us. If they were of us, they would no doubt continue with us. The wicked will do wickedly, though for a while they may seem to be righteous.

The case of Judas gives us the rule of admission to church-membership, and, so far as moral character is concerned, to church offices. We may require a credible profession of piety. Infallible evidence of love to Christ is not attainable. A profession of piety, accompanied by such evidence as a consistent life affords, is as much as we may demand. Our Saviour knew Judas from the beginning to be a bad man, "a devil;" but his omniscience, not the overt acts of Judas, taught him thus, and so he received him into the church, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps. Our Lord judged of the members of his church, not by what he as God knew of their hearts, but by their credible profession. The Master never did evil that good might come. He practiced

on the true rule. Let us seek no other. However painful our fears respecting the real characters of men, we must respect a profession of piety, not contradicted by the life.

Thus, too, we have a full refutation of the objection made to a connection with the visible church, because there are wicked men in her communion. The apostles certainly knew that among them was one bad man; but they did not therefore renounce their portion among Christ's confessed friends. And Christ himself held intercourse with Judas just as if he were all he professed to be. So that if one certainly knew another to be an enemy of God, and yet could not prove it to the satisfaction of impartial church authorities, this should not debar him from the Lord's table. If dogs will sometimes get the children's bread, that is no reason why a table should not be spread for the children.

And in all our dealings with men, it is better to be sometimes imposed on, than to be of a suspicious temper. "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." Sometimes we must put ourselves in the power of others. To suspect every man will make us unhappy, and commonly prove us to be unworthy of confidence ourselves. Even a wise man of the world once said: "Always to think the worst, I have ever found to be the work of a mean spirit and a base soul."

How difficult it is to bring home truth to the deceitful heart of man. Hypocrites are slow to improve close, discriminating preaching. They desire not to look into their real characters. It was not until all the rest had inquired whether Christ referred to them in foretelling his betrayal, that Judas said: "Lord, is it I?" Thorough, impartial, frequent self-examination is not the characteristic of any who are at heart unsound. In fact the reluctance of some to this duty is sad evidence against them. It costs them too much. Aversion to close, searching sermons is a bad mark in any man's character. Such preaching often afflicts the righteous more than the wicked, though the latter are the most sure to be offended. When Christ had exposed the miserable hypocrisy of many who followed him, it is said: "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." (John 6 : 66.) They could not endure the truth. Yet Judas smothered up his feelings, and bore it all. He cared not so much for his feelings. He went after his covetousness.

Nor could one do a wiser thing than to inquire whether he has better evidence of piety than the great traitor had during his apostleship. Judas could heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out devils. He was first a disciple, and then an apostle of our Lord. He often heard Christ preach. He held the only office of trust among the apostles. His reputation for piety stood as fair as any man's. His persuasion of his good state seems to have been so firm, that he hardly felt inclined to look into the grounds of his

hopes. He was not a drunkard, nor a swearer. He was not a captious hearer of the Gospel. Without a murmur he bore all the fatigue of his apostolic mission. He was not an envious man beyond others. He was not a slanderer, a reviler, a backbiter, a whisperer. He displayed no inordinate ambition. He was not a brawler, nor a violent and outrageous man. And yet he was not a child of God. Mere negative goodness, mere freedom from open vice, proves no man an heir of glory. It is true there was sufficient evidence against Judas, but he willingly overlooked that. If many men had as good evidence against their enemies or their neighbors, as they have against themselves, they would speedily pronounce them hypocrites.

The case of Judas discloses the uselessness of that sorrow of the world which worketh death, hath no hope in it, and drives the soul to madness. It is not desperation, but penitence, that God requires. Regrets without hatred of sin are useless, both on earth and in hell. They avail nothing in time, nothing in eternity. When it is said Judas repented, the word translated, *repented*, is not the word used by inspired writers to express godly sorrow, or saving repentance. There is much sorrow that does but prepare men for other and more dreadful deeds.

In the case of Judas we have also a fearful example of the terrible judgment of God against the wicked. As he loved cursing, so it came unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so it was far from him. As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so it came into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones. God's judgments are still abroad in the earth. Of all judgments, those which are spiritual should most alarm us. To have eyes and not see, to have ears and not hear, to have hearts and not understand, to hold the truth in unrighteousness, to be forsaken of God, to be given over to believe a lie—these are among the direst curses that fall on men in this world; and they are sure forerunners of God's sorest plagues in the world to come. And how fearful must it be to fall into the hands of the living God, when on earth a drop of his wrath will make men choose hanging rather than life. And how dismal must be the prospects of all who die in their sins, when they shall have for their companions Judas and all evil-minded men, the devil and his angels. The society of the damned is good ground of earnestness in fleeing from the wrath to come.

The doctrine of universal salvation has no countenance in Scripture. It is disproven by many express declarations, and by many fair and necessary inferences. It is disproven by the case of Judas. If, after many thousand years of suffering, he shall rise to everlasting happiness in the skies, it will be good for him that he was born. Eternal happiness far outweighs all temporal suffering, however protracted. Any existence which terminates in eternal

glory will prove a blessing beyond all computation. All temporal suffering can be gauged. But who can fathom the sea of love, the ocean of bliss, made sure to all believers? And eternal misery is as dreadful as eternal glory is desirable. Oh! how fearful must be the doom of the incorrigibly wicked, when in their case existence itself ceases to be desirable, or even tolerable! It is true of every one who dies without repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that IT HAD BEEN GOOD FOR THAT MAN IF HE HAD NOT BEEN BORN.

SERMON V.

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THE REIGN OF THE SAINTS.*

"AND the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High."—DANIEL 7 : 27.

THIS is part of Daniel's prediction concerning the order of empire in the Christian ages. In a previous vision, the prophet had seen the world, with all its races, interests, institutions, and destinies, made over to Christ, the universal King. "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, and nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

But, as this great empire, and every part of it, was then in alien hands, Daniel was permitted to complete the vision, and, by a second revelation, beheld the historic transfer of races, and governments, and trades, and destinies, to their appointed owner—the King of kings and Lord of lords. These prophetic para-

* Sermon delivered before the Foreign Missionary Society of New-York and Brooklyn, on Sabbath evenings, November 11 and 18.

graphs, therefore, are a carefully prepared chart, revealing the course of empire, till it consummates and ends in the universal reign of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Power, and greatness, and government shall descend, says the prophet, through successive administrations and intermediate thrones — the Assyrian, the Roman, the Papal, to the last era — and the closing stage, when the saints of the Most High God shall take the kingdom and superintend it in the name of their Lord.

And this is the topic upon which I propose to discourse this evening: the empire of the world falling at length into the hands of the saints.

I shall be obliged to ask attention, however, here on the threshold, to several preliminary remarks, going to fix the exact meaning of the truth, that the saints shall one day possess and govern the world. Let me say, then:

1. That the doctrine of our text does not require us to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is, at some future time, to return in person to our world, and set up a visible and theocratic empire upon all these continents. If the Redeemer had no other way of administering his earthly kingdom than by a personal and visible reign, the inference would be, not that he should come back, at some fixed and far-off period, and assume the empire, but that he should have never departed. Now that he has departed, and has supervised and extended his kingdom for nineteen centuries, without the aid of any local palace, or the need of any visible government, it is too late for us to imagine that he can not go forward as he has commenced, and reign in the future as he has in the past — the King invisible, eternal, and divine. The kingdom of which we are to discourse this evening, is a spiritual kingdom therefore; is an empire that asks and needs no visible manifestation of its Lord, no earthly metropolis, or scepter, or throne. And though the reign of the saints is to be a wide-spread and universal rule, yet I shall need to say:

2. That the Scriptures do not require us to teach or to believe this doctrine even in any absolute, extreme, and unexceptionable sense. We should look in vain, I suppose, for any text which, properly interpreted, assures us that at some time before the final coming of Christ his followers will literally hold all the offices, and own all the property, and ply all the trades, and make all the laws, and carry on all the affairs of the world, reducing the wicked to utter penury and subjection. I do not so understand the language of prophecy; or so imagine when I anticipate the future. The meaning of the Scriptures, if I do not altogether mistake their sense, is, that the saints as persons, and their great Christian maxims as principles, shall ultimately win such an ascendency over all nations, interests, institutions, and affairs, that this whole world shall become an orderly and well-governed Christian empire. If there shall be impenitent men, as there may be, they

shall nevertheless, either of their own will, or by the constraint of others, submit to Christian usages,, and acquiesce in just and salutary laws. If there shall be trades, and offices, and property, that are not in Christian hands, as there may be, they who hold them shall yet be so under the power of dominant Christian influences, that they shall obey as willing servants, though they do not coöperate as loving sons. This, as I conceive, is the doctrine of those Scriptures which tell us that the meek shall inherit the earth, and the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High.

But it is obvious, considering the present state of the world, in regard to its interests, possessions, and rights, that such an acquisition and such control, on the part of the saints, must be the result of an august assault, and the achievement of a successful aggression. The people of God must make actual conquest of all these estates, and empires, and interests, if they are to obtain the government, and reign in the name of their Master. We shall need to inquire, then, and with a discriminating and cautious care,

3. As to the way in which this great conquest is to be achieved. Are the saints of the Most High, after a series of moral victories, wrought with peaceful weapons, and by the aid of the all-conquering Spirit of God, to change their tactics and go forth, in coming times, with their armies to dislodge the wicked, and settle as victors on all the continents? The Scriptures every where discourage such conclusions. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword. The weapons of our warfare are mighty, but are not carnal; are mighty because they are not carnal. Moreover, we have read history to little purpose if we have not seen that the only revolutions which are permanent and deep, are those which take place underneath the surface—penetrating and reconstructing a nation's thoughts. Accordingly, there are in every community natural processes and lawful methods by which to effect, first, a moral, and after it a civil revolution. Who has not observed that there are changes going forward continually, in every part of the social organism, by which estates, and privileges, and titles, and influence, and power, and supremacy, pass from one possessor to another, from one people to another?

It is a great law of nature, a law operating among all the orders of the animate creation, that the superior race shall win ultimate ascendency over the inferior. Put two children, two men, two tribes together, and let them associate, and interact, and adjust their relative forces and positions, and no matter what titles or what opportunities you bequeath to the inferior, or what stigmas and restraints you cast upon the stronger, as time advances, the Saxon will conquer the Celt—the weaker will submit to the mightier. [redacted] or apprentice, or servant chances,

as sometimes happens, to be superior to his master — superior, I mean, not in any brute and physical, but only in a moral and manly sense—when the subordinate has more intelligence, and more capacity, and more perseverance, and more self-control, and more real dignity than his master — how often have we seen the two change places at length, and house, and fortune, and equipage, and business, and titles, and reputation all pass over from the imbecile lord, who encumbered and forsook, to the more worthy servant, who deserved and earned them? No assault was made upon the original owner, no single right of his was infringed or invaded; but by a fixed law of Providence, intelligence coping with ignorance, and industry contending with idleness, and economy vying with excess, and temperance contesting with indulgence, and strength competing with weakness, the imperial powers overcame the menial, and he who touched the goal took the prize. Here, now, is a great, silent, universal law of nature, which is in secret league with all the saints on all the continents; and which has but to continue, and to operate, and it will in time transfer the empire of the world to them. The people of God have no need to assail the nations; they have no use for arms, and no license for invasion. They have only to keep their Christian virtues, and exercise them, and by this simple process they shall at length acquire a kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven.

But there is another question touching the manner in which the saints are to get possession of this world, which we shall need to consider before we can fully comprehend the meaning of Scripture. The earth is covered with a vast framework of social institutions, whose present and special office it is to guard, and administer, and conserve the temporal interests of nations. Laws, courts, governments, arts, customs, trades, these are not so much instruments of religion, as organs of society. Here they are, a vast system of social institutions, the fabric of ages, the framework of history. Will the saints of the Most High, as they advance and take possession of the world, overturn this great edifice of social order? Will they remove existing governments, offices, orders, and customs? And will they set up in their place the one great institution, the Church, making all offices spiritual? Or will they invent and establish a new social constitution, suited to the times in which they live? The Papist answers: The Church is the one sufficient organization for the conduct and government of all sublunary affairs. Plant the Church, that is, the Romish Church, in any land, and there is no more need of senates, or parliaments, or courts, or kings, or presidents. With the Pope for sovereign, and his cardinals for ministers of state; with priestly nuncios for judges, and infuriate monks for executioners, society may dispense with all other governments, and intrust the affairs of time, as the

destinies of the other state, to the care of the one infallible Church. But the Scriptures hold no such language. According to the pattern which they present, society, as she has many interests, must equip herself also with many executive institutions and organs. And, since civil order is as indispensable to social well-being as spiritual thrift, the State is an institution as truly divine as is the Church.

The one is Christ's authoritative organization, for the control and government of things spiritual. The other is his twin organization, for the management and direction of things temporal. And the moment either of these bodies invades the other's territory, and undertakes to regulate affairs in which it has no jurisdiction; the moment a Hildebrand ventures to dictate to states, or a Henry aspires to be Head of the Church, that moment the world is out of joint, and disorder and debasement must certainly ensue. If the saints are to govern the world, therefore, we may be sure that they will use the Church for church purposes, and remit all state matters to the charge of states.

They will not repeat the mistakes, or renew the cruelties of former times. Instructed by history, they will neither destroy kings, nor drive forth magistrates, nor dissolve constitutions, nor disrupt laws, nor make war upon science, nor do any thing else to reduce society to chaos. No! the saints are commissioned to improve the world, not to damage it; to build up good things, not to demolish them; to regenerate the nations, not to destroy them. And they are to do all this as the leaven does its transforming and resistless work; by the secret infusion into all parts of the social organism, of the spirit of their Master, the spirit of equity, and truth, and love. Let me remark, in reference to this conquest of the nations for Christ,

4. That according to all Scriptural intimations, it will be a very gradual conquest. We mistake when we imagine that the great revolutions which the Bible predicts, or any other great revolutions, are to be accomplished suddenly: so that either prophecy or history can determine the exact day on which they occur. The prophets of the Bible foretell certain anticipated events, and declare the order in which they are appointed to arrive. But the intervals which separate these events, they very seldom measure or mention. Looking into the future, through these prophetic symbols, therefore, is like looking over the tops of the mountains to the distant sky. As we gaze we behold one summit behind another, and behind the farthest the blue heavens. But how far it may be from the first peak to the second, and how far from the last to the firmament which is beyond, we can not determine or tell. If we were to trust to impressions merely, we should say, the farthest mountain-top touches the curtains of the west; and whoever stands there can reach with his right hand into the hea-

vens. So when we read the twenty-fourth of Matthew, there is the predicted destruction of Jerusalem, like a burning mountain, blazing in the foreground, and seemingly just beyond it, so near that there is no appreciable interval, the white cloud, and the Son of Man coming to judge the nations! Prophecy foretells events and their order, but leaves out the intervals. And it is in these intervals, that the events are born. If Daniel's fourth beast, that had iron teeth, and devoured, and brake in pieces, was, as seems probable, a symbol of the Roman State; and if the ten horses which sprang from this terrible image, represented, as there is good reason to believe, the ten kingdoms into which Europe separated at the dissolution of the great empire; and if the little horn that appeared among these, in which there were eyes like the eyes of a man, and a mouth speaking great things, which made war with the saints, and prevailed against them, typified, as the best commentators suppose, the Papal power, then the next great event after the destruction of the Papacy, is to be the transfer of the world into the hands of the saints. But how long it shall be before the Papacy is destroyed, and how long after that it shall take the saints to get possession of the nations, are questions which Revelation no where answers. That Antichrist is to be brought down; that Babylon shall sooner or later fall; that for this expected overthrow all historic movements are making ready, and all the nations of the world waiting; that the crash of the falling hierarchy shall not only shake the earth, but be heard even in heaven; and that at the sound thereof, the very angels shall exult, crying, Babylon, that great city, which made the nations drink of her wrath, is fallen—is fallen; and that then the angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach shall fly swiftly through the midst of heaven, to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying: Fear God, and give glory to him; so much we may firmly and fully believe. That is, we may look forward with entire confidence, and say: One more change—and then the time will come for the saints to take possession of the world! We must say, of this predicted conquest and reign of the saints,

5. That it is to be, and in a twofold sense, complete and universal.

It will embrace all territory; covering the continents, going forth to the islands, possessing the seas. It will include all races, it will embrace all arts, all sciences, all trades, all interests, all governments, all usages, all compacts, all relations. Taking possession of a country, a district, a race, on heathen or on Christian ground, merely taking possession is only the commencement of the great work which the saints have in hand. Having got possession of the territory, they are then to revolutionize and re-construct, revolutionize and re-construct till they shall build up upon the new site a Christian state, to be the habitation of righteous-

ness, the city of the Lord, the new earth. And this great after-work of re-construction is even of more consequence than that of simple conquest. Better that all the armies of invasion be recalled from their advance-posts, and the heathen world left where it is, in the dominion of Satan and the empire of darkness, than that in these Christian lands, and on this recovered territory, the work of finishing the kingdom whose foundations are only now laid, should falter or fail or delay. But neither of these great works must falter, and neither must fail, and neither stand idle. The pioneers of the Church, all her advance-guards and legions on the confines of the heathen world, must assail the unoccupied territory, adding new accessions continually to the domain of the saints. Meantime, they who dwell on the captured continents, are to build the kingdom for which alone the territory was conquered.

With this understanding of what the Scriptures mean by the dominion of the saints, let us for a little time attend now to the evidence by which the doctrine in hand is supported and enforced.

That the people of God will one day possess and govern the world, might be conclusively argued,

1. From the known nature of their religion.

Take the religion of the New Testament, and give it to any race or people under heaven, and let it remain among them, and do its work in them, and that people thus endowed, will ultimately possess and govern the world. They may have no property at first, and no rank, and no office, and no power. The world may be entirely in the hands of other races; but the people who start in their career, having in their possession the religion of Christ, will as certainly conquer, and own the world at last, as they shall remain in it. The proof of this proposition is found in the very nature of the Christian religion. There are certain qualities of mind and character whose legitimate office and privilege it is to possess the world. The people who have and use these qualities will, by their aid, reach and hold the world. There are other habits and traits, whose inevitable destiny and doom are to lose the world. The people who harbor these qualities, must let go the world and become bankrupt and dependent. Take the case of property for an instance. We all know that industry, economy, moderation, and health amass; while idleness, and intemperance, and luxury, and prodigality, and disease waste it. Who, then, are the ultimate heirs of the world's wealth? Why, they who have and who shall continue to have the qualities which acquire and preserve wealth. And who are these? Not the pagans of far-off lands—for the life of the heathen is ever a life of idleness, and unthrift, and loss. Not the wicked or the worldly, in Christian lands—for though a single generation of these may practice the industries, and observe the moderation, which insure

an estate, they can never perpetuate these property-preserving habits. Accordingly, if you select any country, or fix upon any family in Christendom, and inquire into the history of their fortunes for a few generations, you shall see that while worldlings can accumulate they can not preserve. The impenitent father may be industrious, and economical, and wise; his impenitent son may follow his example, and retain, and even augment, his great patrimony. But, by and by, abundance will begin to breed excess, and the lusts of later generations will consume what the labors of those who went before accumulated. Thus it is, that all other orders and races of men are either not acquiring, or acquiring only to lose again, this great world-treasure—property. But the religion of the New Testament not only implants the qualities which acquire and retain wealth, it preserves them. Just so long as that religion remains with a people, therefore, its fruits must remain. Here, then, are the people into whose hands the wealth of the world will one day come. Their religion, as it makes them sons of God, makes them also heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. The same is to be said of rank, and influence, and authority. There are certain traits of mind and character which are God Almighty's special seal of nobility. They who bear these insignia are in fact, and sooner or later they will be seen to be, the lords and princes of the world. Integrity, intelligence, greatness of mind and heart, the people to whom God gives these traits, and among whom he perpetuates them, may be obscure and unknown for a time; but they shall one day rise above their fellows, as the stars outshine the insects, as the oaks overshadow the brambles! But where are the people who have, and retain, and will continue to have and retain, to the end of time, these supereminent and princely qualities? We all know. They are the saints of the most high God. Other men have noble traits, and show themselves worthy of honor, and place, and power. But, outside the Christian Church, there is not a tribe, or clan, or family, in all the world, which can preserve and transmit their nobleness, so as to secure to after-generations the power or the place of the fathers. But the religion of the saints is an eternal spring of greatness and virtue; and they who retain that religion, shall finally possess not the property of the world alone, but its posts of power, and its places of authority. As saith our text: The kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given unto the people of the saints of the Most High.

The same conclusion might be argued,

2. From the actual history of the Church, since it has had a place among the nations.

When the Saviour left the world, his disciples, you remember, were utterly indigent and helpless and weak. Formerly, under

the reign of Solomon for example, the saints of God had power and wealth and greatness. But might and property and fame and influence had departed with their departing virtues; and it seemed that the followers of Messiah had surrendered the world to receive and enjoy their Lord alone. The ungodly had seized the wealth, had usurped the governments, were plying the trades, were leading the armies, were instructing the schools, were directing the opinions, were determining the destinies of all the nations. Impoverished and alone, the disciples of Christ began their work; and they and their successors have carried it forward through the centuries to the present time. Look forth, then, at this moment, and observe for example, How much of the world's wealth has come into the hands of God's saints during these last eighteen centuries? How much of the world's wealth, and her sources of wealth, do the saints possess to-day? Draw them aside out of all the nations; let the people of God take their trades and their treasures and go forth, as of old the Israelites went forth from Egypt, to some far-off land of promise. From Europe, from the East, from Britain, from America, from the islands of the seas, let all Christians withdraw, bearing with them their accumulated and proper wealth. And is there a nation under heaven that could make out such an inventory, and show such an estate as the Church possesses to-day? Nay, is there a nation in the whole circle of Christendom that would not be bankrupt in a twelvemonth after such an exodus of her saints, and their treasures?

Or take any other element of social power. Take intelligence, for instance; the mastery of all arts, the knowledge of all sciences, the ability to influence and affect the world, and what an accumulation of all forms of enduring and practical wisdom have the saints of these bygone centuries made! Have the nations any single science, trade, invention, art, philosophy, of which the saints are now ignorant? Nay, do not the nations derive their trades, and arts, and knowledges almost exclusively from the people of God? Who are the pioneers in all the sciences? Who lead the way in all the trades? Who explore the unknown seas? Who discover the unknown continents? Who pilot the ways of traffic? Who are the men that are thus the lights of the ages? Why, were one to go back over these eighteen centuries, and extinguish every thought, and erase every revelation, and annihilate every book, and remove all that the saints of God have contributed to illumine and elevate and gladden the nations; were he to go farther, and take away every Christian soul, our Western world would become as dark as is the Eastern; and there would be as little intelligence, or as little thrift here among the nations that have come towards the setting sun, as among those who sit in the shadow of death, in India and China and Japan. For eighteen centuries, the saints have been gradually getting possession of the world, of its intelli-

gence, of its arts, of its property, of its positions of power and influence. And what they have once gained, they have never finally relinquished, and never wholly lost. Great monarchs have abandoned their thrones; great captains have lost their laurels—great empires have become bankrupt and desolate and poor. But the saints have let go no single item of their possessions, except to gain greater, and, after all her changes and migrations, the Church is wiser, stronger, richer, to-day than she ever was before. Project this Church into the future now! Let the saints of God go on for the centuries to come, acquiring and accumulating as they have done in times gone by; and is not here an argument to attest what the prophet foresaw? That the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given at length to the people of the saints of the Most High God?

And then, 3, All the indications of providence point, as with a prophetic finger, to the same grand consummation, the delivery of the world into the hands of the saints. Within half a century, all the nations have been thrown open to the saints of God, and they may enter and ply their work diligently and mightily as they will. Within the same period, the mind of the world has awakened to universal consciousness and universal inquiry. And among all the nations, the great questions which agitate the masses, and strike to the very foundations of being and thought, are, What things are true? and, What things are right? Who is to answer these questions? Who shall supply these inquiring millions with what they seek? Look again. Within half a century, all the powerful tongues on the globe have been impregnated and freighted with the truths of Christianity. The Bible has been translated into more than two hundred languages and dialects, and given to the nations. So that there is not now, on earth, a single wide-spread or powerful form of human speech that does not contain and promulgate and echo among the people, the truths and promises of the word of God. Meantime, all the old religions of the heathen have become confessedly effete and decrepit. Not one of them can ever spread; not one of them can continue long to live, even. Among their own disciples, nay, among their former devotees, they have already become a burden and a grief. Nor is this all. Mohammedanism, once so mighty, and Infidelity that had power in other ages to diffuse itself, and Roman Catholicism that once encircled the globe with its missions and its triumphs; all these systems, the last that time has power to breed, are to-day shorn of their power, and unable to extend to other races. Look over the world. Where is there a spot on any of its continents, where either of these rival religions can ever take root or spread? Will the Hindo receive the discarded neology of the Germans? As soon will the prairie that has been thoroughly burnt once, kindle and take fire from a second torch. Is there a place on the globe

to which the Pope can fly, and on which he can establish another empire? No; the other religions of the world are getting ready to fall, when that mother of all the delusions, and queen of all the idolatries—the Roman Hierarchy—comes down. The shock of the falling Babylon will bring to the ground all these decaying fabrics, leaving the world open to the one remaining religion: the religion of the saints. Are there not signs among the nations? What is to come when these old tottering systems reel in the tempest, and go down never again to rise? Are the nations to have no sanctuary, no God, no religion? Is universal atheism to arrive and conclude the drama? No; the saints of God are biding their time: and that time is not far distant. The world has, in its descent, thus far, followed exactly and step by step, the track of prophecy. Power and supremacy, in their way to the saints, lodged for a time with the Assyrian; went next to Rome, and perched for a period on the scepter of the Cæsars; till descending once more, they were robed in scarlet, and went forth to change times and laws, and wear out the saints, and make the earth drunk with the blood of the martyrs. Thus far have rule and authority come along the line of prophecy. One step remains—for that the nations wait. When Antichrist falls, then comes the reign of the saints!

We may remark, then, in concluding our discourse, and by way of particular application of our subject,

1. That in this great work of possessing and governing the world, the people of God must never allow themselves to confine their endeavors to any single achievement, but must preserve a breadth and amplitude of purpose, equal to their universal mission.

The strength and prosperity of a kingdom depend, as we know, upon the joint action of all its offices, and organs, and people. When those who make and those who administer the laws; and those who teach the schools; and those who ply the trades; and those who hold the possessions; and those who navigate the seas; and those who negotiate with distant states; and those who direct the course of public thought, discharge their respective functions in an orderly, continuous and beneficent way; then the empire prospers. But if rulers and people, neglecting all other interests, give attention exclusively to one, no matter what that one may be, whether conquests in other lands, or commerce, or legislation, or luxury at home, so soon as in any great empire, the magistrates and people crowd together into one exclusive enterprise, staking the national fortunes upon that single throw, that moment the entire commonwealth will begin to decline.

Now it may be, that one of the great mistakes of the day, is just this, of supposing that the saints of the Most High God have in hand, not an entire kingdom, but only some one great interest connected with the kingdom. For are we not continually asking,

over our great religious enterprises, as the disciples did, over their own persons and prospect, Which of these is greatest in the kingdom of God?

One man, contemplating the masses of our own population, to whom the Gospel is not yet ministered, computes their numbers, counts their vices, and meditates their doom, till he is ready to believe that the one great work of the American Church is to overtake and evangelize this accumulated and threatening mass of heathenism at home. Another returns from the mission-school or the crowded precinct, and declares, that the American Church will overlook the chief mission of the age, if she withholds a timely and saving effort for this great army of unevangelized children. A third has looked upon the desolation of the pagan world, and to him—what else could happen to a sensitive and Christian soul?—the cause of missions to the heathen, is the leading interest of the day. A fourth, considering the lethargy of the saints and the decline of godliness at home, imagines that the revival of God's work in these ten thousand sleeping churches, is a matter which, in its issues and prospects, outweighs all other considerations, whether for ourselves or the heathen. A fifth finds that Christianity is every where oppressed and enfeebled by contact with the customs of a corrupt community. To his mind, therefore, the Church can never make conquest of other races, till she has sanctified the commonwealths in which she herself resides. How can religion overthrow the idolatries of pagan lands, he asks, while it is impotent to subdue the vices and suppress the lusts which it encounters in Christian soil? In his view, therefore, the prime and all-important work of God's saints, is not a work of missions abroad, but of morals at home. Make for the nations one model state, he says: nay, take a single city, and complete what Christianity has but commenced as yet; show the world one specimen of universal intelligence, order, piety, and thrift, and such an example, lifted up to the gaze of the nations, would be a standard which they would speedily follow. Now the error in all these cases, is not, that men attach a fictitious value to triumphs that are in themselves of little consequence, but that they allow themselves to think that the kingdom of Christ can be administered and extended in this world by single endeavors, and solitary successes. No, my brethren! we must adopt broader, grander views than these, if we intend to succeed in our work. No where on the face of the globe is the kingdom of the Redeemer completed as yet. On every continent; in every city; at every point, something waits to be done. In one land the task is that of instant assault and vigorous aggression. The missionaries of Christ, leading the van of the advancing army, must set foot on new territory, and plant on far-off continents the standard of the cross, the sign of strength, the pledge of victory.

On other ground, the light of a lost religion must be rekindled in sanctuaries that for centuries have been the sepulchers of an extinguished life, the dormitories of a departed faith.

Here, the work of God must be revived in congregations, and over whole continents, when piety declines, and graces droop, and the fire of devotion is almost extinct.

These, even must be expunged, and corruptions erased, and piety restored to her twin inheritance, of purity and truth. These morals must be improved and intelligence advanced, and laws administered, and the public weal made prosperous and safe.

Thus in every field and in every place, there is something to be done to give strength, and success, and enlargement to the kingdom of Christ. And what waits to be done; in one spot or another; afar in heathen land, or here in our own cities and churches; whatever work is yet unfinished, and yet on hand, that and all of it, is alike indispensable and alike important. So that we may not point to one field or another, and say: There is our one only work. Our work is every where, every where till the kingdom is set up. And this brings us to say:

2. That neglect or debility in any one department of this great work of saintly conquest and control, enfeebles and endangers the whole enterprise.

The cause, the kingdom, the Church, are one; even as Christ their Head and owner, is one. Our religion too, the animating principle of all our endeavors, at home and abroad, is one and the same. You can not disable it for one of its appointed tasks, and have it strong and undamaged for the others. Let any church or commonwealth of churches, become lax and impotent in the great work of missions among the heathen; and the same impotence and the same neglect will instantly appear in its greater work of building the kingdom at home. Zeal will decay, prayer cease, ordinances lose their power, hopes grow dim, and stagnancy and decline and apprehension be in all their sanctuaries. The light set under a bushel to prevent its rays going forth to gladden the whole house, droops in its unnatural prison, till, going out, it becomes as dark inside the bushel as it is in hall or chamber or closet around. On the other hand, let a church, or a continent of churches, neglect their work at home, to give the greater attention to the cause of missions in the far-off lands; and the distant heathen field will reflect in all its fortunes, phases, and destinies, the exact state of things in the Church and the communities at home. Take what care of hand and foot you will, if the heart be diseased, if the lungs are unsound, if there be weakness and decay at the fountain-head of life, the extremities partake in the common decline; and no care of these far-off members can prevent the transmission of decay and impotence to them.

And I would suggest, my brethren, for profound inquiry to-

night, whether it be not just here, that we are to look for the hidden cause of all our impotence and ill success on heathen ground and in the cause of foreign missions. Fifty years have passed since the Church of America went forth to carry the Gospel to the benighted pagans. Doubtless much has been achieved in that time. And there was occasion for thanksgiving and jubilee, in the great convocation that met a few weeks since in a neighboring city. But go back over the course of centuries, and read what the first missionaries of Christ accomplished for him within fifty years from the date of their commission. Compared with their magnificent achievements, how poor a spectacle, over which to celebrate a jubilee, is this which we have done. What is the cause of this shortcoming in modern missions? And I submit to those who can answer: Whether our successes abroad have not kept pace exactly with our efforts and our advancement at home? In other words, whether we have not done as much in heathen lands, as could be done by a religion that accomplishes no more on her own domain and among her own people. When so many of our churches at home, decline in grace and decay in strength, when the number of our converts scarcely exceeds the number of annual removals by death; when our children, bearing the baptismal sign, reject the religion which we offer to the heathen, and Satan snatches from Christian households almost as many souls as we reclaim from the pagan hosts; when immorality gains strength within sight of our sanctuaries, and worldliness corrupts the graces of so many who call themselves saints; when ignorance and superstition and fraud constitute a heathenism on our own soil, and that heathenism instead of giving way before our religion, is growing annually more confident, more mighty, more portentous, is there not a cause in the character of our Christianity at home, for all its impotence and ill success when offered to the far-off races of the heathen?

The best thing the Church of America could do, the best thing the Church of Christendom could do for the great work of missions to the heathen would be, to stir up their graces, and call into use their strength, and accomplish at once and to the full the work they have on hand at home. God be merciful unto us and bless us, cried a saint of the olden time who understood the connection between the several parts of the Church's work. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known on earth, thy saving health unto all nations. Arise, shine, said a prophet to the far-off Church of Christian times, arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. That is the time for the Church to shine upon the nations that sit in the shadow of death, when there is light in all her towers, and the glory of the Lord overshadows her services, and irradiates her sons.

Go then, ye saints of the Most High God, to your great, your universal, your predestined and royal work. Set up the kingdom, set up the kingdom, and commence your glorious and rightful reign. Here on the home field, acquit yourselves with courage, fidelity and unwearied zeal. Take up all these honest, inviting, and beneficent trades, holding and working them for Christ and his kingdom. Acquire what you may by every lawful means, of this precious, useful and accessible property. Ascend upon all legitimate paths, to posts of influence and seats of authority. Lay hold of government; possess the offices; compass all forms of knowledge; appropriate all liberal and honorable arts; wield the power of letters; put forth the energy of thought; get so much of the world as is within your reach, into Christian hands. And then, make it your fixed purpose, as it is your high mission, your holy calling, your supreme and unalterable duty, to hold, use, and govern all that you possess, in a truly Christian way; making the field in which you dwell a miniature kingdom of Christ. Scatter instruction; suppress sin; overcome evil; diffuse good; build upon this waiting soil the empire of your ascended Lord. Show to the nations, and send to the nations, that true, that mighty, that transforming religion which can erect here among us, and there among them, the needed, the promised, the glorious kingdom of Christ.

SERMON VI.

THE DECEITFUL HOPE.

"And their hope shall be like the giving up of the ghost."—Job 11 : 20.

Such is the solemn and impressive language employed to describe the final disappointment of the unrepenting and ungodly in the hour of departure from this world of hope, trial, and probation. Such is the nature and effect of that fearful experience in the article of death, which all have encountered who have gone down to the land of silence, darkness, and the grave, leaning on a false foundation.

Wherever the word of God is revealed, almost every person cherishes some kind of hope. Beside that one hope, which is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, there are a great variety which are all fatal. From the hardened infidel up through all the grades of fundamental error, and through the influence of many deceptive impressions, multitudes gain and cherish a hope that all

will be well. The man of business anticipates some time, yet future, of leisure to repent; while he of many kind affections trusts to divine clemency either to insure conversion or preserve him from perishing without. The merely selfish seeker obtains the notion that his sins are forgiven, and considers the joy that attends as evidence of regeneration. Even the hardened hypocrite often fancies that when his several specific objects are accomplished, he will become honest with himself, his fellow-men, and with his final Judge.

These hopes, thus erected on sandy foundations, will be like the spider's web when the fiery trial comes; for other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ.

Yet, until the very last moment, the self-deluding sinner will cling to these fatal hopes, and then when he must abandon them, it is like the giving up of the ghost. The moral features of the immortal soul are struck with a hue analogous in some respects to that which marks the form it is about to leave.

1. It is giving up that which is very dear. Like life itself, it has been ardently fostered. In order to maintain it, reflection has been shunned, Scripture perverted, the ministry derided, friendship grieved, and the Holy Spirit insulted. The delusions of error have been sought, and their preachers trusted. When conscience has warned him, he has refused to examine; when sickness assaulted, he has sometimes trembled, but still clave fast to his hope. It has eased the corrodings of remorse, and silenced the whisperings of fear. Therefore he has become fond of his delusion. Does he trust to the religion of form, or rely on the words of an absolving priest, or fancy there is no eternal pain, or reject an all-sufficient atonement—mark how wrathful he becomes when his platform is shaken, and his beautiful edifice denounced as utterly insecure. No bitterness of the human heart can exceed that of a man who feels that his long-cherished hope is earnestly and absolutely condemned. Still he finds consolation in his viperous hope—still cherishes it in his bosom. At last, when the fatal crisis has arrived, and his hope must die, it winds its cold, expiring coil around his soul, and hisses his eternal doom: "For at the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

2. Yet, dear as it is, it must be given up. As there is no discharge in the great struggle with death, so there is none in the contest of false hopes with eternity, in all her irresistible light. The delusions of sophistry, the flattery of friends, the dread habit of self-deception, all are unavailing. The vulgar and the refined; the timid and the brave; the stupid and the sensitive; the beautiful and the strong, must alike fall before the scythe of Time, which cuts down impartially all, and the sword of the Spirit, which pierceth the vital depths of the departing soul. We remember how Voltaire begged for the dread hour to be postponed; how Altamont raved in his irrepressible spasms. We have heard

of those, who rolling on a couch of agony, when tenderly questioned of the cause, have cried out, "Conscience! conscience!" and expired. There was no escape; the hour and the man had met, and the false hope must die.

3. Yes, it must be given up, and that suddenly. Death even in lingering disease is generally unexpected at the moment of its last effectual touch. So it is with the false hope. A prominent infidel in our country, recently, was carried into the land of death in about two hours, by the bursting of a blood-vessel. His infidelity fled in a moment. His soul was in agony, and he died repeatedly calling on the Deity's holy and reverend name!

4. Depend upon it, the giving up must be soon. Even at the longest, your end is near. Death standeth not far away. So is the hour when these delusive hopes must die. The world will not come to an end until the time which God has fixed and reserved in his own mind, and until the various and sure prophecies which require its existence longer, shall all have been accomplished. But the self-deluded sinner must soon be compelled to die. His frail but boasted hope will be like a "rolling thing before the whirlwind." A large portion of his life has been spent in compacting together his idolized hope, and the day of his merciful visitation is drawing rapidly to a close. When it comes, he will feel that his race has been short, and his end has overtaken him like an armed man, rushing upon him with irresistible might.

Finally, when given up, it will leave no substitute but perfect despair. When life is resigned, death sits sole monarch of the mortal remains. All the bloom, and lustre, and indications of life forsake the corpse. So it is with the soul, when she is severed from her cherished hope. It is for her to sink in horrid despair. Then will she realize that the day of mercy has vanished, and that of retribution arrived. That soul, all appliances of redemption, all calls to repentance, and offers of pardon, and means of grace, and strivings of the Spirit have forsaken forever. That final despair no pen can describe, no heart on this side of eternity conceive.

Surely this will be "their end, and their dreadful end." Then let us examine our hopes. Let us be sure to build only on the imperishable rock. Wherever revivals exist, and the Spirit descends from on high, even there, guard against resting upon any sandy foundation. Seek to hear, learn, and know the whole essential truth of salvation! Let it come probing even painfully the deceitful heart, searching out every iniquity, and cutting to the roots of every unholy habit and affection. By all that the soul is worth, resolve on thoroughness in turning to God. Gaze even on those features of the divine character which are hated by the carnal mind; gaze till hatred shrinks from the pure light of truth, and the yielding heart rests delighted in all the bright perfections of a redeeming God!

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON VII.

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THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

"VERILY I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—MATTHEW 26: 13.

GREAT love can impose great obligations. It is when justified by a deep and strong affection, that the right of one man to act for others, engaging and covenanting in their behalf—as a king for his subjects, or a patriarch for his descendants—is most freely recognized and scrupulously respected. The unwritten wish, the implied request, will often obtain a fulfillment which no decree of chancery could secure.

Saul, in his cruel zeal for the people of God, had violated the solemn treaty made in the days of Joshua with the inhabitants of

Gibeon. But when David sought to make atonement for the crime, by delivering up seven of Saul's posterity to be slain before the Lord, he remembered the promise he had made to Jonathan, that he would show kindness unto his house forever; and he spared the son of Jonathan, "because of the Lord's oath that was between them." (2 Sam. 21 : 7.)

The Jews had broken every covenant, and made void every vow, when Jeremiah the prophet found one family, the house of Rechab, who had obeyed the voice of Jonadab their father in all that he had charged them, "to drink no wine, nor to build houses, nor to plant vineyards, but to dwell in tents forever." (Jer. 35.)

It is a precious privilege to carry out the intention of a friend. Years after a parent's death, the son discovers in some neglected corner, a manuscript which makes known the unsuspected destination of property left without bequest. It needs no signature or seal to prove the familiar characters. Whatever sacrifice the duty may involve, he cheerfully assumes, rejoicing that somewhat still remains, whereby to honor a memory so dear.

In the Testament or Will of our Lord and Saviour, my brethren, there are some legacies yet unpaid, to be discharged by you and by me. It is true that in a sense he has left us little to accomplish. We are far less executors than inheritors of his grace; a treasure won with his own arm, and distributed with his own hand. But it must gratify us, here and there among these pages, to light upon some clause, some codicil, which it remains for us, in these latter days, and these ends of the earth, to execute; some wise and kindly purpose for us to carry out. Such a privilege is disclosed in the verse of the Gospel which I have read. Let it be our congenial task to fulfill this Scripture on this day. We have here a pledge to redeem, a promise to make good; and that for Jesus' sake. To a poor woman who had done him a valued service, our Friend and Master gave this assurance in our name: "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done, shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." (Mark 14 : 9.)

In order to the more convenient treatment of our subject, we shall discuss it under three heads:

The Deed, its Significance, and its Commemoration.

I. It was at Bethany, six days before the Passover, the last that Jesus ate with his disciples. He had been absent but a little while from the group of faithful friends who so often had entertained him in that village. But this was his first visit among them since that astonishing miracle, the resurrection of Lazarus. If he did not linger then, to rejoice with the sisters over the happy restoration of the brother they had mourned, too well they knew the reason. The good work performed in raising up their dead,

cost him the intensified hatred and persecution of his foes. From that day forth they took counsel together to put him to death. Having for a time concealed himself in a country near to the wilderness, Jesus was now returning to suffer at Jerusalem all things that had been foretold concerning him. Bethany, two miles from that city, was in his way. While there a guest in the house of Simon, a leper whom he probably had cured, perhaps a relative of the family whom he loved, there was prepared for him a supper, at which Martha served; and Lazarus sat with him at the table. And what a scene was that! Christ the first-fruits of the resurrection; and at his side, the earnest of his coming victory, one whom he had raised to show forth in advance his power! Angels were bending over to behold it; and even the obtuse and unbelieving Jews crowded around, "not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead."

Then was this memorable deed performed. "A woman"—say two Evangelists, fearing, it may be, lest by the mention of her name, they should expose her to the malice of the priests, as she was doubtless alive when they wrote — "Mary," says the Evangelist John, who wrote long after, "took an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, very costly, and she brake the box, and poured the ointment on his head, as he sat at meat, and anointed his feet, and wiped them with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

We have no precise knowledge as to the material of which this fragrant balsam consisted. It was prepared in part at least of nard, a medicinal shrub brought from the far East. It appears to have been a liquid of very subtle and pervasive aroma; and in order to the preservation of its delicate perfume, was imported in flasks made of a sort of marble called alabaster. As well from its scarcity as from the distance and the difficulty of transportation, this unguent was most expensive. Judas Iscariot, whose opinion seems to have been shared by his fellow-disciples, at once calculated its worth in money, at three hundred pence, equivalent to the sum of forty-five or fifty dollars. This, unquestionably, in the moderate circumstances of the parties, was a great outlay, and could be justified only by the importance of the occasion, or the dignity of the person in whose honor the deed was performed. It is a trait of human nature, which we see illustrated every week among ourselves, to lavish upon the dead what is withheld or begrudged to the living. Grief loosens the grasp of avarice, and often impels the liberal to a profusion wasteful and ruinous. The Jews did not carry this practice to the extreme witnessed among the Egyptians, whose process of embalmment, lasting from thirty to seventy days, demanded an expenditure ranging from three to five hundred dollars and even upward; but they used spices and other costly compounds, often with great prodigality. Thus it is

recorded of Asa: "They buried him in his own sepulchers, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art: and they made a very great burning for him." (2 Chron. 16 : 14.)

And how did Mary happen to be possessed of this costly and precious ointment? It does not appear that she had purchased it recently, or with a view to this application; for our Lord speaks of her as having kept it against the present hour, implying a lapse of time since its procurement; and the disciples who murmured against her, said, It might have been sold for much, as though aware that it had been for some time on hand. Hence the plausible notion, that this may have been the remainder of the ointment which Mary and Martha had purchased for the funeral of Lazarus. That it was used on such occasions, we know. At the moment of our Lord's resurrection, this Mary, with other women, was on her way to his tomb, bearing sweet spices and ointment, bought and prepared, that they might anoint his body after its burial. Perhaps it was a similar design which the coming of Jesus and the raising of their brother to life had interrupted, and rendered unnecessary.

If this be a warrantable conjecture, it leads us to believe that the act, so appropriate, so beautiful, of anointing the body of her Master "aforehand, to the burying," was performed intelligently, by virtue of that prescience which a mighty affection sometimes seems to inspire, if not a distinct fore-knowledge of the event divinely imparted. The friends of Christ, indeed, could not be ignorant of his danger. The chief-priests and the Pharisees had published their intention to destroy him, giving commandment, "that if any man knew where he were, he should show it, that they might take him." Jesus himself had spoken plainly of the fate he was soon to meet; and all things presaged a speedy fulfillment of the prediction. It is not likely that he had concealed from the family at Bethany what he had long since disclosed with such particularity to the twelve: that "the Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders and chief-priests and scribes, and be slain, and be raised the third day." (Luke 9 : 22.) But the malice of men should not cheat his humble follower of the privilege of preparing that sacred body for the burial. Jesus was now going up to Jerusalem. The threatened vengeance might soon burst upon his head. Severed from those who loved him, it might be that no moistened eye should look on his dying pains, no gentle hand wipe his bleeding brow, no womanly care lay out his inanimate form. Let others provide for his present wants; she thinks of that extreme and bitter hour when all shall have forsaken, and the sufferer be left to cruelty and shame. And bringing forth the costly measure, kept, it may

be, with some thought of her own decease and burial, she breaks the bottle, and pours out its fragrant contents upon his head, so soon to be crowned with thorns; upon his feet, so soon to be nailed to the tree; and she wipes them with her hair.

II. Observe, secondly, the SIGNIFICANCE of the deed. One only, of those present at this transaction, was competent fully to declare its import. If, as we have supposed, Mary herself, by an instinct of that holy love prompting her to the performance, apprehended somewhat of its meaning, it could have been but a dim and shadowy conception at most. The disciples, from their more elevated stand-point, ought to have been able to form a just as well as generous opinion of this good deed wrought upon their Master; but they were not. Possessed for the time by the bad spirit of parsimony which their apostate companion diffused, their eyes were holden, that they could not see the fitness and the timeliness, the grace and the sweetness and the glory of this loving, adoring prodigality. ONE saw it. But for his divine appreciation, the purest and most beautiful deed that ever woman wrought, had been forgotten out of mind, or had come down to us with the stain of a mean and sordid imputation.

With Christ for witness and interpreter, my brethren, we have little to fear from that most potent of all baneful influences, misconstruction. Ignorant or malignant, the comments of human censors, rectified by one sentence from his holy lips, lose all their noxious power. It can scarcely go harder with us than with her whom the very friends and followers of her Lord condemned with oracular prudence and virtuous indignation. Yet the simple monument of Mary's love, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious, rises at his command through the earth-born mists that strive to shut it in. And we may well believe, that one happy result of this lesson, to the disciples of our Lord themselves, was a vivid apprehension of their own privilege of appeal to him as an all-seeing and impartial Arbitrator of motive and action. For the moral grandeur they subsequently attained, as stewards of the mysteries of God, when in the words of one who was added to their company, they could say, "With us it is a very small thing that we should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, we judge not our own selves: but he that judgeth us is the Lord," (1 Cor. 4: 3, 4;) for the dignity of this position, they were perhaps indebted, in no slight degree, to the recollection riveted upon their minds by the saying of Jesus which we have taken for our text; the recollection of that woman, slandered by an apostate, censured by the Jews, rebuked by her kindred, misjudged by themselves; but looking through her streaming tears, confident of a generous appreciation, from

men who troubled, to Jesus who approved her: "Not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts."

Uncharitable judgments, my brethren, are not wholly precluded by our increase of light and liberality; and were it left us to make out the significance of this deed, perhaps we should go as wide of the mark as those who witnessed it first. But the monument bears its own record. Let us approach and read it there, traced by the same hand that raised the memorial, in lines most legible and plain.

(1.) It was a useful work. Such is the first inscription: "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? She hath wrought a good work on me." The word thus translated means, primarily—fair, goodly, beautiful, as to external form and appearance. This it was, but the language implies more. "Many good works," said Jesus to the Jews, "have I showed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?" (John 10 : 32.) It was moral excellence that distinguished the miracles and teachings of the Saviour; and the quality pertaining to them he ascribes to this humble performance. More precisely, however, the epithet refers to the effect and influence of the work possessing this quality. This is the ordinary sense of the word, where it is used to characterize the practices of piety among the followers of Christ. "Charge them that be rich," writes the Apostle, "that they be rich in good works;" which he explains by adding: "Ready to distribute, willing to communicate." (1 Tim. 6 : 18.) "They which have believed in Christ," he says again, "must be careful to maintain good works. These things," he continues, "are good and profitable to men." (Titus 3 : 8.) Of the widows for whom provision was made by the churches, he ordains that they must be such as are "well-reported of for good works;" and these he specifies: "If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work." (1 Tim. 5 : 10.) "Let ours also," he exhorts concerning the members of the apostolic congregations, "learn to maintain good works;" or, as the margin reads, "profess honest trades; that they be not unfruitful." (Titus 3 : 14.) From these illustrations we learn that the transaction before us belongs to the same class of useful and profitable deeds, with alms-giving, hospitality, the training up of orphans, the comforting of the distressed, the diligent pursuit of honorable and remunerative business. A truth in direct contradiction to the selfish utilitarianism of worldly sinners and worldly Christians alike.

(2.) Passing on to another side of this memorial pillar, we read its second inscription. It was a great work. Jesus said: "She hath done what she could." The deed was coëxtensive with her ability; the ability of a rational and immortal creature to honor,

extol, and glorify the Saviour who redeemed her with his most precious blood. To the eye which looked only upon the outward appearance, it seemed an act which nothing but its wasteful extravagance raised above insignificance; to the eye that searcheth hearts, it was grand, august, important. Simon has not done so much in making him a supper; Martha is not doing so much in serving; nor will Peter do more, when fastening his eyes upon the lame man lying at the gate which was called Beautiful, he shall say: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." (Acts 3 : 6.) The value of a deed wrought upon Christ or for the sake of Christ, though relative to us, is absolute to him. If it be our best, though it were another's least, it is great and precious when its perfume ascends to heaven. He asks for our hearts, our whole hearts; and if as the outward sign and seal of that inward consecration, we can give him but two farthings, or a cup of cold water, it is as though we had given him, with that same sanctifying gift, all the kingdoms of the world, and their glory and power.

(3.) There is a third inscription upon the monument. It informs us that this memorable deed was an act of faith in a crucified Saviour. Jesus said: "Let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this." Some would have it, that reference is here made, not to the intention of the woman, but rather to the overruling purpose of Providence: as though the Saviour had said: "She hath done it in effect, though unconsciously, to prepare my body for the tomb." But the extraordinary commendation bestowed upon her in our text, was scarcely such as Christ would pronounce upon a blind instrument for the fulfillment of the Divine will. There were others who unwittingly subserved that will, by procuring the Saviour's death; as Judas, of whom he said: "The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born." (Matt. 26 : 24.) Another such instrument was Caiaphas, who "spake not of himself, but, being high-priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation." (John 11 : 51.) The woman concerned in this transaction, however, was qualified for a far more intelligent part. Who was she? It was that Mary, say some, who washed his feet with her tears, as he sat at meat in a Pharisee's house, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head. (Luke 7.) It was that Mary, as all are agreed, who once sat at Jesus' feet in her own home at Bethany, and heard his word, and chose that good part which was never to be taken from her. (Luke 10.) Of all the followers and friends of Jesus, we read of only one, who pondered and treasured the sayings concerning him with equal intentness; and she was that other Mary, the blessed mother

of our Lord. (Luke 2 : 19, 51.) With no more than the faith of her father Abraham, who longed to see his day, and saw it, and was glad, (John 8 : 56,) she had been competent to this service. But hers was the fuller apprehension reserved for Gospel times; faith nourished not like his by prophecy, nor like ours by history, but by living communication with him who was its author and object. Even the less spiritual Martha had confessed her belief in him as the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. To Mary he was more than Messiah, the Anointed; more than Master, Teacher, Healer; yea, more than the Resurrection and the Life. By the clear illumination of that faith, which is always and in every case the gift of God, enabling us to discover and embrace the Redeemer in all his offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King, she now beheld him also as the suffering Messiah, the atoning Lamb to be slain for the expiation of sins; and she anointed him to the sacrifice of his body upon the cross.

III. Such was the deed, and such, at least in part, its significance. Look now at its COMMEMORATION. "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

For the most delicate service that mortal rendered him on earth, our gracious Redeemer provides the most delicate reward. That it was unsought, we know; that it was unforeseen, we may be sure. The promises and blessings pronounced by Jesus were not such as to gratify the ambitious desires of men; though he that refused the petition of the mother of Zebedee's children for worldly preferment, when his disciples asked a recompense for their toils and sacrifices, assured them of an hundred-fold return "now in this time," as well as in the world to come life everlasting. But of all such desires, that for celebrity or fame is perhaps the most refined and the most insidious. We do not learn that our Saviour made to the Twelve any promise of such distinction. It was for two lowly, loving, unaspiring women, that this honor was reserved: for the one, that all generations should call her blessed, (Luke 1 : 48;) for the other, that wheresoever the Gospel should be preached in the whole world, approving mention should be made of her good deed.

Upon the immediate disciples of our Lord the accomplishment of this declaration first devolved. Hence Matthew, John, and Peter, (at whose dictation it is supposed that Mark wrote his Gospel,) the three who were present at the scene, all record it; the more fully perhaps, and the more ingenuously, too, because their own uncharitable temper furnished occasion for the reproof it implied. John indeed gives a pleasing instance of his own care to fulfill the command: for happening elsewhere to mention the name of Mary, he adds, with beautiful particularity: "It was that

Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair." (John 11 : 2.) And often, we may suppose, was the touching story of this woman's faith and devotion told by those living witnesses of the event, who preached this gospel to the multitudes of many lands. Once, however, inscribed on this imperishable page, "like words graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever," (Job 19 : 24,) they constitute "a memorial that shall never be forgotten," (Ecclus. 35 : 7.) "None of all the trumpets of fame," one has well said, "sound so loud and so long as the everlasting Gospel." It has been true of the Church of God, as of the dwelling of Simon, that the whole "house has been filled with the odor of that ointment."

And what, my brethren, is the share in this commemoration that falls to us at this late day? What, after so many centuries, shall we do, worthily and honorably, to carry out our Master's purpose here made known? We shall not, like some, exalt the saint to an equality with her Saviour. We shall not build a temple, nor carve an image, nor set apart a day, for idolatrous worship of the creature. That were disparaging to Christ, unprofitable to us, and repugnant to her. Two things are feasible: the one, which we have been endeavoring, by the story of her pious deed read and related from the Gospel page, to keep in fresh remembrance one who was in Christ before us, and who ministered, as it were in our name and behalf, to his comfort. The other, which we shall now attempt, to appropriate this memorial to that one use and service which were all her desire, "the praise of his glory" for whom her deed was wrought.

1. Behold, then, dear friends, how exceedingly precious to Christ is the love of his people! Affection is often squandered on objects most unworthy: the wisest and the best fail sometimes to apprehend the value of sacrifices made for them, and tenderness lavished upon them; but when Jesus becomes the center of our regard, there is no waste of the perfume: there is no depreciation of the gift. Ah! be not afraid then to give him too much! Give him all — the whole heart — keep nothing back. "Jesus is worthy to receive," not thrones and crowns and scepters only, but what he prizes more—incomparably more—the heart, the casket of an offering more sweet to him than aught in the universe beside. Pour out the fullness of your affection upon him who has loved you with an everlasting love, and stooped to the cross that he might win yours. Has he removed some object of your fondness? Have you, like Mary, been called to part for a season with some cherished human friend? Has one or another channel of your affection been cut off? Then let the full tide flow out toward him who was dead, and behold, he liveth for evermore. Give him, your Lord and Master, what you had thought to bury with a

creature: the precious ointment of your kindness and service and zeal!

2. See, too, how precious to Christ is the memory of his people! A signal proof we have in the declaration of our text. For I suppose the design with which it was made to have been rather the illustration of his regard for the memory of all his saints than the elevation of one to a peculiar privilege. To be remembered, my friends; to be honorably remembered; to be lovingly and kindly and gratefully remembered; to be thought of and mentioned, sometimes, often, long after the pulse shall cease to throb, and the brow to ache; to live in the remembrance of the pure and the wise and the just and the holy: ah! what a reward is that! But most of all, to have, in the thoughts of Jesus, a place from which not all the concerns of his eternal kingdom can crowd us; a name "graven on the palms of his hands," (Is. 49 : 16;) a name "set as a seal upon his heart!" (Sol. 8 : 6.) "This honor have all his saints." (Ps. 149 : 9.)

3. Observe, again, how great the jealousy of Christ for the good fame of his people! Lightly, thoughtlessly drops the word of censure, of suspicion, upon the action or the character; sportively are cast the fire-brands, arrows and death of slander; and men hear not the voice that saith: "Let her alone; why trouble ye her?" "He that toucheth these, toucheth the apple of mine eye!" (Zech. 2 : 8.) But in that day when he maketh up his jewels, while he vindicates the justice and wisdom of his own law and dealings, surely, the Lord will look upon his people to take away their reproach. "Them that honor me I will honor, saith the Lord; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." (1 Sam. 3 : 30.)

4. Mark also how generously Christ estimates the offerings and services of his people! Mary was not so lavish of her ointment, as Jesus of his praise. Not his the moderation that withholdeth more than is meet, in its dread of excess. Plenteous in mercy, full of compassion, is the Master we serve. Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, is the reward he gives. Be very sure that whatever others may do, he will put the best construction upon a work of faith and love wrought for his sake.

5. Once more, Learn how Christ would have us cherish the memory of his people. Records of good men's lives, are among the means which God hath most emphatically approved and blessed, for the sanctification of believers. Some have chosen or affected to despise these means. It has been said, in the very spirit of that captious criticism which our Lord here condemns, that religious biographies are but a species of romance, as unprofitable and as little to be trusted. The word of God and the experience of Christians alike disprove the unworthy statement. Much of the canon of Scripture is made up of religious biography: and

outside of this canon there is no class of writings that have ministered more effectually to the comfort and growth of disciples in all ages, than this of which we speak. Jesus "will be glorified in his saints, and be admired in all them that believe; because their testimony among us is believed." (2 Thess. 1 : 10.) Would that the example of his faithful servants might be more frequently "spoken of for a memorial," wheresoever the Gospel is preached! Would that the edifying memoirs of so many pious men, and "also of honorable women not a few," with which, thank God! our literature at the present day abounds, might supplant to a great extent the newspaper, the magazine, the novel. Then might we become, more practically and habitually, "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." (Heb. 6 : 12.)

And now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us: unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen!

SERMON VIII.

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THE DIVINE INCARNATION.

"WHO, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—PHIL. 2 : 6–8.

THIS passage asserts the doctrine, or rather the fact of the Divine Incarnation in the person and earthly life of the historic Jesus, blending therewith a series of incidents to be found in the Scripture record of that life. The antecedent of the relative pronoun "who," is this very Jesus, in language that admits of no just doubt as to its meaning, affirmed to be divine, and with equal clearness affirmed to be human. These two facts—the divine fact and the human fact—being thus combined in one mysterious person, we designate as a divine incarnation, involving the wonderful

doctrine of God in Christ. Christ is hence a Theophany in the strictest sense—a personal manifestation of the invisible God to the children of men.

This doctrine is neither obscurely hinted in the Scriptures, nor left to rest upon the authority of a single passage. It is so often and so variously announced, that we must believe it, or reject the Bible as the supreme and infallible rule of faith. John says, that "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made." The Word is here spoken of as a divine person, to whom the act of creation is attributed. Identifying this Word still farther, the evangelist adds: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This language obviously refers to Jesus Christ; and if we credit its testimony, we certainly can not put Christ into the same category with Paul or Socrates, or any merely human classification of persons. Christ is infinitely more than a man. He is God manifest in the flesh. "For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." In him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "For it hath pleased the Father, that in him should all fullness dwell." He "is the image of the invisible God." No such statements are ever made in regard to the works of nature; and nothing of the kind is ever affirmed of any other man. The fact of a divine incarnation in the man Christ Jesus, though as to its mode, the greatest of mysteries, is nevertheless clearly presented in the Bible. The Bible is fully committed to the fact.

As to the design of God in this most extraordinary development of providence, we are not left wholly in the dark. In the first chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews, Paul presents and affirms the divinity of Christ; and in the second, he considers his humanity. Commenting upon the latter aspect as qualified and enriched by the former, the Apostle says, "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same," appearing in the nature of the beings he came to save. He says again: "Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren; that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." Not to startle us with a magnificent wonder, or perplex thought with a mysterious problem—not to create the world, but to redeem and save it, did Christ put on the robes of our humanity, and become participant in the attributes, conditions, and experience of our common nature. For this object, he that was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God, took upon him the

form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. For this object the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. We surely can have no controversy with the end to be accomplished. It contemplates our good for eternity.

Assuming then both the fact and the Scripture theory of the divine incarnation in the person of Christ, I propose, on the present occasion, to turn your thoughts to the question of its relevancy to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual wants of man. You may take this thought in four particulars.

I. The Incarnation meets the eye of humanity with an appreciable HISTORIC PERSON. It so brings the divine Saviour of the world within the reach of human thought, within the circle of our experience and somewhat familiar knowledge, that the mind can act towards him and think of him, making him an object of conception in the understanding, and of affection in the heart. This it does by supplying the radical condition of an historic person, near enough to be seen and appreciated, described and remembered in all ages.

Were the term Christ a mere word invested with a sort of diffusive and mystic enchantment—the symbol of some strange and floating ambiguity—the indefinite sign of a vague, incomprehensible and ethereal awfulness, with no facts to measure its meaning, and no history to distinguish a person; were this the state of the case relatively to our perceptions, then Christ would be an unapproachable abstraction, unavailable for the purposes of thought and hope, like the God of the pantheist—any thing, every thing, nothing. The term would have no meaning which humanity could apprehend or appreciate; the whole question of man's salvation would sink into the deepest darkness of intellectual confusion; the sky of thought would be perfectly starless; and thought itself become a wretched fugitive, without a stopping-place or an object, and scarcely a path. Enveloped in such a mysticism, the intellect could see nothing to fix the form of its action, or invite the confiding and genial sympathies of the heart. Not knowing what to think, we should equally not know how to feel. We should be absolutely lost in the clouds of mystery. A system of salvation so impalpable and indeterminate in its agency, would not be suited to the wants of the soul. It would be a perplexity rather than a comfort, to even the most refined scholarship. It certainly could not bring forth the responses of human nature in intelligible acts of acceptance and hope.

Such, I am happy to say, is not the Being whom we are taught to regard as our Saviour. Christ is a person, as much so as Cesar or Alexander—not a force, not a law, not an idea, not an abstraction, but a living, concrete person, marked by his own peculiar history, qualities, and character. As to his humanity, he had

a birth, an infancy, a youth, a manhood, and a death-scene. He once trod our globe, spake our words, possessed our nature, was seen by human eyes, and listened to by human ears. His earthly life, in the facts which compose it, in the utterances of wisdom by which it is distinguished, in the numerous miracles which he wrought, in the sufferings he endured, in the sinless purities that form his celestial mantle, may, like any other life, be placed on the records of history, and thus go forth to greet the intelligence of the world. Jesus came to earth in the substantial verity of a person; on earth he lived; on earth he died; and hence the term Christ, with all its related facts, grouped, combined, and made central in one person, conveys a meaning which would be utterly lost, yea, impossible, if this Jesus had not appeared in the flesh. Whether seeing him, or reading the history of his life, we have something to think of, being able mentally to grasp, and at least partially to measure the object. The person to whom we are to look, and on whom to depend, is brought to the level of our apprehensive capacity. The mind can work towards him, and state facts in regard to him. Approaching us in our own nature, and entering into the earthly conditions of that nature, he comes in a form so familiar, that the light which proceeds from him, is gathered to a focus at the point of our clearest thinking.

This, I am persuaded, is the best mode in which a Redeemer can salute the intellect or heart of this lost world. Let that Redeemer be a person so constituted as to be an object which the eye can see and faith appreciate. Let him come to the very world he means to bless. Let him be related by some bonds of affinity to the beings who are to be saved by his mission. Touched by the inspiration of his wonderful life, let history tell a reading race what this Redeemer did and said in the days of his flesh, and thus lay a foundation for his supremacy over thought and feeling in all time, and among all classes. These demands of our nature, these needful adaptations to our condition and wants, are abundantly supplied in the doctrine of the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us, thus giving us the opportunity to see this Word full of grace and truth. I can not explain the intrinsic mystery of the Incarnation; yet when I look at man, and reason from him, I see its pertinency to his present state as a pilgrim of earth.

II. The incarnation seems equally pertinent as a medium for God's APPROACH and MANIFESTATION of himself to our race. Religion has its basis not only in man as the recipient of truth and the active subject of exercises, but also in God as the great and glorious Being on whom the eye of thought is to be fastened, and by whom the affections of the heart are to be determined. God and man are fitted to each other; and yet before religion as an

experimental condition can be a fact in the bosom of the latter, there must be some communication, some expression of attributes and character from the former. God must come *to* man in some way sufficiently clear and effective to excite the spiritual elements of his nature; and to meet this primary necessity is one of the grand objects to be gained by the Divine Incarnation. Let me ask your careful attention while I attempt to simplify and explain this thought.

Jesus Christ, according to the Scriptures, is not the absolute Deity, or the absolute humanity, but the two in mysterious conjunction, without any confusion of nature or attributes—the one acting as the medium and visible vehicle of the other. He is chargeable with the most astounding assumptions ever made if this be not true, and equally chargeable the apostles with great self-deception, or a deliberate intention to mislead the world. The doctrine of God in Christ is so woven into the very web of the history and ministry of Christ, and then so published by his apostles, that if we reject it as false, the whole system of Christianity, considered as having a divine sanction, falls to the ground.

Observe, too, that this doctrine, as presented in the Bible, is not a gorgeous and dramatic wonder merely to excite human curiosity. It is not a supernatural comet sweeping through our intellectual heavens for no apparent object. Though as an idea it strains the eye of thought to its very utmost, still when apprehended and accepted, it becomes the happiest, clearest, and most privileged medium of vision. It is indeed the Mount of Vision. God himself is a Spirit, invisible, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, inaccessible by sense, and incomprehensible by reason. In respect to this infinite Spirit, we are expressly told that Jesus Christ, the Immanuel, the God-Man, is "the image of the invisible God," "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person." He is such as a medium in relation to the vision of humanity. Hence the Apostle says, "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"—language clearly implying that the invisible Jehovah is manifested to our appreciating apprehension in the person of Christ. Christ is therefore a revealer of God to the soul, standing, as it were, at a point midway between the finite and the Infinite. The same idea fell from the lips of Jesus when in answer to Philip's request, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," he responded: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen ME, hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" Christ here speaks as if he himself were the veritable manifestation of God, gently rebuking Philip for not knowing it. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," is an utterance that transcends humanity—the

sublimest ever heard if true, and the most awful if false. By the showing of his own words, Jesus was not simply a man, but rather God manifest *to* man in the flesh. Let any merely human being, a Socrates or a Plato, a Mohammed or a Paul, undertake to put himself on this level, and thus speak of himself; and he could not sustain such a position for an instant under the scrutinizing search of human thought. Yet Jesus did take this very position, and he has sustained it for ages; fixing it as a fact in the faith of countless millions of our race. The whole system of Bible religion has been molded into this form.

Here then we make a pause upon a question that comes up from the very depths of our own nature. Looking at Christ as the Immanuel, so to speak, as the Divine Man, we ask whether it is possible, so far as we can see, for the Immortal, Infinite, and Absolute Jehovah to approach our race in any other way so well suited to our condition, and so conducive to our instruction? There is a broad gulf between man and his Maker. How, through what medium, sign, or symbol, is this gulf to be crossed? How is God to come sufficiently near to the creature, to be an object of his intelligent apprehension, confidence, and love—yea, to recover him from his darkened as well as fallen state? How shall God himself move towards man? This is the question.

The light of nature I have no desire to disparage; yet nature is not a person. Nature has no intelligence and no heart—utters no voice—says nothing—makes no communication—especially proffers no hope to guilty beings. Nature is merely a ponderous mechanism of worlds; silent as a vacant eternity; teaching only what reason infers—to a brute, nothing as a symbol of God, and to man, nothing except as he expounds it and gives it a meaning. Nature is not a conscious and living teacher, but rather a stimulus and suggestion to thought. Looking at the works of nature, its moving worlds, its majestic laws, its stupendous forces, its complicated and wonderful adaptations, its numerous appearances of intelligent authorship, government, and providence, reason sees the foot-prints of the Creator's power, wisdom, and glory; and yet the God of mere reason sits behind this august scene—himself unapproached, unapproachable, retired, reserved, distant, vast, unsocial, incomprehensible, mysterious, silent, separated from the creature by an infinite gulf. The space between the finite and the Infinite is so absolutely immense, the latter is so far removed from the former, that reason while compelling us to believe in the reality of God, and perhaps constructing a sort of tabular statement of his attributes, has always felt, and if left to her own light, always must feel, the embarrassment and perplexity of her own weakness. Moreover, the light of reason acting upon the works of nature, has utterly failed to meet the wants of humanity, and bring the race into a true spiritual intercourse with God. Its history on earth is

that of a palpable failure. Mere reason can not so enter into the inner sanctuary of the Divine Mind as to bring forth a science of God suited to the exigencies of fallen man. Here reason leaves a chapter to be written by some other hand. The most enlightened pagans have felt the extreme difficulty of the problem. Plato felt it, and expressed the hope that the Infinite One would condescend in some extraordinary way to confer with his earthly creatures. We hence conclude that something more than mere nature is wanted—something supernatural, above nature, oracular, proceeding from God by a special providence. And this, too, is the very thing for which our fallen and thinking race has sighed in every age, driven thither as by the force of an original instinct.

How shall this want be so met as to develop in the human bosom the elements and affections of a devotional and hopeful existence? This plainly can not be done by some silent and incommunicative wonder, however august and startling. Such a miracle might fill the world with awe, but it would give no light. It would not relieve the difficulties that surround and perplex our thoughts. It would not open a channel of access to God.

What say you then to the idea of a supernatural messenger in the form of a prophet, inspired and speaking by the authority of God, as a Moses, a David, an Isaiah, or a Paul? This would present to us a human being elevated by the special gift of God to the rank of an inspired teacher: we could see his person, mark the signs of his commission, hear his voice, and accept his words as having the divine seal; and this, supposing it to be real, would certainly be an advance upon the light of nature. Such a teacher of God would be vastly superior to the mere philosopher moving in the circle of his own wisdom. Let an angel perform this service, coming into the sphere of flesh and blood, a visitant to earth though not of earth; and this angelic incarnation, supposing it to be real, would rise far above the brightest illumination of mere reason. Such a messenger duly certified, would be better than Plato in the purest strain of thought that Plato ever had. The words of this messenger would be clearer than the light of ten thousand suns. Raise the supernatural to a still higher grade, as is done in the person of Christ; in him behold Divinity actually making a tabernacle in the flesh, connected with a human form, and there fixing a local habitation; accept the idea, not as a dry dogma to be written on parchment and occasionally pronounced, but as a living thought of your inmost mental life; dwell upon it and be the Christian here; passing by the philosophic marvel, enter into communion with the spiritual, absolute, and unseen Jehovah through this human medium; learn with the believing Thomas to say, "My Lord and my God;" hear Jesus, and listen to the Deity; see him, and observe divine affection streaming through him; irradiate the entire firmament of your being with

the transcendent brightness of this one idea; do this work effectually by a process of sublime contemplation and trustful faith; and let me tell you that the feebler lights of nature will be lost in the splendors of a Christian day. On the supposition that the Divine Incarnation is a reality, it is the most intimate, endearing, impressive, and transporting approach of the great God to the children of men. The Bible says that it is a reality; so Christ said; so the apostles said; so the faith of Christendom has affirmed; and surely such a reality combines in itself the utmost that we can think, and all that we can desire, in a proposed medium of intercourse between the Creator-God and the creature-man. Compared with such a fact, nature is but a taper. The collected wisdom of all the philosophers of earth is merely the prattle of infants. One sentence from the lips of such a Teacher, touching the point to which it refers, is better than a thousand pages of the most elaborate induction. The lovely simplicities of the perfect Human furnish a tabernacle for the majestic presence of the King of kings and the Lord of hosts. A mystery of grace salutes our thoughts, which as a mystery is forgotten in the glorious appropriateness of the thing. God never came so near to man as he has done in the person of Christ. The divinity of this Christ makes a climax in the supernatural system of the Scriptures. Let angels sing; let prophets tune their lyres; let miracles of power attend this wonderful Messenger of the covenant; let the zeal of cherubim and seraphim touch apostolic lips; and let the gratitude, delight, confidence, and devout surprise of lost millions bring their willing offerings to the altar of the Divine and the Human, as reared upon these mortal shores in the person of Jesus. He is indeed "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Such a Being is at once God's best medium, and man's greatest facility. We want no more.

"Joy to the world—the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

What are the feelings of God towards man? What does he propose to do for man? What does he require of man? These questions are so answered by the God-incarnate as to make duty plain, devotion natural, and hope reliable. The science of God is relieved of its ambiguity, and so brought to the level of humanity that the humblest child of Adam may learn the way to heaven. Rooted and grounded in the words of Jesus, we have that eternal life which consists in the true and saving knowledge of God, without the uncertainties of human logic, or the calculations of reason to determine the greater probability. Faith in him is reason resting on the bosom of the Deity. Hope through him is thought anchored to the Throne. Worship paid to him is homage divine.

III. The Divine Incarnation supplies the conditions of an impressive and powerful EXAMPLE. The example of Christ, to which the Bible so often appeals, was a development of character in the sphere of flesh and blood—a moral pattern, not manufactured in heaven and sent to earth, but originated and drawn amid the actualities of a human life, and that too by one who shared in the conditions and relations of that life. It comes to us in a human form, invested with circumstances that are not only human, but in themselves ill adapted either to suggest or produce such a character as that of Christ.

This example is positive and real, laid in facts, adjusted to conditions and relations, and intelligible to thought. It is not a fiction, or a poem, or a beautiful flower gathered in some unearthly clime. It is not a conception, but a fact. Jesus actually lived among men, speaking, acting, suffering, dying, as reported in the Gospel-narrative. The record of his life is a history of facts. One instinctively feels that the life of Christ is and must be real, though in its moral elements the most fragrant and eloquent ever seen among men. No merely human brain ever did, or could invent such a life. Jesus himself worked it upon this earthly soil, made the exhibition, wove its facts together, and thus gave an opportunity for its submission to the inspection of the world.

Earth, too, has ever wanted, though in not one of her own children has she ever furnished, a model character, complete, well-sustained, and sinless in all its parts. Not one of her heroes, poets, philosophers, or statesmen, not even the very best of her most select and favored pupils, can be referred to as a finished and perfect specimen of moral goodness. Those who seem to have shared most largely in the spirit and temper of heaven—the great benefactors, instructors and guides of mankind—all bear an unvarying testimony to a distinct sense of their own imperfection. Humiliating confessions are on their lips, and severe self-reproaches often felt in their hearts. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." If we except Jesus, you can find no where in the whole history of the world an example of a perfectly sinless man. Hence, among men, repentance for sin is always a radical element in the inception and growth of a religious character. We must begin here; we can begin no where else, when seeking the communion and friendship of God. Not a sinner was ever converted, or a saint ever lived, free from the compunctions of conscious guilt.

Turning, then, to the wonderful Man of Galilee, we meet a character that at once strikes us as being sinless, absolutely perfect in all its expressions. This is our first impression; and moreover, the impression deepens just in proportion as we make ourselves familiar with the actual history of Jesus on earth. In him we do not detect the slightest evidence, that he ever had any experience

in the moral pangs of a sinner. He never acknowledged sin; he never made a confession; he never expressed a regret; he never recalled a word; he never said any thing to betray the least sense of moral imperfection; he never implied that he could in any respect have done better than he had done; though frequent in his communion with the Father, he never asked to be forgiven; he challenged the Jews to convict him of sin; in the habitual tenor of his own exercises, he always seemed to be reposing in the calm and quiet sense of his own perfection; and yet in all this we discover none of those incongruities and faults, which are so sure to contradict the pretension, when mere men claim to be without sin. In the Saviour the claim appears natural, spontaneous, unstudied, unsought, coming out as the intuitive language of his own spirit, without extravagance, without any effort at self-righteous display, and always harmonious with the most perfect simplicity and humility of character.

The principles which Christ taught, presenting them as the beliefs of his own mind, and wishing others to adopt them and be governed by them, are clothed with a wisdom and purity sufficient to make his words immortal. Those lips that spake such words, that taught so wisely, that were never moved except in the utterance of some holy feeling or some pure and heavenly truth, were under the direction not merely of a sagacious vision, but also of a perfect heart. The words of Christ were the deep soul-breathings of his inner life. His public ministry presents such a combination of qualities, such an originality and independence of idea, such a superiority to all the contrivances and methods of human art, such a perfect symmetry and balance of character, such an exemption from all the extravagances and infirmities of man, such a simplicity and beauty of moral expression, such an appropriateness to the occasion, such a tender sympathy with the wants of this sinning and suffering race, such an unselfish and benevolent attitude of mind—in a word, so many characteristics of personal excellence, appearing alike in the manner and matter of what he taught, that one spontaneously feels that here is a being, as pure as he is wise, sounding the deepest depths of spiritual truth while filling thought with the fragrance of perfect holiness. Christ's teachings perfectly obeyed, would make the world as sinless as heaven. They contain no signs of weakness, and none of impurity. There they stand, unrepealed and unequaled, a legacy of wisdom and holiness for the guidance of the race.

The actions of the Saviour, with equal emphasis, declare him to be a perfect model. We behold him "mingling with all sorts of persons, and with all kinds of events; we follow the steps of his public life, and we watch his most unsuspecting and retired moments; we see him in the midst of thousands, or with his disciples, or with a single individual; we see him in the capital of his

country, or in one of its remote villages, in the temple and the synagogue, or in the desert, or in the streets; we see him with the rich and with the poor, the prosperous and the afflicted, the good and the bad, with his private friends and with his enemies and murderers; and we behold him at last in circumstances the most overwhelming which it is possible to conceive, deserted, betrayed, falsely accused, unrighteously condemned, nailed to a cross. But wherever he is, and however placed, in the ordinary circumstances of his daily life, or at the last supper, or in Gethsemane, or in the judgment-hall, or on the hill of Calvary, he is the same meek, pure, wise, god-like Being." On all occasions, at all times, in all places, towards all persons, Jesus perfectly sustains the symmetrical and blameless beauty of himself—never uttering the language of passion—never doing any thing but the very thing he should do—dignified, yet not cold and reserved—intellectually great while accessible to the humblest child of want—exempt from every taint and foible of superstition—liberal without laxity—innocent as a lamb without weakness—uniting the sweetest passivities of patience and forbearance with the greatest force and energy of character—having nothing artificial or assumed, or planned for momentary effect—self-collected and self-possessed—alike superior to the infirmity of friends and the rage of enemies—proposing the immortal good of the race as the object of his mission—in all respects, coming up to the highest idea which can be formed of a perfect moral being, and hence admitting of no improvement in either the elements of his character, or the method of their combination. In him nothing was excessive and nothing defective. Judas betrays him, and yet no vengeance burns in the Saviour's heart. He is reviled, but he reviles not again. The contradiction of sinners he endures in silence. The terrible scenes of his trial and crucifixion fail to dispossess this wondrous, marvelous Jesus of the patience, love, and heavenly beauty, which have been the charm of his whole life. Indeed, every where we see in Christ a character unparalleled in the records of history, so gently simple that a child may converse with it, yet so morally grand as to fill speculation with admiration and wonder. Jesus was a perfect Man, gilding the firmament of our nature with the glories of heaven, as natural in his purity as he was sublime in his wisdom.

Eighteen centuries have elapsed since this Jesus moved as a man amid the scenes of earth. The short and simple annals of his life have borne his name to almost every clime, and invoked the judgment of countless millions. His character in even its minutest expressions has been thoroughly scanned by millions upon millions of men; and yet where, in all this vast array of mind, will you find a single person who, having made himself acquainted with the Bible history of Christ, ever supposed that he had detected a fault in the life of this most wonderful Being? What disciple

ever felt the necessity of making an apology for the conduct of his Lord? Those who neglect the Gospel, and even those who profess to be infidels, uniformly concede the perfection of the character assigned to Jesus. Thomas Paine, in his *Age of Reason*, is constrained to say: "Nothing that is here said, can apply even with the most distant disrespect to the real character of Jesus. He was a virtuous and amiable man." Rousseau, the polished though skeptical Frenchman, exclaims: "What sweetness! what purity in his manners! what impressive kindness in his instructions! what elevation in his maxims! what presence of mind! what skill and propriety in his answers! what control over his passions!" "Is it possible that a book in its faith so sublime, so wise, should be the work of men? Is it possible that he of whom it is a history, should himself be a man?" "Truly, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God." Rousseau felt the moral majesty of Christ's character. Napoleon Bonaparte felt the same majesty. "Every thing in him," says Napoleon in a conversation with the skeptical Bertrand, "astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me." "He is truly a being by himself." "The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, every thing remains grand of a grandeur which overpowers." "From the first to the last he is the same—always the same—majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle." "I search in vain in history to find the similar to Jesus Christ, or any thing which can approach the Gospel." "Who but God could produce that type—that ideal of perfection, equally exclusive and original?" Not a man ever lived who, upon a candid inspection of the Gospel narrative, would not pronounce Christ the "Holy One and the Just." His moral life is the voice of heaven, full-toned, blending all the harmonies of virtue, and swelling out into the finished melody of celestial song. It alike transcends eulogy and entrances spiritual discernment. In its presence infidelity is ashamed of its sneer. The moral life of Jesus is a doctrine in action, "beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, and true as God." No advance in ethical science sees in it any thing to correct or improve. It is a wonder, a mystery, a miracle, a celestial advent, in the kingdom of flesh and blood.

Looking now at the divine qualities and prerogatives of this mysterious Person, we of course accept his example as a final and absolute authority—a divine force or law, free from the fallibilities of human nature, and hence differing from the example of a prophet or an apostle. The example of Christ is an actual expression of moral truth, coming before us freighted with the sanctions of the Being who furnished it. In it we hear the voice of God, and learn his will. No command could be more positive, and no words clearer. The spirit and temper of Christ being ascertained,

the duty of man is made known. His life is a revelation from the throne of God.

Descending from the divine to the human aspect of the same person, we then observe his example in that circle of relations and circumstances, which are common to him and ourselves—in the virtues possible to man—in those trials, tribulations, and troubles of earth, by which he shared in the lot of men, teaching the world by his own action how to feel and what to do. Following in the line of the history, we see him in prayer; we see him in all points tempted like as we are; we see him as the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; we see him when the stormy clouds of persecution gather over him; we see him among friends and among foes; we see him without a place where to lay his head, poorer than the birds of the air; we see him when honored and when dishonored; we see him bathed in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and expiring on the cross of Calvary; we see him in the whole range of the active, and also the passive virtues; we see him in all the walks and incidents of an earthly pilgrimage, severer than which no man ever felt; and wherever we see him, and under whatever circumstances, a pure and heavenly beauty shines upon him, and from him. Thus Jesus, the man, the sinless and perfect man, appears.

Combining, now, the two aspects in one vision—the divine and the human—we may well say with the poet:

> "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
> Upon the Saviour's brow."

What a delicate penciling of thought! A sweetness that is majestic! A majesty that is sweet! The life of such a being constitutes a presence and a power on earth, the like of which no man ever saw or felt before. As an example, it is perfect in its qualities, divine in its sanction, and human in its form. It exhibits our nature in its primitive beauty, in its unforfeited intimacy with Heaven, in its likeness to the immaculate Godhead, in its restored perfection, unsoiled by sin, glowing with a celestial consciousness, wearing the robes of innocence, and emitting the odors of Paradise. Such a life is in itself a most wonderful fact, and not less wonderful, as a power to instruct and impress the children of men. It blends the divine and the human in the greatest of mysteries and the sweetest of truths. The Divine Incarnation is hence a pertinency to the condition of man, which we can never cease to admire. The doctrine commends itself to our cordial acceptance by the gracious and glorious utility of its end.

IV. This same doctrine is directly related to the redemption of sinners by the process of an ATONING DEATH. The life of Christ

ended amid the agonies of crucifixion. The evangelists having sketched his public career, at length bring him to this strange and solemn hour. They hesitate not to tell the story of his death. Their narrative becomes unusually minute, when the wonderful Man, deserted by man, apparently forsaken by God, is himself overwhelmed in death. Reasoning from the greatness and goodness of Christ, from the miracles which he had performed, and also his claims upon human gratitude, we should have anticipated no such sequel. It seems a singular epilogue in a life so illustrious, an almost incredible reversal of its previous glory, a deep shadow alike terrible and mysterious. We should rather have supposed, that Heaven would have furnished a celestial chariot, with which to bear such a Being to the skies. Yet there the fact stands on the page of Bible history, that Jesus of Nazareth was nailed to the cross of Calvary, and there hung, in the experience of untold anguish, till all that was spiritual in his nature fled from his lacerated body, leaving it broken, motionless, lifeless in death. Yes, there the fact stands without any effort to conceal it. The narrative is clear and distinct. There is a manifest design to make the fact prominent.

Moreover, to this fate Jesus himself made no resistance, and from it sought no escape. He met it of his own choice, fully foreseeing it, and having ample power to avoid the whole tragedy. He need not have died on the cross, yea, he need not have died at all by human hands, if he had otherwise determined. He was not a victim by coercion. Personally he did not deserve such a doom; God surely was not offended with him; and against his own consent, earth could not harm him. He laid down his own life, having power to lay it down, and power to take it again. No man took it from him. "He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Why, for what purpose, in what relation, did Jesus thus die? You are familiar with the Bible answer to this question. You remember that Christ told his disciples that he came to seek and to save that which was lost, yea, to give his life a ransom for many. You remember, too, what he said on the night which preceded the day of his death, instituting the Lord's Supper, and expounding its symbolic character—of the bread, saying, "This is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me"—of the wine, saying: "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." These are plain words, clear words, true words, teaching that doctrine on which saintship has in all ages based the hope of salvation. Jesus spake them, meaning what he said, knowing in what character and for what purposes he was about to die, and designing to make his own idea both prominent and immortal in the memory of man. We must

believe them, regarding him the teacher as also our atoning Saviour. This was his thought, and hence, it should be ours.

The entire tenor of the Scriptures is in harmony with these memorable utterances. The paschal lamb had for ages typified the coming and the work of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The sacrificial system which God gave to the Jews, and commanded them to observe, was Heaven's chosen shadow of good things to come. The prophets, and especially Isaiah, were distinct and positive in declaring that the Messiah, of whom they wrote, would by suffering and death make an atonement for the sins of men. The first preachers of Christ proclaimed the doctrine of his death as an atonement for sin—as the procuring medium of pardon and reconciliation with God. This was their view, their doctrine, their hope for themselves and the world. Say what you please about the why and the wherefore, or say nothing; yet here stands the fact, which, as a fact of revelation, is as clear as the light of noonday—the oft-repeated fact, that Jesus died for our sins, that he tasted death for every man, that he bore our sins in his own body on the tree, the just suffering for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God—I say, the fact, that Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. There is no getting rid of it, if we read the Scriptures with candor. Nor have I ever been able to see for what good reason men should wish to avoid either the sight or the belief of this fact. It contemplates just what we need; it is a service wholly in our behalf; and if asserted in an accredited revelation, one would think it the very last thing that humanity would seek to ignore or shun. Why this desire of some men to detach the doctrine of the atonement from the Gospel? Why this antagonism of thought to the only theory of pardon which the Scriptures contain? Why this persistent effort to blot the principle of grace from the government of God? If we bow to the authority of the Bible at all, we should most cheerfully accept its whole testimony on the vital question of a sinner's salvation. To select the atonement as the special object of fastidious and skeptical criticism, is alike stupid and ungrateful.

Observe, now, that this doctrine of atonement by the sufferings and death of Jesus, crowns and completes our view of the Divine Incarnation. The complex and wonderful Person thus produced, was to be a Saviour, a Redeemer of guilty beings, meeting by a transaction peculiarly his own, an emergency in the history of man, suspending penalty, and yet honoring the law which enforces it. Though he was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God; still, in the relation of a Saviour to our race, it was meet in the wisdom of Heaven that he should take his position under the law; that he should assume the form of a servant; that he should be made in the likeness of men; and that in

this condition he should humble himself and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Just this composition of attributes in the Person, and just these items and conditions in the history of an efficacious atonement, were the requisites fixed upon in the counsels of eternity, and actually consummated in the life of Christ. We do well here to accept the truth as we find it in the Bible, whether our philosophy can or can not discern the mutual relation of all its particulars. We may not be able to adjust the elements of this supernatural plan to each other, as they exist in the mind of God. We are not the judges in the case. The requirements of the problem lie beyond the reach of natural reason. We do not know beforehand the necessary antecedents of a sinner's salvation; and hence it will be our wisdom to accept the truth as the Bible states it, rejoicing in the facts declared, even if the method of their relation should entirely transcend the most penetrating search of our philosophy.

Thus seeing the truth, we look upon Jesus the *Man* as the consecrated tent, the created organism of the world's Redeemer, the human visibility and locality, the victim and the altar of an oblation whose property is to cancel guilt and save the soul. Our thoughts rest upon a tangible object, and our faith, upon an appreciable method. His humanity and divinity are both involved, each being necessary to the other, and both uniting in the great work to be done. Jesus dead, is therefore a conqueror reposing in his glory, most victorious when apparently most blasted. He has finished his work. Those who sought and buried his body, knew little of the marvel so near to their eyes. Earth before had never received such a trust. Human hands never before carried such a corse to the tomb. The sad elegy of friendship was never before chanted over such a celestial presence. No wonder that angels watched while all that was mortal in the Prince of Peace lay sleeping in the sepulcher. Wait a moment! A glorious sequel is at hand! The resurrection morn has dawned! Jesus slain has left the tomb; at intervals for forty days he has met his disciples, and identified his person to their knowledge; he has given them their commission; and now you behold this same Jesus who bowed his head in death, mounting the heavens, greeted by the hosts of the world above, and taking his position as the Lord of heaven and earth to the glory of God the Father. He is now highly exalted; his name is above every name; and at his name every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth. See then for what purpose Christ came in the likeness of men, for what purpose he humbled himself, and in what relation he was put to death in the flesh; let the Bible be your guide upon these points; and you will never want a theme for gratitude, or a spectacle for devout wonder. This glorious Person, this Word made flesh, into whose marvelous movements the angels desired to look, of whom the

prophets sang, to whom the apostles bore witness, and for whom martyrs have bled—this Lord Jesus Christ who hath ascended up far above all heavens, and who will come again to awake the dead, and judge mankind—this wonderful Counselor, who in his humanity sweat great drops of blood, who stood at Pilate's bar, who wore a crown of thorns, who breathed out an earthly life upon the cross in extremest agony—this great High Priest of our profession who made the atonement, for the joy that was set before him, despising the shame and apparent ignominy of the mortal struggle —this august Mediator between God and man, this heavenly Intercessor and final Judge—yes, this is the Being whom we preach as the Saviour of the world, of whose life we make mention, and to whom we point the thoughts of guilty men as their only ground of hope.

The doctrine of God in Christ, implying as its foundation a Divine Incarnation in the person of this Christ, was, and is, and ever will be, a complete pertinency to human want. The ends sought thereby, are those in which humanity has the very highest interest. The doctrine is not a speculation to bewilder thought, but a divine reality, a stupendous miracle of grace, for the salvation of our souls. Looking here, faith deals with the most exciting things that faith ever believed. Trusting here, faith finds a comfort pure as heaven and stronger than death. If the doctrine be true, and the four particulars we have named, express its relation to our instruction and salvation, then judge ye as to what ought to be the conduct of that man, or that community of men, or that world of men, to whom the knowledge of this truth is given. To be indifferent in its presence, negligent of its appeal, and disobedient to its mandate, supposes a torpor of thought paralleled only by the depravity which it implies and the doom it deserves. Come then, ye sons of earth, ye fallen children of Adam, ye men of all climes and ranks, come to your Redeemer-God. Taught by his wisdom, and pardoned by his grace, come and live forever.

SERMON IX.

THE GREAT WORK-DAY OF LIFE.

"I MUST work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—JOHN 9 : 4.

OUR text primarily relates to Christ. But it may be considered, by way of accommodation, as referring to ourselves. This is the important and interesting light in which we are next to view it.

1. We have, each of us, a work to perform: we are, while here, to secure the salvation of our never-dying souls. This is the prime object; the grand end for which we are sent into this world.

At our birth, "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world"—lying in moral ruins—depraved in our dispositions—fastening our affections upon forbidden objects—impure in the motives that reign within us, and disobedient in our external conduct; this being our melancholy, our guilty state, God requires of us a radical change in our character, our dispositions, our motives, and our external conduct. "Except a man be born again," it is written, "he can not see the kingdom of God," and without holiness "no man shall see the Lord."

Qualified, however, in our faculties, to know and serve God; with the volume of inspiration before us; surrounded, on every side, by an abundance of such works as clearly declare the character of their author; warned by the afflictions, and encouraged by the blessings of his providence; he justly commands us to love him. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." He is to have our supreme regard. Our own selves—earthly objects—nay, all things else—are to dwindle into their proper insignificance; while our affections are to be permanently fixed upon him who is worthy of our love.

Again; because of our obligations to this best of beings, and because of our numberless transgressions, repentance for these transgressions is, with reason, made a prominent part of our great work: "God now commandeth all men every where to repent." This repentance, to be acceptable, must not be merely remorse, arising from the discovery of the fact that we are exposed to punishment. Its grand characteristic is not to be a servile fear—a dread of future torment. This is that "sorrow of the world" that "worketh death." A man may possess it to the highest degree, and yet be one of those upon whose devoted head the wrath of the Almighty shall fall. But "godly sorrow"—evangelical re-

pentance—has its origin in a deep conviction of the abused goodness and the despised excellence of the Lord our God. It is the heart-rending lamentation of a child that has transgressed against a Father, whom he tenderly loves and greatly reveres. Self-accusation is now his business. The ingratitude, the folly and guilt and hatefulness of his transgressions, fill his soul with anguish. The deeper this conviction—the greater this self-abasement—usually the better the future conduct, and the more abundant the fruits "meet for repentance."

But repentance is not our only duty; we are not left to mourn for our sins without hope of pardon. Blessed be God, a way of access to his favor is opened; a ransom is provided; our Redeemer's blood is shed: "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." This faith is not the province of the intellect alone. It is not barely the assent of the understanding to the truth of an historical fact. It does not consist, wholly, in the cold, mental acknowledgment that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners—an acknowledgment that may be reïterated thousands of times in succession, without having a particle of influence upon the conduct. The faith which the Gospel recognizes, also involves the exercise of the affections. "With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness." This faith is not a dead and an inoperative, but a living and productive faith. It is characterized as the faith that "worketh," and that "by love" to the Lord Jesus. Deeply sensible of his excellence, the subject of this faith fixes his affections upon him as "the chiefest among ten thousand," and as "one altogether lovely." Upon his merits the sinner builds, as the only sure foundation of his acceptance with God. In proportion as his love to Christ increases, the higher will be his estimate of his Saviour's character; the greater his confidence in the promises of the "anointed" of God, the more marked and extensive will be their influence upon his life and conversation.

These are some of the essential particulars in the work which we are, each of us, sent into this world to accomplish.

2. We are to work "while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." This life is the appropriate time—the only season given for the performance of our great work. This is our day of trial, our period of probation. Our existence here is only preparatory to our existence hereafter. It is but the infancy of our being. This world was designed to be only the nursery of heaven, that men might here be trained up to be inhabitants of everlasting mansions of bliss. Our conduct here determines our destiny forever. "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom" concerning our salvation, "in the grave, whither" we are all hastening. As death leaves us, so the judgment will find us; and as our characters then are, such will they continue

to be through eternity. This life is the only space for repentance, the only time for making our peace with God. When the messenger of death arrives, if that great object is not effected, well may we take up the prophet's lamentation: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." From the gloomy mansions of despair, with what emotions shall we then look back upon days of negligence, idleness and trifling; of folly, of sin, and of forgetfulness of God! Could we only retrace our steps, how eagerly, how quickly would we set about that great work, the salvation of the soul. But it will then be too late. The die will be cast, the books will be closed forever.

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings."

We must, therefore, work "while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

A few remarks in application of the subject, and I have done.

Suppose, my friends, that any of you, by accomplishing some task, however difficult, could secure to yourself, perfect and uninterrupted happiness for fifty years: how speedily would you set about it; what exertions would you make; what labor would you undergo; what privations would you endure; what difficulties would you encounter, to attain this happiness. But in the word of God, we are offered happiness, unalloyed, through eternity, the thousands of thousands of ages of eternity, if we will only repent, and place our trust in the Saviour of sinners. "Repent ye, and believe the gospel." These are the terms upon which eternal life is offered to every child of Adam. But have we all complied with these terms? Have we all repented, and placed our trust in the Lord Jesus?

Ye aged fathers, who have not, as yet, begun the great work; when do you intend to enter upon it? Behold, the vigor of youth, and the strength of manhood are gone! Stooping beneath the heavy hand of time, your heads whitened by age, with one foot already in the grave; have you so long lived in vain? Is the great business of your life yet untouched? Have you yet to make your peace with God? Think of the multitudes that have fallen on your right hand and on your left. You have, perhaps, followed to the grave, the friend of your youth—the partner of your joys and sorrows—one now resting in heaven. But did you then part forever? Was that an eternal farewell? Does not your heart say: Oh! that this separation may be but for a season? Oh! that we may meet again. Work, then, "while it is day," for "the night cometh," and see to it, that it be not to you the never-ending, starless night of desolation. Those who are younger, expect

from you the counsel of age, and the wisdom of experience. But how can you direct them in the path in which you have never trodden? Can you say to others, "This is the way;" while you yourself refuse to walk therein? How many, unsanctified, have gone to give up their last account, who looked to you for an example, and whose souls were, in a measure, committed to your care? Their destiny is fixed. Yes! Their destiny is fixed forever; but you are left, a solitary leafless tree, upon a barren waste. Has not your long experience taught you that all things here are vanity, and that without religion, there is no substantial, enduring happiness? Think of the guilt you have from year to year been heaping upon yourself; the privileges you have already abused; the Sabbaths you have misspent; the judgments of God's providence you have disregarded; and then ask—candidly ask—what hope there is that you will now turn to God. The longer this work is delayed, the greater the danger that it will never be begun. Perhaps the sentence has already gone forth: "This year thou shalt die." But you are in the hands of a merciful God. "Seek ye him," then, "while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near."

You, who are in the prime of life, toiling for wealth and fame, and immersed in worldly pursuits! Let me entreat you to turn aside, and see whether there is not a more substantial good than that which you have hitherto sought! Is not "the pearl of great price," by you yet to be found? Should a neighbor of yours, perfectly able to provide for his household, and to furnish them with an ample subsistence; should such an one neglect all the means in his hands of so doing, and spend his time in idleness, leaving his family to want and misery, you would justly condemn him; the word of God condemns him, and declares him to be worse than a heathen. But how much more guilty is the man who makes no efforts to provide for the souls of his household? Is not this the case with you? Do not those of your family who are now present bear witness to your guilt, and say within themselves, "Thou art the man"? You are a father. Can not your children testify that it is evidently no part of your concern to qualify them for heaven—that whatever may be your regard for their bodies—for their worldly prosperity, you entirely neglect the welfare of their souls? Did the morning or evening incense ever rise from your family altar? Did they ever hear you—I put it to your conscience—did they ever hear you offer a single petition for yourself, or for them? Nay! did you ever, in their presence, ask the blessing of God, even upon the common bounties of his providence? You are a mother. Have you ever taught your little ones to breathe the infant prayer to their "Father in heaven"? Have you received them as gifts from him, and considered them as only intrusted to your care, that you might train them up for future blessedness? Parents! To you

your children direct their eyes for an example, and will naturally tread in your footsteps. God only knows how many of you may in this way be taking your offspring by the hand and leading them in the road to perdition. Take heed lest the blood of their souls be found upon your garments. Unless the Most High turns them by his almighty power, they will continue in this unhappy course. Perhaps you ease your consciences by alleging present "want of time" in apology for this neglect of their true welfare, as well as your own; but hereafter you "hope to have more leisure!" What period then have you fixed upon for beginning the great work of saving the soul? Have you determined to neglect it entirely, until all your worldly wishes are gratified, and until age has robbed you of your relish for earthly enjoyments? Must the great—the grand business of life always yield to toys and trifles? Beware how you slight your God. Beware how you sport upon the brink of the precipice. "In the midst of life we are in death." "Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh."

My youthful friends! Are there not some of you who have not yet commenced the important work of your salvation? Have not many of your companions taken up the cross and followed their Master, and did you refuse to go and "do likewise"? They are spending their strength for God; while you are wasting the precious morning of life in folly and in sin. How eagerly do you pursue the fleeting pleasures of the world. How anxiously do you inquire: "Who will show us any earthly good?" And yet how unconcerned—how indifferent to your everlasting well-being! "My son! give me thine heart." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"—these are the mandates of the Almighty: and dare you disobey? If you do not now consecrate yourself to God, is there not reason to fear that you never will? The greater part of those that ever enlist under the banners of the cross, do it while young; before the soul is chained down to sin by the overwhelming and almost irresistible power of habit; before the sensibilities of our nature are blunted, and the heart hardened by familiarity with the world. There is, then, no safety in delay. God has made no promise for the future. His language universally is: "Behold! now is the accepted time; behold! now is the day of salvation." "To-day if ye will hear his voice; harden not your heart." How can you thus neglect the dying love of our Divine Redeemer! Generously sympathizing in all other distresses—feeling for the afflictions of your fellow-men—how can you be thus insensible to the sufferings endured that you might live forever? Let me entreat you all to remember these sufferings and this love; to embrace this Saviour; to apply your hearts to wisdom; to begin quickly the work of your salvation. Let there be no delay. "Escape for thy life—escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed!"

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON X.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD,

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THE LONELINESS OF GUILT.

"A FUGITIVE and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."—GENESIS 4: 12.

SUCH was the doom of Cain for having imbrued his hands in his brother's blood. He was not put to death. Though his life was justly forfeited, yet the Judge would not suffer it to be touched. "The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." His only punishment was to be expelled from human society. As he had killed his brother, he should never again know the delights of domestic affection. Henceforth he should be a lonely man, wandering over the inhospitable earth, silent and gloomy, unrecognized by human beings, disowned even by his parents, and forsaken by God. "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

This signal example of retribution I have chosen to illustrate

one general effect of all wrong-doing: which is, to cut off the offender, not only from God's favor, but from human friendship and society; to fix "a great gulf," not only between man and his Maker, but between the guilty being and his own race and kindred.

All see the truth of this in the case of one who, like Cain, has committed a great crime. The more violent the deed, the more intense the horror for its perpetrator. Men stand aghast at such atrocity, and every feeling of pity is lost in indignation. The criminal has attacked society and placed himself out of the pale of its protection. Instantly its forces are armed to pursue him, and bring him to punishment. He is obliged to make his escape—to flee from his country—and to go forth, like the first murderer, a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth.

From the beginning of the world such has been the fate of men of violence and blood. All along through history do we see these wandering Cains and Ishmaels, whose hands are against every man, and every man's hand against them; and whose untamable fierceness renders them outlaws every where on the face of the earth. So was it in the beginning—so is it now. He who aims to destroy can not dwell at peace among men.

But it is not merely the detected criminal, pursued by officers of justice, with the bloodhounds of the law in full cry upon his track, who is obliged to separate himself from human society. He, too, who is yet undiscovered, but who carries in his breast the knowledge of some fearful deed, is compelled by that secret burden to stand apart from his fellow-men. The consciousness of guilt makes him shy and suspicious. He keeps aloof, and leads a solitary life. He walks with his head bowed down like a bulrush, afraid to look up lest men should read in his terrified countenance the dreadful secret of his soul.

Often this uneasiness at the heart drives a man into voluntary exile. By incessant motion of body he hopes to distract and relieve the torture of his mind. And so he roves from land to land, haunted and driven on by evil thoughts, seeking rest and finding none.

Nay, even to meditate a crime, to harbor a design of wrong, makes a man draw back from too great intimacy with others. The first breeding of villainy must be in the deepest darkness of the mind. When a man begins to deal in plots and conspiracies, he silently draws apart. He shrinks from the unreserved intimacies of friendship. He recoils from expressions of confidence, which may betray him into a disclosure of what is passing within. To keep his designs beyond discovery, he grows reserved and taciturn, sparing of his words, and even studies an impassible countenance, that his face may be a blank which no man can read. Thus guilt is always secretive and solitary. With none can it share its confidence; to none can it open its heart.

Could the history be written of those criminal enterprises which shock the world, it would be found that the beginning of crime was marked by an increased tendency to reserve and isolation. Often, after the deed is done, friends look back and remember that for a long time there had been something strange about the man—an absence of mind—an avoiding of society—which they could not explain. He was alone even in the bosom of his family. He would sit by his own fireside for hours without speaking; hardly taking his child upon his knee, or returning the kiss which was a token of the innocence which was gone from him forever. The guilty purpose within forbade all such communion, even with those who loved him but too well.

But these examples, though they illustrate truly the secret and solitary nature of guilt, are not the examples which we need now. Our object is not to depict the remorse and despair of great offenders against society, but to illustrate one effect of all selfishness and sin, and that chiefly as shown in common life and in familiar characters. Ordinarily it does not go to the extent of criminal acts, or even criminal intentions. It does not compromise itself by such dangers. Yet in the habit of the mind is the seed which brings forth this bitter fruit. Selfishness can only live in secresy. A man whose aims are pure and noble is open as the day. But he who has a personal object in all he does, is shy and scheming. Smooth and plausible in exterior, he has always a purpose to serve which does not appear; but which silently works within him to dissolve the bond of affection, which unites him to his brother. When this cold and calculating temper betrays itself, then farewell to friendship. The trait which most completely divides man from man, is not a burst of anger which, though it may part friends to-day, leaves them to come together again to-morrow, but rather want of truth and sincerity which, once discovered, divides them for years, or forever.

The first act which makes you shrink from an associate, is that which reveals a false heart underneath professions of regard. When you first detect this in some slight thing, a tone of the voice, or a glance of the eye, you start back as from the tongue of an adder. Let a man but once deceive you or betray you, and nothing can ever remove the impression of that sudden revelation of character. You may not come to an open rupture. Circumstances may compel you to keep up a show of friendship. Ties of blood may hold you fast, or business relations may force you into contact, but confidence is destroyed, and with it the old feeling of love is gone forever. You can not love one whom you can not trust.

Such is the judgment of God upon this kind of human baseness. A wily, crafty nature, practiced in all forms of deceit, slippery in its promises, cunning and plausible, but false and treacher-

ous, is thereby separated from all frank, confiding intercourse, and from hearty, unreserved affection. Upon a nature so mean and abject rests the curse pronounced upon the serpent: "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life."

But it would not be fair, in a general argument, to take illustrations only from base and ignoble characters. It were a poor triumph obtained over such low and abject forms of sin, which even the world regards with scorn. Rather let us take characters which in its esteem are high and honorable. Here is one who is the very opposite of a false and deceitful nature, but who is the incarnation of Pride. Behold the man, not servile and creeping, but erect, with an air which seems to disdain the opinion of his fellows. Him the world judges not with scorn, but rather bows to with respectful deference. These are no vulgar sinners,

"They are all honorable men."

And yet not hypocrisy itself could more effectually destroy friendship than this cold, haughty, imperious pride. Falsehood undermines confidence, but pride destroys sympathy. It may be connected with no immorality. He who has it may be a man of outward respectability and unimpeached integrity, pure as a mountain of ice, but as cold. The man has but one defect—he has no heart.

Such men are not rare; men who seem to have been born "without natural affection." But one feeling possesses them, unbounded pride, a sense of personal importance which overtops every thing. It is of the nature of this feeling to lead a man to keep apart. It dilates and magnifies his little self and lifts him up quite above the level of humanity. No tie of sympathy connects him with common flesh and blood. No generous impulse ever throbs in his breast or flits across his passionless countenance. No tear of pity ever fills his eye.

Thus pride surrounds a man with an icy coldness, a freezing reserve, which chills and repels human intercourse. It does not tear men violently asunder, but it silently dissolves their connection. Men retire from him who scorns their fellowship. As it is his effort to place himself on a pinnacle above his fellow-mortals, it is but natural that they leave him on his lonely hight, until he dies wretchedly, weary of his proud eminence.

If such colossal pride seems exceptional, take a more common passion, sordid Avarice, and mark how it tends to the same isolation. The very nature of this selfish instinct is a propensity to separate its interests from those of others, and to substitute cold calculation for the warm impulses of friendship and generosity. The noble spirit of humanity makes all things common. The in

terests of others are its own. It divides and distributes on every hand. But the miserly soul contracts within itself, until it becomes encased in adamant.

This isolation is a gradual thing—the result of a long process of separation. Pride and selfishness in some degree are born in all men. But how modified by fortune, position, or worldly success! Pride is crushed by abject poverty, by misfortune and sorrow, and it is inflated by prosperity.

There is nothing more instructive than to study human character as modified by different positions in life, and by prosperous or adverse fortune. Thus we may trace the progress of that gradual isolation which begins with the first selfish act, and which grows with habit and with time.

A young man enters upon life poor, but generous; poor in money, but rich in heart. His own struggles teach him sympathy with others. But the slow toil of acquisition awakens a selfish instinct. He begins to look upon his personal interest as something apart from that of his neighbors. He and they are not members of one body, but rival contestants for a prize. He retires into himself, and looks around with a cautious and wary eye. No longer eager to befriend and aid, he now watches others but to see what he can make out of them.

Thus with the first act of deliberate selfishness, not of fraud, but of overreaching another, there commences a process of separation which goes on for years. The breach grows wider as life advances. Jealousy and suspicion come in to increase the distance, till early friends are sundered apart as far as the east is from the west.

Thus the warm blood of youth freezes. The finer soul is chilled. The heart contracts, and its sensibilities wither and drop off. Those delicate tendrils that reached forth to other branches of the human family, and which the wail of sorrow, the sighing of grief, caused to quiver and tremble, are rudely torn away. Nothing remains but a cold, hard man, selfish and solitary.

Sad and melancholy change! Truly, the last state of that man is worse than the first. Here is a nature born with better impulses, spoiled by prosperity. How bright was the promise of life's morning, when the young heart opened to love, and the world was all before it where to choose objects of affection. Those were happy days. But the world has spoiled the nature formed for happiness. It dispels the illusions of the imagination, introducing only hard, cold reality. The poetry of life is gone. Vanished is youth's happy dream,

> "At length he sees it fade away,
> And melt into the light of common day."

Could a man but foresee that such would be the effect of prosperity upon him, well might he deprecate it as the greatest calamity. Rather might he welcome poverty, the hardy nurse of many virtues and of purest happiness. Welcome those united struggles which so endear to each other the members of a family. Welcome to manly toil and honest friendship, instead of this dry, sapless, mercenary existence.

Sometimes this selfishness takes a more decided and pronounced character. It is not rare for a man who has grown rich suddenly to come to the determination to shake off a host of poor friends, who are in some degree dependent upon him for assistance. He says: "Let every one take care of himself, and not apply to others for aid." He did not reason so when *he* was poor and struggling. Then he was anxious to make favor with every body. And perhaps he would see things in a different light if he were again to become suddenly poor. But for the present he has no favors to ask, and the rule is a convenient one. He declares that he is worried to death with charitable societies and poor relations, till at last he forms the stern resolution to cut loose from the whole. He hardens his face like a flint, and meets every call with a gruff and determined, No! At length his troubles cease. His character becomes understood, and no one applies to him any more. God gives him up to his own selfishness.

But this man soon finds that what he most desired is a judgment and a curse. He wished men would let him alone; and accordingly they do leave him to himself. They take pains not to intrude upon his presence, and will even cross the street to avoid him. At length he begins to be annoyed by their neglect more than he was by their intrusions. No one would do him the least injury. But all shun his society. As the crowds pass his door, he may hear from his window frequent mutters about the miserly old wretch that can not die too soon. He begins to think that he would give a portion of his fortune to have somebody to love him and to speak well of him. He really wishes that some family in distress, or a young man just starting in business, or an orphan boy who wishes to get an education, would apply to him for assistance. But no; they would as soon ask mercy of the plague.

Perchance the rich man builds a great house as an offering to pride. But how cheerless its aspect. How cold the stones look! You enter this mansion, and all within is silent as the grave. No merry laugh of children is heard there. No happy little beings climb upon this man's knee, and make his heart young again with their smiles. There is a chilliness in the very atmosphere of the house. You can not breathe freely till you are out once more in the open and sunny street. Such is the desolation which reigns around a cold and selfish heart.

By such examples do we illustrate the isolating and repelling power of sin. Here are characters not rare in any community, and not by any means the outcasts of society, not fugitives and vagabonds, not outlaws and exiles, but men of high standing and "respectability," who dwell in the midst of crowded cities, and to whom the world looks up as its rich and great ones; and yet who for all sympathy and friendship are as solitary as if they were proscribed malefactors. No prison confines them, but dark, frowning passions, harder to break than walls of stone or bars of iron. A heart deeper and colder than any dungeon shuts them up in a dreary and hopeless solitude.

This isolation becomes more painful as the rich man grows old. As the winter of age comes on, he finds that he no longer attracts society that once was fascinated by his youthful spirit. His conversation has lost its vivacity. How soothing to an old man then to be surrounded by affectionate and grateful children. Their tears, and prayers, and blessings soothe the bitterness of death. But this man is waited on only by expectants. He has to buy the smallest favor. How gloomy is his death-bed. No real mourner watches there; none but heirs, impatient to have him gone.

O rich man! beware how you say, I will give no more; I will shut up all my sympathies in my own bosom, and let others take care of themselves. Once stop the springs of benevolence and they will stagnate and putrefy within you.

Wealth is a great gift. God has bestowed it upon you that you might be the minister of his providence. Every increase of fortune ought to be marked by an increase of magnanimity. You have that in your hands which may make a thousand hearts light and happy. Keep your breast full of warm impulses and generous sympathies, and you will multiply your enjoyment a thousand fold. God is the most happy of beings because he is the most generous. Give as God gives, freely, and you will taste something of the happiness of his ever-blessed mind.

Would that young men just embarking in a career of business might take warning from these examples of splendid wretchedness. They may be found by hundreds in every large city; and it may be a useful lesson to mark how completely a heartless and selfish life has alienated from them all love, honor, and respect.

But is there no exception to this law? Is it the effect of all moral obliquity to drive a man's friends away from him, and leave him deserted and desolate? Certainly there are forms of sin less repulsive than others; some even which at first sight have the aspect of virtue, which men honor and admire. Such is Ambition, "the last infirmity of noble minds." When united with genius, as it often is, it dazzles the world and inspires enthusiasm. Men run after it, and worship it. But unless joined with some nobler

qualities, this can not last long. Even genius can not make selfishness respectable. It is impossible to sustain enthusiasm for a thoroughly selfish man. No brilliancy of talent can make up for the want of heart or of moral feeling. The lack of principle or honor checks the rising murmurs of applause. When men discover that high talents are subordinate to personal interest; that the ambitious man labors, not for his country or mankind, but for his own advancement; when they see that he makes a god of himself, and that he values other men but as tools and instruments of his elevation, they draw back. They see how unscrupulous is this passion. It is selfish even to extermination, adding field to field, till it be left alone in the earth. When men see this, they stand aloof. They are not quite willing to be sacrificed to this divinity. Enthusiasm cools and slowly turns to disgust and aversion. Then ambition holds its mastery only by the power of success. As long as one is triumphant, men will flatter and court the rising power, yet in their hearts will they cherish a secret hatred, and the first sign of its overthrow will be hailed with an universal shout of exultation.

Such is the bitter fruit of that selfish ambition, which pushes its way through the crowd, eager to leave its fellows behind. How often in the race does it outrun affection and happiness, and attain power only to be hated and feared! It is for this reason that men who occupy high places are often the most miserable wretches. They have climbed the mountain-peak, and find it cold and dreary. Something is wanting there which power alone can not give. It may overawe discontent, and silence censure, and even buy applause. But one thing it can not command—true love and respect, that homage of the good, which is as the voice of God.

But what then? He who has absolute power, if he can not excite enthusiasm, is he not strong enough to do without it? So he may flatter himself. A ruler, intoxicated with dominion, may defy the world, saying with Cæsar: "I do not care to be loved, if only I am feared!" False and foolish boast! No king is mighty enough to stand unmoved the silent reprobation of mankind. Cold, chilling winds will sometimes sweep upward from the vale below, even to the summit of power, making him feel that it is a barren and worthless elevation.

The greatest man on earth, after all, is but a man, and must sometimes feel the wants of a man—the want of friendship and love. The Sicilian tyrant, who ordered two friends to execution was struck with amazement at their devotion to each other, and confessed aloud that they were richer and happier in their love than he upon his throne.

There is another drawback to the triumph of ambition. Power, not founded on justice and affection, is never secure. Thus the presumption of pride prepares its own overthrow, while it leaves the dethroned idol without support in the sympathy of mankind.

But it is the boast of a proud spirit that it can bear up under any reverses. It is sufficient to itself:

"What matter where, if I be still the same?"

Thus does the fallen hero try to deceive himself. But was there ever a man who did not feel keenly when he saw himself deserted by former friends? No man is so great as to be above the opinion of his fellow-creatures. He may be too proud to ask for affection. He may spurn sympathy; but he does care for homage and respect, and does not willingly submit to be despised or forgotten.

Those who declare most loudly their indifference to the opinion of mankind, are commonly disappointed actors on the stage of life. Byron was never weary of pouring out his contempt upon men. But the bitterness with which he spoke betrayed him. It showed but too well how keenly he felt their neglect and their just moral reprobation.

If ever there was a man who could afford to scorn the world, to look down with contempt on the opinions of mankind, certainly it was Napoleon, the most successful man of modern times. Such a man, after a life of triumphs, we should think, could preserve, even in defeat and exile, the spirit of his former days—a lofty and unconquered mind. But the history of that banishment tells us that he suffered bitterly under his humiliation. He, who once stood so high, now to be sunk so low! He never forgave Europe for being able to get along without him. And however grand may seem the figure of the exile of St. Helena, standing on the cliffs and looking off upon the sea, in his soul he was unspeakably lonely and wretched.

No man can sustain such an overthrow who is not supported by the consciousness of a noble life. A patriot, who had sacrificed himself for his country, might indeed bear exile or captivity, knowing that he was followed by the tears and prayers of millions. But one who has lived only for himself, and who would have the whole world fall down and worship him, can not bear to be deserted and left alone to die.

Thus we have observed the effect of the selfish passions in isolating a man from his fellow-beings. We trace the poison working in the veins, and mark how it curdles up the blood and chills the very life. We see it leading him to withdraw from his kind, at once shunning and repelling friendly intercourse, until he stands alone in gloomy isolation. We see how these manifestations of nature destroy confidence, and lower respect, and render enthusiasm impossible; how they chill the gush of affection; how they surround even prosperous men with a circle of suspicion and dislike; and at length compel those who would be friends to leave them alone in their misery and their pride.

These illustrations might be carried to any extent. What is true of falsehood and of pride, of avarice and ambition, is true of a hundred other vices of the human character—of envy, and jealousy, and ingratitude, and every kind of baseness. All tend to impair trust, and to diminish esteem, and to kill affection, and finally leave him who betrays such traits in a state of complete desertion, forsaken and despised of all mankind.

Such is the inevitable effect of moral evil. All sin is a corruption of the heart. In its essence it is nothing more nor less than intense selfishness. And this implies a decay of every nobler sentiment and feeling. It is a rotting away of all greatness and generosity of nature till the broad and brawny breast is but the arched vault of a sepulcher. It rings hollow. All beneath is death. To love such a being, a man without a heart, is as impossible as to love a marble sarcophagus filled with dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

The design of this argument is wholly practical. Bringing out into the clear light of observation and experience the isolating and repelling tendency of sin, it aims to show that herein is one of the elements of a tremendous retribution. For in this gradual alienation of a man from his fellow-beings, he finds even now an exquisite misery, and is but anticipating the time, not far distant, when he shall be utterly deserted and desolate, forsaken of God and men.

This dreary prospect could not fail to appall the stoutest heart did it but realize what is implied in such loneliness. But from very ignorance men make light of it. They know not what is implied in solitude. Some of a sentimental cast think it a mild and even rather a pleasant punishment. Poets and dreamers court solitude. They affect lonely and retired places, and shun society. We hear them sing:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture by the lonely shore."

And some, in their wild imaginings, (which are like the dreams of opium-eaters,) fancy themselves on the shore of the eternal ocean, listening to its desolate moan, not without a certain melancholy pleasure in the sound. Nay, such are the fantastic conceits of men, they almost believe they could wander forever in the eternal shades, nor ask for human society.

But let the most romantic poet analyze the "pleasure of solitude," and he will find that his retirement must have easy limitations to make it endurable. Nature can not satisfy him without man. It must not be a returnless exile, but a voluntary and limited retirement, from which he can come back at will to the society of men. Nature becomes a sublime monotony without man to

give life and animation to the scene. The richest landscape palls when there are no eyes to look upon it but ours. The dreamer of our woods sits there for a few hours entranced in thought, but at sunset he returns to his home, and to the cheering sight of human faces, and the sound of human voices. But let him be banished to a solitude from which there is no return, where he shouts to the rocks and hears but the echo of his own voice, and it becomes a punishment more horrible than death. In that simple story, which was the delight of our childhood, De Foe has described the wretched lot of a poor sailor shipwrecked upon a desert island: "As I walked about in my hunting, or for viewing the country, the anguish of my soul at my condition would break out upon me on a sudden, and my very heart would die within me to think of the woods, the mountains, the deserts I was in; and how I was a prisoner, locked up with the eternal bars and bolts of the ocean, in an uninhabited wilderness, without redemption. In the midst of the greatest composures of my mind, this would break out upon me like a storm, and make me wring my hands, and weep like a child. Sometimes it would take me in the middle of my work, and I would immediately sit down and sigh, and look upon the ground for an hour or two together; and this was still worse to me, for if I could burst into tears, or vent myself in words, it would go off, and the grief, having exhausted itself, would abate."

This anguish of solitude is confirmed by prisoners who, confined apart, find it a relief to see a man now and then pass along the corridor into which the cell opens, or to look down from the grated window upon the paved court where some poor captive is allowed a few paces of liberty. Cut off this privilege, and the cell becomes a tomb, in which the condemned man is buried alive. Then we sometimes find the prisoner making friends with little animals—with the timid mouse that creeps under his cot, or the spider that weaves its web upon the wall, so strong is the impulse of our nature to attach itself to something that has life and that the heart can love.

Let no man say, that he is not dependent on his fellow-beings, that he can live without their society, that he can bear solitude. Alas! he knows not what it is. He has never experienced it. What he calls such is but a brief retirement. Utter solitude is utter wretchedness.

But what we have to fear is, not loneliness of situation, but loneliness of heart—which may exist in the midst of human beings as well as in a desert. If "there is society where none intrudes," so there is profound solitude in the midst of tumultuous life. Nay, a crowd deepens the sense of solitariness. How oppressive is this feeling in a great city, to a stranger who walks its streets alone. In the passing crowd no eye recognizes him. He has no home to

turn to at close of day, no kind voices to welcome him. In all that ocean of life there is not one throb or thought for him. The heart rushes back upon itself, and he feels that he is alone in the wide world.

There is a desolateness which comes from sorrow. How lonely is the heart, when death takes away the object of love. Who that has seen a friend depart, can forget the agony of grief, when he saw a brother sailing far away on the waters of death, and he, alas! left alone, standing on the shore! And then the sense of desolation, as the mind awakes to the dread reality—

"The first dark day of nothingness,"

how does it weigh upon the heart! As the mourner walks abroad, how empty does the world appear. He goes among the living, but he is thinking of the dead. For the time his heart is as unimpressible by outward objects as the marble that covers all that he holds dear.

But after all, this is not utter desolateness. For memory can bring back the dead, and the heart may love them still. And then the sympathy of friends—the respectful silence which they observe, even if they do not dare to offer words of consolation—their gentle tones, insensibly soothe the mourner's grief and soften it away. And more than all, this sorrow is unattended with self-reproach. It is sincere grief. But it is not remorse. Here is wanting the keenest element of woe—the consciousness of deserved suffering. Weep as we may for the departed—desolate as life may seem—there is still an infinite distance between the loneliness of grief and the loneliness of guilt. The veiled and bended form of sorrow, weeping over the tomb, hides no such utter misery as the haggard countenance of despair. No—under the wide heaven guilt is the only thing that is utterly forsaken and alone.

Such is a human being in whom the work of sin is complete—who by years of selfish life has separated himself from all peaceful intercourse, human and divine, and that can find no friendship here, and no mercy hereafter.

And this isolation is to continue after death, and even grow more complete as eternity advances. For man enters the next world as he leaves this, with his character unchanged, with the same attractive or repelling moral traits. A false heart can no more be trusted there than here, nor can utter selfishness inspire affection. Instead, therefore, of bad men coming together in the next world, and striving to be friends as they are companions in wretchedness, they will be yet farther repelled by mutual distrust, and stand apart, sullen and alone. And so will pass their eternal existence, unhappy, because unloving and unloved.

Oh! dark and dreary world! where life is a desert, on which no flower of love can bloom, where all ties are broken and selfishness reigns supreme. Where in the universe is a solitude so awful, so profound? The Siberian exile can support the rigor of his lot, because he finds some companion in sorrow, whose sympathy soothes the pains of his captivity. It is at least a relief to shed their tears together. But to suffer unpitied, with no sympathy from others, and no conscious virtue to support the soul, but knowing that it is all deserved; this indeed is the last extreme of desolation. To see old familiar faces turn away with aversion and disgust—to see them, like lions, go glaring by—this, indeed, is to be alone. This—this is Solitude! Such is a world composed wholly of wicked beings—a vast population, but no society, no love, no friendship—the worst men that have lived on the earth swarming together, full of cursing and bitterness, and eager to wreak on each other their fury and their despair.

Such is the doom of every man who departs from life, an enemy of God. He shall be driven forth, like Cain, from the presence of the Lord, and become a fugitive and a vagabond forever. Whether the state of the wicked hereafter is to be solitary or social, we know not. Perhaps not wholly one or the other. Here the lights of the Bible are few and glimmering. But occasionally a passage darts a gleam into futurity, like a flash of lightning, which shows the solitary pilgrim wandering onward in the eternal darkness.

There is a tradition that our Saviour, when on the way to Calvary, weary and faint with bearing his cross, paused to lean against a door, from which he was rudely driven by the master of the house, and that for this act of cruelty the inhuman Jew was doomed thenceforth to be a wanderer upon earth, to outlive the age of man, and continually to rove from land to land, seeking rest and finding none. Like a shadow has that man since wandered over the globe, passing from zone to zone, flitting here and there, seen an instant and then gone. Wherever he stopped to rest, a voice behind him cried, March, march!

Fit emblem of a guilty mind, haunted and pursued by its own avenging memories!

Thou, sinner, shalt hear that terrible voice. Thou, who hast driven the Saviour from thy door, or any of those for whom Christ died; thou shalt hear him say, DEPART! And from that scene of judgment thou shalt go forth a lonely and abandoned creature. Wretched man! whom that day shall make desolate beyond relief. On, over the great desert of eternity, shalt thou be driven by the ceaseless cry, March, march! And ages to come shall see thee still pursuing thy course of wandering and of woe.

But I will not close with utter despair. Do you shrink from this desolate prospect? Are you even now weary of your lonely

existence, chilled by the atmosphere of selfishness in which you live, and does your heart die within you, as you look forward to a future yet more dreary? Then draw back before it is too late, before the prison-walls have quite closed around you. Abandon the cold, selfish life which has brought you to this wretched state. Unlearn all those maxims and habits which it has been the study of your life to cultivate. The false lessons, the cold maxims and artificial manners of the world—drop them every one, and become as a little child. Give up your false pride. Instead of denying your human brotherhood, own the blessed bond which binds you to your fellow-creatures. Instead of exalting yourself above them, come down to the lowest and the meanest of your kind. Learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and in that humility you shall find an ineffable sweetness and peace. Lost affections shall come back to you, like a returning wave of the sea. Love shall beget love; kindness shall awaken gratitude. The eye that seeth you, it shall bless you, and you shall cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. And while opening your heart to human sympathy, go to God, the Fountain of Love and Blessedness, whose presence is better than human society, whose favor is better than human love, and His infinite tenderness shall lift up your trembling spirit above all sense of loneliness or fear. Then living or dying, you can never be desolate and alone, for WHERE LOVE IS THERE IS NO SOLITUDE.

SERMON XI.

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ABRAM, THE MAN OF PEACE.

"AND Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou wilt depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."—GENESIS 13: 8, 9.

LOT belonged to a class of men of whom we have specimens in all ages, grasping, avaricious, and too much devoted to the world, never satisfied with what they have, always thinking they are in the right, without stopping to criticise their own decisions whenever their supposed interests are involved; always taking sides with their own servants or their own children without investigating the facts; always placing their should-

er to the long end of the yoke when consenting to draw with others; keen to strike a bargain and to figure up the half-penny in their own favor; and as a natural consequence of such a frame of mind, jealous of all others, and even dissatisfied with their own choice, if they have it, lest their neighbor, after all, should get the advantage. This state of mind constitutes a selfish man. The habit once formed, becomes, like all other habits, a second nature, which grace itself does not supplant or entirely eradicate. It clings sometimes to the good man, like physical diseases, even after the virulence of disease is overcome and life itself insured. There are, too, sickly constitutions, moral and mental, as well as physical, the result of youthful indiscretions, early indulgence, and long-practiced sin.

Lot was a good man of this type. He and Abram, his uncle, went up together out of Egypt, both rich in flocks and herds and silver and gold, and they sought together a place and a dwelling in Canaan and the plains of Jordan. But there arose a difficulty, as is very common, between their servants who herded their numerous flocks, that grazed on the wide-extended and common prairie. This difficulty developed the temper of Abram, set forth and expressed in the words of my text.

Abram thought the quarrel an unnecessary and fruitless one, tending only to evil, as strife generally does, and he sought by forbearance and mutual sacrifices to check it in the bud. Abram was a type of another class of men, found also, some of them, in all ages—would that they were more common!—men who think that a penny saved is as good as a penny earned, and a great deal better, because the labor is saved also; who think, too, that a pound sacrificed is better than a quarrel that may cost a pound, involving too the wear and tear of temper, and time, and the danger, personal and moral, always attending animosities engendered and enmities cherished.

He seems to have been an unselfish man who, when he had sufficient, could say that it was enough—"We brought nothing into the world with us, and it is certain we can carry nothing out, and having food and raiment, let us therewith be content—let there be no strife—it is unnecessary as well as dangerous. Here are wide-extended acres—enough for both—choose. If you will take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if you will depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." He was one of those generous men who always have the advantage, for the simple reason that they never seek it. They would rather make a sacrifice than create an enemy, would rather even buy peace than purchase or provoke a quarrel, who prefer to surrender a right rather than do worse, if not called thereby to ignore, surrender or violate a principle, and principle with such men, is not valued by dollars and cents, to be bought or sold—measured merely by pounds, shillings

and pence—but principle involving a violation of the moral sense, of the divine law, invading and pirating on the treasury of the soul. All short of this can be modified, and if need be, surrendered. The sternest, the bravest, the wisest men in the world, are such men. They are not afraid nor ashamed to retreat, if by so doing they can save bloodshed and give time for reflection to make peace. Yet they can make their stand, and die in defense of principle, or deal death to the aggressor. Abram was as brave as he was yielding and conciliating. This was verified in relation to this very man Lot, who became involved in difficulty by habiting with bad men in pursuit of gain, and was taken prisoner by being involved in their quarrels. When Abram, dwelling at peace in the plain of Mamre, in quiet pursuit of his honest labors, heard that Lot was taken captive, he armed the trained servants born in his house, and pursued the kings that had taken Lot into captivity, and with three hundred and eighteen against a host, he brought back Lot and all his goods, and the women also, and the people. He was a man who could say: "I can afford to give an acre of ground, for I shall then have enough left, but I can not consent to have a quarrel for nothing. I can afford to imperil my life, and fight for the man who has separated himself from me, but I can not dwell in peace in the plain of Mamre, surrounded by my flocks and herds and my servants born in my house and bought with my money, while Lot is in captivity and his goods taken by violence." He did not say: "Lot has departed from my counsels, taken his own course, and let him take the consequences." No, he was as brave and benevolent as he was conciliating and averse to strife.

Abraham, afterwards a patriarch and the father of the faithful in all ages of the world, a preëminence which he gained by his works of faith and labors of love, was now comparatively a young man, of limited experience, hot blood, and life before him. But he belonged to that class so little esteemed in some places and ill-omened ages of the world's history—he was a conservative. He never wore green spectacles, nor put his fences so high that no other man could see over them or see through them. He was transparent to all who would read him, and when he looked out on the beautiful earth, he regarded it all as the world of God's creation, constructed for man's heritage as a tenant at will of the great Proprietor, and though given in separate property to each, yet the common inheritance of all. Hence, he received his erring brother in the exercise of a liberal charity, and opened his generous heart and hand as the almoner of God's bounty to all to whom his large fortune could minister. He was never exclusive, and never a partisan in the common acceptation of the term. This broad basis made him a conservative in the strict etymology and proper acceptation of that term.

No where and in nothing is his liberal hand more gracefully and actively moved than in his large contributions to the service of religion. Apart from the fact that he returned to the king of Sodom the goods of which the conquering kings had despoiled him, and those of Lot also, all which he might have claimed by right of conquest, he met, on his return from victory, Melchisedek, priest of the most high God, and gave him a tenth of all. To the king of Sodom, who urged him to keep the goods he had recovered, he said: No, "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet. I will not take any thing that is thine, save only that which the young men have eaten; and Abner, Eschol, and Mamre, my neighbors that volunteered to go with me, let them take their portion." He held, as some do not seem to hold, that all men have common rights under one common Master, and that God has a supreme right as proprietor of all. How nobly did he bear himself, and how gracefully did he acquit the occasion with his kinsman Lot, and before the king of Sodom, his debtor! He voluntarily incurred the perils of war, but refused to enrich himself with the spoils of victory.

Abraham was a man who believed in a special providence, and sought its direction in every event of life, unlike many who lean on their own understanding, neither fearing God nor keeping his commandments. When he emigrated from Haran to Canaan, the first thing that he did was to build an altar to the Lord at Sechem; and when he returned, after a residence in Egypt, he returned immediately to that altar, and called on the name of the Lord. Thus, in his native land, then in the new country to which he emigrated, where temptations thickened and the wicked bore rule, he sought divine direction, and forsook not the law of his God. He planted a vineyard in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the Lord. In the field and in the forest, in the pursuits of agriculture, and amid his flocks and herds, he sought ever the voice of God to direct, the hand of God to lead. Unlike many, then, when God spake he was ready to hear, when God commanded he was ready to obey. So at Beersheba, when God called, "Abraham!" he replied: "Here am I." Four days after, in a distant mountain, laboriously sought, he built an altar, piled the wood, kindled the fire for sacrifice, had taken his lovely boy an unresisting victim, and raised the knife in obedience to the divine command to slay his son. As the old man's arm, nerved by a faith at which we shudder, was just descending to plunge the fatal steel, God there called, and Abraham said: "Here am I." Abraham was a type of a sort of men, unselfish, self-sacrificing and obedient. *They* are found, too, in every age. They bear the image of their divine Master, who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

Character is an inheritance, not only in the prestige of the an-

cestor, but in the spirit transmitted, and we have a lesson worthy of special study in this regard also, in the lives of the other patriarchs. Isaac by his industry, and the blessing of God whom he served, became rich and great in the land, till he was envied by the Philistines. To vent their spite upon him, they filled up all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham. Unlike some testy gentlemen of more modern times, and even ancient times, he did not make it a cause of war. He dug them again, retaining for them still the names by which his father had called them.

The servants of Isaac dug a new well, and found a beautiful spring, and the herdmen of Gerar contended for it. And when Isaac dug still another well, they contended for that also. And Isaac removed, emigrated to another place, and dug another well, and got rid of his troublesome neighbors. And he built an altar there, and called on the name of the Lord. And God prospered him, and his persecutors soon came to him and desired peace. Was not this a good way to heap coals of fire on their heads—better than retaliation, the revolver or bowie-knife, where he who can strike the hardest is the best fellow, and where might makes right? Isaac judged rightly that less labor than it would cost to whip his enemies would enable him to dig another well, and then he finally made them ashamed of themselves, and conquered them by kindness.

So Jacob, when he had become rich in Haran, and desired to be reconciled with his brother Esau, spoke kind words, and divided his flocks and herds with him, and when he came near, he ran to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him and wept.

Oh! for a spirit of forbearance, of conciliation, of benevolence, of love, such as this, faintly shadowed forth in human examples, even the best, but eminently bright in Christ, the Son of God, who looked upon his enemies with pitying eyes from heaven, who left his seat of glory, and habited with his enemies, went about doing them good, submitted his back to the smiter, and his cheek to him that plucked off the hair; when he was reviled, reviled not again; made no war upon his enemies, though he might have commanded twelve legions of angels to destroy them. Oh! for this spirit in the Church, to pervade and control our spirits, to pervade our country, the world.

There is no more room for war. Swords are beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks. Every man is at peace with every other man. Peace on earth, and good will to man, sung on the plains of Bethlehem, brought from heaven, and born in the manger on earth, a germ of the tree whose fruit was to be for the healing of the nations, nurtured with the blood of the Cross, held to earth by the death-struggle of the mighty Sufferer there in that dark hour, bought and paid for and bequeathed to us by the right-

ful possessor. This peace and good-will, thus purchased and thus bequeathed, belong to us, are ours; for the Saviour said: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Do we dream? Do we theorize? Do we float by a pleasing illusion in the sunbeam, and awake to bitter disappointment? Alas! what contention and strife and bitter animosities, and war and blood and ruin, in the world, made by the angry passions of men unrestrained. But I will retire into the Church, bought by the blood of Christ, renewed in the inner man, imbued with his spirit, a chosen generation, a peculiar people, zealous of good works. My brethren, what do we here find? Peace? Harmony? Love? Oh! I remember the words of a holy father in the Church, of record long ago, but I remember his exclamation: "Blessed Jesus! either these are not thy words, or we are not Christians." Let us weep.

But still, poorly as we live, the Church is an oasis in the wilderness of this world, where vegetation acknowledges the rain and the sunshine of heaven, and life is vital. And however low and faint the pulse of that life may beat in many of her members, there are, and there always have been, eminent examples of faith and hope and active benevolence, members who live in, and derive their spirit from Christ, exemplify his religion, imitate his example, go about doing good. They have taken their stand on the rock of ages, and they are now applying the lever which moves the moral world, upheaves all the false systems of paganism, and the false system of the false prophet, and that fraud on the human soul planned by the seducer of Eden, and committed to the administration of the Pope of Rome.

Oh! for this spirit to live and abide with us in our daily intercourse, to reach the councils of our nation and of every nation, to quell the spirit of strife and hatred and revenge and alienation, that all men may love one another. Do I give you a fancy sketch, that finds no response even here? I know I do not. There are those here who have this peace; not without their cares and trials, they have peace. They have no quarrels. They live in harmony with God and with all mankind, and in the midst of the common changes incident to life, "all things work together for their good."

But our world—look at it. The history of the world is a history of wars. There is not, and there never has been, revealed and accepted among men, a principle suited to control the turbulent seas of human passion except that of the Christian religion. If this fails, all is lost. Conventional forms and contracts have failed. Peace societies outside of the Church have failed. National peace congresses have failed. All are like the spider's web. The slightest pretext lights up a flame of war for some ambitious spirit seeking an opportunity. The Church, like the ocean-river

refusing to mingle with the cold and turbid waters through which it flows, has for ages from its mysterious depths held on its course, warm, genial, and rapid, but distinct in its line of separation, modifying the atmosphere above and around, and imparting heat and fruitfulness to continents. If, in this moral channel, convulsions and storms sometimes occur, and are the most terrible, yet they are incidental, and result from the character of the surrounding elements and partly from its own elements originally, and in nature like those with which it conflicts. Grant that, like the storms and hurricanes of the gulf-stream, church conflicts have been the fiercest, this is not the legitimate fruit of its principles, nor should it discredit religion itself; for we admit that bad men are always the worst under the cloak of religion, and even conscience, ill-informed or mistaken, is most impracticable. It is true, in history too, that a professed church, so constructed as to offer a stepping-stone to power, has organized the deepest despotism. But take the apostolic succession as defined by purity of doctrine and consequent separation from the world, and we trace again this warm current of sympathy, benevolence, and love, in storm or sunshine, wherever it flows.

But the history of the world is still a history of wars, and these have usually arisen from causes the most trivial. England and America are in territory the mightiest, with a single exception, of the nations of the earth. One occupies a broad continent. On the possessions of the other, the sun in his daily course never sets. In intellect and learning they are unsurpassed. Yet we have seen these two great nations on the eve of fratricidal war twice within a brief period for a little strip of barren land, and saved only from conflict by a few cool heads, by diplomatic and shrewd endeavor. Even now we are just escaped, if escaped we have, from a third imminent and similar crisis. A little triangle in the frozen north-east corner of Maine, comparatively equal, perhaps, to three quarters of an inch in the north-east corner of your garden, created the cause for the first crisis. Had bad counsels prevailed, the record would have been that of a ten years' war, a debt on each contending party of three hundred millions, the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives, besides losses in trade not to be estimated, and of morals approaching the infinite. And these dangers to the peace of the world, amid human passions and selfishness and avarice, are always impending and always will be. If not the difference between forty-nine and fifty-four forty, if not the sandy and dirty little San Juan on the Pacific coast, those who come after us may be called upon to decide by the sword whether Lieutenant Wilkes or Lord Ross first discoverd a little strip of land surrounding the frozen south pole, or whose discoverers lay the largest claim to the eternal icebergs of the north. Europe has just come out of a terrible conflict with an increased complication of the difficulties in-

volved, and what is the footing-up? In expense it is this, reliably made: Austria, a hundred millions; France, a hundred millions; Piedmont, twenty millions; other Italian States, three millions; Russia, six millions; England, five millions; Germany, twenty-five millions—making an expenditure of nearly two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, besides the loss of life and productive labor, and social happiness and morals incalculable.

Look at Europe at this moment, armed and arming and fanning the flame of war, thirsting for blood! An eminent French statician gives the total land and naval forces of Europe at two million eight hundred thousand picked men, requiring for their support an annual outlay of four hundred million dollars. Add to this the value of buildings, fortifications, arms, ammunition, etc., three hundred millions, and the value of their productive labor, such as it might be, in useful callings, two hundred and fifty millions, and the interest of money on the permament investment, and we have an annual expense of a billion of dollars paid by Europe to support her quarrels.

Now a great deal better and more effectual than all this would be the policy of Abram. If every sovereign of Europe and every government on earth would say to every other: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee; for we be brethren. Is not the whole world before thee? If thou wilt take the right hand, then I will go to the left; and if thou wilt depart to the left hand, then I will go to the right: separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; there is room enough in the world for us all;" if, I say, all would thus behave themselves, there would be no need of soldiers, and Europe would be richer annually by a billion of dollars, and better and happier; and the world would almost cease to weep.

Such a pervading influence then would bless every community. For just like these are all the personal quarrels and legal controversies that draw so heavily on the time and money of individuals in every community. Two men carry their controversy into a court of justice. The probability is, that they both get a verdict against them; for it will be strange almost if each does not spend more than the amount involved before the verdict is reached. Two men meet on the field of honor. One falls by the hand of the other; and with his expiring breath acknowledges, in the light of an explanation till then withheld, that a word uttered, which led to the fatal conflict, was founded in entire mistake.

A mathematical point is defined to be position without magnitude. The causes of the bitterest animosities and the direst conflicts are often less than this—punctilios, little points incapable of definition, and that can never be elevated to the position of a point—illusions that vanish in the light of reason and common-

sense. Abram avoided all such quarrels — quarrels that were causeless, baseless, and base; thus he became a man of peace.

It is the testy temper watching for insults that will find them; not such an one as he of our own times who replied to an impertinence designed to draw him into a quarrel, that "no *gentleman* would insult him, and no other man could." It was graphically said of one of our great statesmen, who had passed peaceably and gracefully through the agitating scenes of a long political life, leaving a luminous track behind him, that "no other man could so severely let his enemies alone." During the recent turbulent scenes in our national Congress, which have awakened so deep a concern in all right-minded citizens, one gentleman from the chivalrous South uttered one sentence to make him remembered, if I mistake not, on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. He said: "If people entertained enmity towards each other, the true plan was to do as he did—never let it be known." We could almost say, without danger of mistake, that we may venture to vote for such a man.

If any time more than all others in the world's history has specially called for the wisdom commended in our subject, it is now and here in the land of the Puritans and Huguenots, where human liberty, civil and religious, has found a last retreat. If the Anglo-Saxon race, who are an overmatch for the world in arms, themselves united, if they can not defend the fortress, the last hope expires. They said once to their vindictive persecutors in England and on the continent: "If you will take the left hand, then we will go to the right; and if you will depart to the right hand, then we will go to the left." When nothing but submission or extermination would satisfy their relentless pursuers, they departed. This, our goodly heritage, comes to us from them—from their labors, sufferings, conflicts with famine and savages and the howling wilderness and howling storm and tempest. They came with the open Bible in their hands, and taught its precepts to us. If this will not save us, we perish. Henry Clay said, in the last throbs of his patriotic heart: "If the Church can not hold the Union together, I despair of the Republic. Good men must unite, or the masses can not be controlled." Are not the fears of that far-seeing statesman near to be realized?

When we close the Bible, the world is dark. France tried it once, and has suffered the dreadful consequences. When God is forsaken, our own wisdom will ruin us. The temper and candor of Abram manifested in our text, the spirit of the Gospel, would lead us in the path of peace and safety. And let us not think that this is needed at the North only. If I thought so, I would not urge this subject here to-day. Here and now we need to learn and practice the lessons taught in the life of Abram—

not only in the holding of slaves, but in the treatment of them—not only towards our friends, but towards our enemies.

It can not be concealed, and it ought not to be ignored, that this is a dark day in the history of the world and of our country. We need the counsels of men of clear heads, and strong hearts, and conservative tempers. The tendency of all democracies is to rash utterances and rash measures. It is admitted on all hands, that if we can not agree and harmonize, we must fight. And what a war! Let us think. Where shall I go? every man may ask. When my pious ancestors separated for peace' sake from their brethren in Europe, one settled himself on the sandy soil of Cape Cod, and the other migrated to the sunny South. Both branches count now a long line of numerous descendants. The same blood flows in the veins of both. I trace my line of ancestry in the former. But circumstances have placed me in the other section of our glorious country. My children and my children's children are here all. But let the sword be drawn on the issues of the day, and it is brother against brother, father against son, and son against father—not in an isolated instance, but in the masses. Lord, save us from such an issue! Let the North give up and the South keep not back. Let the South say to the North and the North say to the South: "Let us dwell in peace, the whole land is before us; let there be no strife. Take the right hand or the left, and we will take the other. There is room for both and for all." A common blood, a common ancestry, and a common religion bind us to such a covenant. Whenever we retire from these obligations, we are ripe for despotism, and God will certainly punish us by letting us take our course.

The man who neglects to judge himself and settle periodically all his conflicts with others by compromises and the suppression of enmities, by forgiving those who have injured him, and praying for those who despitefully use him, will soon find that he can not pray at all. How can he go before a throne of grace except as a sinner? And how can he pray, "forgive me as I forgive others," when he has not made a clean breast and done toward others what he asks for himself?

In such issues we do not enough consider that he who inflicts an injury has the worst of the case. It may sometimes be best to let our injurer alone, that he may punish himself at his own expense. So did Jacob with the men of Gerar; and it is perhaps the severest punishment that God inflicts on the sinner, to leave him to himself, to let him alone. This, however, he never does till discipline is exercised, reason exhausted, and all overtures have failed.

With the Bible in our hands, this subject furnishes a lesson for daily study. Now "he that is wise is wise for himself, and whoso scorneth he alone shall bear it." Let us read a lesson in Romans:

"Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not. Recompense to no man evil for evil. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." And there is another lesson in Colossians, with which I close: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

SERMON XII.

BY REV. ELIAS MASON,

OF EXETER, N. H.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Solomon's Song 2: 11, 12.

After a long and tedious winter, we are again rejoicing in the sweet return of spring. The earth's cold robe of frost and snow has been dissolved, the icicle is melted, the streams are unfettered, and the rude and blustering storms have passed away. Spring, with its sunny hours, its bright anticipations, and its joyous melodies, has come to us again. What a pleasing change, what a sweet vicissitude, a single month has brought to pass! It seems as if the magic fingers of some unseen, celestial visitant had touched our globe and spread new life and beauty over it. The field, so lately cold, and desolate, and drear, in their white robe of snow, are now smiling in green verdure; the spring flowers here and there begin to deck the sod; the forests are just budding into life again, and resounding with the morning songs of the sweet-voiced birds. The cattle begin to appear again upon

the verdant hill-side; the air is soft and balmy, and the gentle dews descend. The seed of the husbandman is swelling in the fertile bosom of the earth; the fruit-trees are beginning to display their glittering buds, and the garden is sending forth its grateful odor. Nature, as a maiden decked in bridal array, is coming now to present herself in all her splendor, and to hold the heart of the beholder captive to her charms.

In the midst of this beautiful renovation, I desire to invite you to contemplate the wisdom of God, by which it has been effected. Go pluck an early flower, as I did yesterday, that blooms in yonder sunlit vale; take out your microscope and examine it. Observe the delicate texture of its petals; trace out its minute veins, and pores innumerable; look at its breathing apparatus; its mechanism for producing nectar; its organs for the reproduction of itself. Consider the elegance of its form; the exquisitely shaded coloring of its petals—the tints of purple, orange, azure, so delicately interblending; the beauty of the sky, the earth, the sea, the pearl within the sea, in one smiling leaf before you; inhale its most delicious perfume. Fix your eye upon it. A day or two ago and it was only so much cold, inert, and lifeless dust; but now the genius, the united skill of all the world, stands mute before its cunning workmanship. It is a miracle, done by that same hand which did confirm this book, from which I speak, by miracles.

Look backward; consider how the seed from which it sprung has been kept alive through changes which no tongue can number, from creation's spring-time until now. What sleepless eye has kept that vigil over it? Look forward; see how the flower will pass to fruit, to feed a bird and make it sing more sweetly, then to earth, and then to bud, and flower, and fruit again; thus ever circling onward, God's eye only watching it, to the end of time. And by this flower, see how the mineral kingdom is resolved into the vegetable, the vegetable in turn into the animal, and the animal into the mineral again; each coming out of each and forming each, in one mysterious round forever.

Look farther still, and see how many potent agencies — how many curiously adapted means and instruments—meet and work together in the production of this single flower. See how the air, the water, and the earth supply their elements in exact and definite proportions for its growth; see how the light divides itself by law to form its coloring; see how the genial warmth of spring dissolves the mold to furnish nutriment; see how the simple turning of the north pole towards the sun supplies the heat — unlocks the grasp of winter, sets the agencies of spring at work, makes the seed spring forth with new vitality and germinate, makes the juices flow, and most cunningly elaborates and perfects the whole.

What an harmonious combination of laws and principles meet and coöperate in the production of a single flower! How simple, yet how complicate and grand! What a framework of natural law meets in it! What harmonious bearings, what nice dependencies! What wisdom we behold in every step of these dependencies — in the adaptation of the air in just degree, the rain, the dew, the light, the heat, the earth—for that is proportioned in its attraction to the flower, as well as the flower to it—the alternation of day and night, the sun, the order of the vast machinery that encircles it—the star, the nebula, the Universe.

To understand that flower, is to know the key-word of creation. It seems a very little thing, I know, and yet to me it is a messenger direct from God. "I come," methinks I hear it say, "I come to you again this spring to tell you of the wisdom of our common Parent. Look down into my smiling face, survey my tinted leaves; mark well my delicately constructed organs; inhale the fragrance of my breath; behold my loving eye; think of my sweet ministration of mercy; see my connection with the most stupendous laws and changes of the globe; contrast the genius manifest in my workmanship with that of your Raphaels and your Canovas, and abandon your cold, earth-born skepticism, and acknowledge and adore the wisdom of your God. I come from his vast manufactory, a simple specimen of his handicraft, to show you that the Maker of this world is worthy of your trust and homage, and to beseech you lovingly to live, like me, obedient to his will. I am but the herald of myriads upon myriads that this spring will bring to you in garden and in field, to preach with silent but with eloquent lips some little sermon on the wisdom of our God."

It is a good thing for us, in these fair days of opening springtime, to steal away from the dust of the office, the din of the workshop or the school; away from the wear and tear of business, and the feverish excitement after "yellow bits of glittering gold," and walk abroad and breathe the health-inspiring breath of May, survey the verdure-covered fields, penetrate the woodland, climb the hill-side and contemplate the wisdom of the works of God. You will perceive it in the structure of the insect, fluttering in the sunbeam; in the instinct and the voice of the song-bird; in the springing of the simple blade of grass; in the high-towering oak of the mountain; in the lily that adorns the vale; in the cerulean concave bending over you, as in the green robe spread beneath your feet.

You will see, if you look long enough, that beautiful word wisdom inscribed on every object, and the light of Divinity beaming over it, and the voluntary exclamation of your heart and tongue will be: "O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all." (Psalm 104 : 24.)

II. Again. In the renewal of the face of nature we are led to contemplate anew the power of God.

A steamboat might, you know, be perfect and complete in all its parts—its wheels, its pumps, its enginery, all in working order — and yet without a motive power to impel it forward, it might only serve to show the folly of its builder. So the works of nature, vast and complicated as they are—wheel within wheel—system within system—laws and principles underlying laws and principles—would be, without a power behind to move them, but a stupendous framework reared for no conceivable good.

But that great Being, who conceived and made the system, stands in person at the head of it and drives with unseen but all-powerful hand the mighty engine, turning with equal care and certainty the ponderous globe that sweeps around the sun, or the tiny stream that circles through the petal of a rose. His invincible energy is operating instantly at every point in his dominions. The foot-prints of his power, the rocks, and the rivers, and the hills, reveal on every side of us; nor can the leaves of autumn or the snows of winter cover them; but in the renovation of the face of nature in the spring they seem to be more distinctly visible. No man can be insensible to this power; but many would ascribe it unto any thing but God; and many, who still bear the name of Christians, are yet too negligent to give honor to whom honor belongs. We are all far too apt to look upon the ordinary operations of nature as an every-day concern; as the natural effect of some known or unknown cause; as the natural and unavoidable consequence of a material law. We say the snow melts because the heat dissolves it; the heat comes because the north pole inclines towards the sun; the north pole inclines towards the sun because the earth comes into a certain part of the ecliptic; and the earth comes into a certain part of its orbit because the attraction of the sun brings it there.

We rest too much in sense; too much in second causes. We do not let our eyes go far enough. We are too easily satisfied with the husks of knowledge. We stop with the shell, when a little more faith, a little more simplicity would give us the sweet kernel:

We do not ask as earnestly as we ought to do, What makes the heat dissolve the snow? What makes the sap arise? What makes attraction turn the earth and bring the spring-time? What is the efficient, what the primal cause of all this mighty movement? What is it which upheaves the molder's turf? It is not law that does it; for law is but an order of sequence, a mode of action. It is but the iron track on which the engine runs. It is a misuse of terms to say that law is the efficient cause of any thing. It is not chance; for then you could not calculate upon another spring-

time; chance is but the unexpected way in which events take place; it certainly is not the power producing them.

It is not progress or development, for that is but a "moving forward," or "unfolding," and not, without abuse of words, the real cause of any thing.

What then is that secret, hidden, irresistible power behind this visible scheme of things, acting so intelligently and so well? The proud philosopher, false to the monitions of his conscience, and disdaining the plain declarations of the Bible and of common-sense, endeavors to account for it by the light of reason; and disowning, in his pride, the name of God, he calls it fate, or chance, or law, or progression, or development; thus covering up the real efficient cause of things by naming the effects or accidents attending it.

The little child that turns its curious eye to heaven when evening shades are falling, and the first lone star comes sparkling out upon its azure vault of heaven, and cries in sweet simplicity, "See, father, God has made a star," has more of true philosophy in his heart, than all the Pantheists that ever breathed; for the power that acts in nature is the power of God. I care not through what agencies, it is still the power of a personal, intelligent God. His strong arm upholds this earth and gives it motion; makes attractive power efficient to lead on the seasons. His powerful hand unclasps the icy band of winter; his busy fingers spread the gorgeous robe of spring. He himself, not law, not chance, not nature, not development; he himself, says David, "sendeth the springs into the valleys; he watereth the hills from his chambers; he causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man." (Psalm 104.)

It is a great and glorious thing to see God in his works immediately around us and to acknowledge him in them. You see him in the earthquake; you see him, etc. It is good and great to see him in the changes which occur beside your very door, etc. Then as you behold this spring, the blossoming of your trees, the germination of your seed, the general awakening of nature into life and beauty, ascribe the change to God; fairly, openly, honestly to God. Meditate on him as ever present, upholding, moving, working, managing, executing all things by his mighty power, and standing personally present by you every moment to protect or to destroy you by that power, as we ourselves may choose.

III. Again. The return of spring leads us to contemplate with liveliest gratitude the unspeakable goodness of God.

He has sheltered us from the peltings of the pitiless storm through the long winter which has past. He has brought back the genial sunshine, the fertilizing shower, the gentle breeze,

the green herbage, the flower, the bird, the bee, expressly for our benefit.

A simple flower, even, is a sweet token of his love; it is a little decorated volume in which are written many words of wisdom; some of power, but every embellishment twined with heavenly grace around that sweet word, Love. A simple flower is a talisman of God's love; for he might have made the world without a flower. A singing-bird, even, is a mark of his affection; for he might have made the grove as silent as the grave. But if we look attentively we shall see that the whole mechanism of the world, involved and intricate as it is, converges to the happiness of man, and testifies to the love of God. And as the rays of light meet in the eye and form the image of the object on the retina, or tablet of the optic nerve, so should these kind providences of God meet in the soul, and form his glorious image on the tablet of the heart.

Let us go forth into the fields, as we find opportunity in this pleasant spring-time, and we shall behold not only the wisdom and the power, but the goodness of God in every thing around us; we shall breathe it in the health-inspiring gale; we shall hear it in the hum of insects, and in the bleating of the fold; we shall see it in the bubbling fountain, in the fresh green robe of the meadow, in the bloom of the fruit-tree, in the sunny smile that gilds the morning of the year; and cold indeed must be our hearts, if they do not ascend in grateful adoration to the bounteous Giver of all good.

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." What a graphic, lovely, truthful picture of the spring. Through the greatness of God's mercy we are now just coming to enjoy its freshness, bloom, and beauty. Let us, therefore, mark full well the wisdom, power, and goodness of God displayed in it. Let us see to it that it pass not by without thus bringing a spiritual benefit to our souls. To some of us this spring will doubtless be the last on earth. The very next may witness flowers springing on our lowly grave.

"Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay,
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away."

Let us examine our hearts and see if we are beginning this opening year aright; if we are praising God for his inexpressible mercy displayed in the return of another genial spring; for that higher exhibition of his mercy in preparing a lamb without spot or blemish, by whose bleeding wounds and dying love, another spring, and life and liberty and hope is given us; and a door is opened into that fair clime, "where everlasting spring abides and

never-fading flowers." Let us so bless God for his merciful kindness, and so live and labor and love, that it may not be for any one of us to say, "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved;" but rather, I have fought the good fight, I have kept the true faith, I have finished my course, I have glory in death, I have been forth to sow in tears.

To be wise men, we must mark the wisdom of God and lay our plans upon it; to be strong men, we must consider the strength of God, and by faith become endowed with it; to be good men, we must have the love of God, as we see it beaming forth in the floral splendors of the spring, as we behold it in the heart-moving pathos of a sacrificial scene, shed abroad in our hearts. To be wise and powerful and good, is to be godlike; and to be godlike, is the highest destiny of man; for all we know of blessedness abides in him. To reach our highest, noblest destiny, then, we must study God in his works and ways; we must believe God; we must obey God; we must imitate God; we must be one with God. Ten thousand bright and beautiful tokens of his skillful fingers, ten thousand charming voices sweetly tell us he is very near us in the spring-time; you see the petal of a rose unfolded, you almost think that you can touch the invisible hand that does it; it is a time to think of God, to study God, to feel after God, to ask great benefactions of him. He is so very, very near to us; so affectionately near to us; so all but sensibly near to us.

When Washington came to visit the North in 1789, the hearts of the people were moved that that great man had come so near to them. They hung up banners over his way; they scattered flowers before his feet; they went to him and bade him welcome; they laid their petitions down before him; they brought their little children that the hands that had gained our nation's freedom might be laid upon them. A mightier than Washington is with us now; the tokens of his love are greater; the freedom he achieved is sweeter; shall we not go out to meet him? Shall we not raise our triumphant songs to him? Shall we not bring our children? Shall spring go by, shall God go by unheeded? Shall the cup of blessing touch our lip and we not drink it? "The winter is past." Then let us shake off the icy bands of sin, and come into the sunlight of God's favor. "The rain is over and gone." Then let the stormy passions which have broken our repose, subside. "The flowers appear on the earth." Then let us pray that the sweet "Rose of Sharon" shed its sacred fragrance on our pathway. "The time of the singing of the birds is come." Then let us sing again our highest songs of adoration, for we owe him more than they. "The voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Then let us hear the "still small voice" of the Celestial Dove, and receive it to the innermost shrine of our hearts, and never, never grieve it more.

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SERMON XIII.

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THE LAST ENEMY DESTROYED.

"The last enemy which shall be destroyed is Death."—1 COR. xv. 26.

HAVE heard of an ancient king, whose slave, always in attendance
s person, had it for his duty every morning to enter his master's
, no matter what he was doing, and call out aloud: "Philip, re-
ber thou must die." Did not experience teach us how insensible
albeit living in a world in which Death's empire is universal, are
e fact of their mortality, we might be inclined to regard this
t device of the king as altogether useless. When we think
often it is said, "he" or "she," whom we know, "is dead,"
would seem to be no need of artificial expedients to jog the
ory and call our attention to the insecurity of the breath in our

nostrils.. But every man believes every man mortal except himself We admit in our creed,

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

Nobody knows when. The hand which now writes these words may be cold and stiff before the sheets are filled. Yet who can say that the danger of going down quick into the pit has the distinctness and force of a reality to his feelings? Who can realise the hearse standing by his own door, the undertaker screwing the cover down over his own coffin, and the grave-digger rounding up the fresh earth over his own grave?

My friends, Death has been unusually busy among us lately. Some of our prominent and most useful citizens have fallen. One of this congregation, whose place was in that pew, and who was always in his place, a respectful and attentive hearer of the word, has been snatched out of our sight into the dark, and we shall not see his face there any more. Lucius Franklin Robinson, Esq., in the prime and vigour of life, with a young family, friendships, wealth, reputation, and a future bright with promise; withal a pure, generous, Christian character, we are glad to believe; a man who had, in short, everything to make him wish to live, and who was everything which made his living among us a thing most earnestly desired is gone—wrenched suddenly out of his place by the force of a malignant disease, and hurried down to the dead. "Man being in honour abideth not." "The beauty of Israel is slain on our high places. How are the mighty fallen!" Let us weep in silence and step softly before the Lord!

I have thought that this was an apt time to consider that most common, yet strange and terrible phenomenon, Death; and if I leave the path of sentiment for the path of intellectual inquiry, I trust I shall interest and profit you nothing the less.

The text stands in immediate connection with the writer's allusion to the resurrection of the dead at the second coming of Christ. "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father: when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign until he have put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy which shall be destroyed is death." Bloomfield, in accordance with the best authorities, ancient and modern, renders the words, "And, last of all, the enemy Death is to be destroyed," and adds, "Now, as all enemies and obstacles are generally encountered in the order of difficulty, this suggests the idea of death being the most formidable enemy." It is to be further observed that death, though personified, is to be here understood as not only the event of dying but the state of being dead, the condition of souls before

the resurrection, when the last enemy shall be destroyed.

I take these two points:

I. Death our most dreaded enemy.

II. How this last enemy is destroyed.

1. Death is an enemy: the last enemy. Nothing could better express the feeling of men. Death is terrible—he is the king of terrors. Men look upon death as an adversary to be hated and feared above all adversaries. The enmity of man towards death is universal and implacable. All men in all nations and ages have reluctated against this heavy fate, have hunted the realm of nature through for some promise of a resurrection, have always been unwilling to admit that their heroes and benefactors have become the prey of the grave. There is nothing agreeable in the idea of death. A stoical resignation to the dark fate is the best victory which we can gain over it. These statements are made apart from all connection with the overcoming power of faith in Christ. Christian experience mitigates some of the above statements, yet in the highest stages of Christian experience even, there is a sentiment of aversion to death, a sense of loss in separation from the body, a wish to escape it, which that most spiritual and courageous of Christian soldiers, Paul, himself felt and expressed when he said, "Not for that we would be unclothed but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life:" an expression which we can understand only when we bear in mind the hope which the apostle at first seemed to entertain that he might not die, but live until the second coming of the Lord, when they that are alive shall be changed.

What is the cause of this dread of death? Why is death such an enemy? Passing by, with a simple allusion to the obvious facts connected with the event of death which make it terrible, as, for example, its inexorableness—bought off by no riches, or considerations of age, rank, or character—moved by no prayers or tears, or its impartiality—entering the palace as easily as the hovel, bringing men in high places as well as low down to the same level in the dust, or its stealthy approach—striking home in an unexpected hour, or the destruction which it makes of schemes and purposes, and every budding promise, or the physical suffering with which it is sometimes attended, and the more terrible havoc it makes of the tenderest affections, tearing through the vital ties of family and friendship, leaving them mangled and quivering in every part, or lastly, the dread of the hereafter which attends the consciousness of guilt unquenched by the blood of Christ, making cowards of men, preventing them from welcoming death as an ally against a "sea of troubles," choosing rather to bear the ills they have than fly to others which they know not of: passing by all these obvious things, I say, I wish to call your attention to a fact which lies at the foundation of our aversion and dread of death, this, namely, it is

abnormal and violent. The separation of the soul from the body is an unnatural interruption of the course of existence, a thing which was not meant to be, which we feel ought not to be. Death is a stupendous intrusion upon the legitimate course of human development. It is connected with a deep moral disturbance, of which it is the fruit and sign. It is the consequence and punishment of sin. This abnormal and punitive character of death lies at the bottom of our aversion and dread of it.

But it may be said death is not a disturbance; on the contrary, a thing quite in order. All living beings, sentient beings especially, are under the law of dissolution, which is the natural termination of their existence. If we regard man as a creature altogether in the sphere of nature, as being only the highest reach of natural life, it must be admitted that nothing is more in order than that he should die. Death is older than man upon the earth if the record in the rock is true. In the system of nature we conceive of no addition or subtraction; we have simply a process of evolution and involution. Individuals are only projections of the genus, standing as temporary manifestations of the species to which they belong, without any separate existence or independent significance. For a short period the development goes on, until the point of maturity is reached, then the individual life is caught by a contrary involving force, carried under and absorbed in the great whole. So the process goes on, birth and death succeeding each other, all the parts of matter passing in turn through the wonderful revolutions of life; yet nothing is added to or taken from the original sum of being. Over the realm of nature death has a lawful and undisputed empire. Here his presence is no intrusion. But man is exalted above all natural orders of beings, not only in degree but in kind. As Christians and philosophers we are prepared to disclaim, as degrading, the definition, "nature's noblest animal," and claim for man a supernatural existence. Man is spirit. He is a person having a separate and self-centred existence. The soul is not an evolution from already existing causes, according to the analogy of nature, but a new creation from the hand of God, an addition to the sum total of the universe. The spiritual monad, albeit one of a race, has an existence and significance independent of the race. It is, therefore, as an individual, immortal and imperishable. Now, for an independent and immortal creature to come into any connection with death is something which cannot be explained from the order of nature, because such a being is quite out of the conditions of nature. We should rather expect that whatever of the material the spirit might take up into organic and vital union with itself, would live in partnership with it forever. The fact of the separation of the soul and body is something which we feel should not be, and would not have been but for the action of some inimical force.

We must not pass this point without alluding to a notion to which our opinion is in opposition: I mean the notion of the Platonists and

some of the early Fathers in the Church, that the body is the prison of the soul. This doctrine was founded on a dualistic conception of the universe. Matter was regarded as an element hostile to God and spirit, but co-eternal in its existence with God. It was explained by Plato as the consequence and punishment of sin committed in the pure spiritual state, that the soul now finds itself imprisoned in the contracted walls of the flesh, and compelled to see only shadows through the senses. The opinion is entertained by not a few Christians of the present day, that matter is a hindrance to the spirit, a clog on its wings, which weighs it down, and prevents it from reaching those heights of life to which it would otherwise attain: death of the body being a real deliverance, devoutly to be wished for by a good man, as an introduction into a higher and freer sphere of conscious thought and activity. This notion, founded on the dualistic conception of the universe, which regards matter as an evil principle, and delights itself in the expectation of a purely spiritualistic immortality, can not stand, since it is in irreconcilable antagonism, not only with the Biblical doctrine of God, as the author of matter, all of which he pronounced very good, but also with the New Testament conception of the resurrection of the body, which is to be waited for in hope.

If we understand the account of the creation of man in Genesis, there is no intimation that the existence of the soul in a material body was a punishment of sin. On the contrary, we understand the body to be an original part of man, a means for the development of his spiritual powers. It is by this material organism that finite spirits have intercourse with each other, through which social intercourse the manifold affections and capacities of the infant soul are unfolded and matured. We see this process of development in the education of every child, which feels its way gradually into the world and society by the senses, "the inward service of the mind growing wide withal." When God made first the spirit of man in his own image, then formed, secondly, the body out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into it the breath of life, and man became a living soul, a vital unit, he never intended, to speak humanly, that there should be any separation. The crude earthly body, which was needful as an instrument of the mind's development, was intended to remain, not in its crudeness, yet not to be cast off, but to be etherealised. Had the finite spirit maintained its normal union with the infinite, and so been constantly replenished with spiritual life from the original fountain, the crass material body would have been gradually spiritualised, until, the course of the present development being completed, the whole organism would have been sublimated into a higher sphere of being. But the finite spirit, by a caprice of liberty, separated itself from the divine spirit. Cut off from God, evil entered the soul, bringing into it disease, the consequence of which was the destruction of the unity of life, and the death of the body by a gradual process of disorder, suffering, and decay. Through the channel of physical generation the stream of death has flowed in a cold sullen flood down the ages, and overspread the whole

human family.

Having thus cleared some objections, and stated our conception of the phenomenon of death and its cause, we must appeal to the Scriptures for its confirmation. The word death in the Bible has three different meanings. First, separation of the spirit of man from the spirit of God; second, the separation of the body from the spirit, which is the consequence of the spirit's separation from God; third, the state of the lost in eternity, called in the Bible the second death. Without here quoting passages, we presume it will be admitted that the word death is used in other places as well as in the text for physical death, referring especially to the state of the soul denuded of the material body. In the first chapters of Genesis, where we have divinely authenticated representations of the creation, the fall, and the entrance of death into the human race, on the earthward and historic side, physical death is declared to be the punishment of sin. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," a penalty which we shall see, if we take into view the manner of its accomplishment, was exactly executed, for on the day that Eve tasted the forbidden fruit the dying process began. The statement, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," can not be properly understood to mean that, because the body was made of dust, it must be resolved into dust again, but only that, because man had separated himself from the infinite spirit, here set forth under the figure of the tree of life, his corruptible part should fail of being changed into the incorruptible, according to the original divine intention. Had Adam and Eve eaten of the tree of life instead of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, their material organisms would have lived forever, becoming spiritualised and glorified, and been translated at last, with no dissolution, to the higher spheres of immortality. This is evident from the fact that, after the disobedience, God banished them from Eden, and guarded the tree of life by cherubim, and a flaming sword turning every whither, lest they should even then eat of the tree of life and live forever.

It is not without significance here to remind you of the translations bodily into the heavens which are recorded in the Bible. Enoch was translated, as was also Elijah, spared from the hands of the last enemy, to reveal what had been possible for all men, had not sin entered the world, and death by sin. Also we may call to mind that grand translation which was so near and real to the faith of the apostles and early Christians, "When we that are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall be caught up together" with the risen dead "into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

We find the most conclusive and glorious argument for the truth of our conception of human destiny, had not sin disturbed it, in the history of Christ, who is the ideal man. In him humanity realizes its destiny according to the original divine intention. In our nature, which he assumed, he lived a pure sinless life, condemning sin in the flesh. His

spirit was in constant communion with God. The result was, that his material body, which was as really and coarsely material as ours, was gradually refined, transformed, glorified with the Spirit. But did not Christ die? Certainly; yet he said of his life, "No man taketh it from me; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." By this we understand that his body was indestructible. His dying was a voluntary act. Christ's death was connected with the work of redemption. Christ's life, as an ideal of human life, should be taken in its completeness from Bethlehem to the Mount of Ascension, as if he had not died. Three important epochs appear in the course of his bodily glorification, the baptism, transfiguration, resurrection—luminous points in that sublime history, marking the progress of that spiritualising process which reached its perfection when the Lord, having blessed his disciples at Bethany, "was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight."

From all these considerations, and many others, we are warranted, I think, to believe that while flesh and blood, that is, the crude unspiritualised matter, can not inherit the kingdom of God, the body may be so transformed by the spirit, without however ceasing to be material, as to inherit it with the spirit, and no separation by the violence of death be at all necessary. That this possibility is not realised, and death has passed upon all men, can be explained only from the fact that all have sinned.

If now we are satisfied that physical death, in the case of man, is a violent and degrading interruption of the true course of human development, we have the fundamental reason of that aversion and dread of death of which we speak. We see why all men in all ages have regarded death as an enemy, and have been looking, waiting for deliverance. Poets and sentimentalists may talk disparagingly of the body, exalt the glory of a pure, immaterial existence. We may try to soften the hard fate by laying such flattering unctions to our souls. Yet, in spite of all, we have a feeling deeper than any philosophy, that the body is an essential part of us, that we are not complete without it. A pure, spiritual, bodiless existence, if conceiveable, is strange and horrible to our feeling. All our habits of consciousness are connected with a material organism, with bodily senses. To be stripped of these, is to be, in the expressive epithet of the apostle, "unclothed." It is going naked and alone into the darkness of eternity. We can form no conception of this unclothed condition, how we shall feel, and act, and be. Society seems impossible; all is uncertain, gloomy, terrible. Compare with these statements the descriptions of Sheol in the Old Testament, or of Hades in the ancient heathen poets. Nothing could be more lonely and cheerless than their conceptions of the place and condition of the departed disembodied spirits. "A land of darkness and the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." There go the low and the high, the rich and the poor together, driven down by that inexorable tyrant who can be bought off

with no price, carrying nothing with them of what they once had; naked they go down to the shadowy realm of the dead, where there is no remembrance of God and no thanksgiving, but all thought and activity is swallowed up in gloom and silence. When the Old Testament saints speak of the terrible fate of death, they stop not with the thought of the pain of that moment when the living frame is battered to pieces by the tremendous blows of the destroyer, but go forward and include in their idea the fearfully uncertain condition into which dissolution conducts them. So with us; it is the sense of being unclothed in death, the uncertainty and darkness which hang over that state into which we pass when we drop the covering of flesh, and all the lights of sense are extinguished, which makes death a thing so much dreaded. Faith, indeed, can overcome this terror. It overcame it so far in the case of Job and the patriarchs as to make them feel that the intermediate state would be one at least of rest, "where the wicked cease from troubling," and to give them courage to lie down calmly and submissively in the grave. We who know that "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord;" we, who have heard that precious promise, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise," have a more inviting view of the intermediate state, and can meet death through the grace of Christ in joyful confidence, desiring, it may be, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to be here. Yet even from the most commanding outlook of Christian faith we can not but feel that our condition of separateness from the body will be comparatively an imperfect one, and can but look forward hopefully to the end for the grace which shall be given us at the coming of the Lord, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the bodies of those who sleep in Jesus shall be made like unto his own glorious body, according to the working of his power, whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself. Then shall the last enemy be destroyed, and that saying brought to pass, "Death shall be swallowed up in victory." We here touch,

II. Our second point—the destruction of death. I must be brief.

1. By whom? Christ, the Lord of life, is the vanquisher of Hades, according as it is written: "O Death! I will be thy plagues. O grave! I will be thy destruction." He is the long waited for Deliverer; waited for not only by patriarchs and prophets and holy men of Israel, but also by the Gentile world, groaning, discontented, under the heavy fate of death, embodying their "unconscious prophecies," and expectations of redemption in myths and legends of heroes and saviours. Christ is the Almighty Deliverer who rolls away the stone from the door of the world's sepulchre. For this work he came down hither, "took our death, and slew our death out of the abundance of his own life." The sting of death is sin. The devil, who is the chief agent of evil, is the author of death, called by our Lord, in John, "a murderer

m the beginning." Jesus must therefore conquer him who is the wer of sin and has the power of death, that is, the devil, if he will iver them who, through fear of it, have been all their lifetime sub- t to bondage. This he has done. This is the great work which he ne on earth to do, to dry up hell and empty the grave. "For this rpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the rks of the devil." To this end he took part in our corruptible flesh d blood, condemned sin in the flesh, and in his own person grappled h death itself on the cross. We cannot tell why it was necessary the Lord of life, and the vanquisher of death himself, to enter its rk domain and become subject to its power. So it must be. Jesus d. But, as Samson in his death broke the power of the Philistines, he who is mightier than Samson in his death grappled its pillars and ok the deep foundations of destruction's kingdom. Thence he rose m the dead, taking captivity captive. Now seated at the right hand God invisible, he pours forth "unto all and upon all them that lieve" a flood of life which heals our sin and slays our death.

2. How? Two things are implied in this conquest of the last emy.

First. The overcoming of the subjective feeling of dread. We must die. There is no reprieve. In triumph or in quailing, that is the estion. They who have died in faith have usually received a divine ace of illumination and courage which has disarmed the last enemy his terror, and enabled those who were all their lifetime in fear of n to shout aloud: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where thy victory?" Some secret revelations are made to the saints on e confines of time, some fuller unfolding of the spiritual consciousness, me glorious visions of things invisible, we know not what, by which e darkness that hangs over the grave is dissipated, all fear of death is moved, and a song of victory and praise breaks from their lips. A w days since I received the intelligence of the death of a very dear end who, in constant suffering, had yet lived a brave, pure, generous e, but was always in bondage through fear of death. His friends re anxious about the manner in which he would meet the last enemy. hen the hour of conflict came, though in the full exercise of his ntal faculties, he seemed another man. "Tell my friends," said he, his is the happiest morning of my life!" Thank God, death had no rror for the soul castled in Jesus! Death is not night to the good an, but rather the inbreaking of an eternal morning to the rapt vision the disenchanted spirit. Could we gather up into one all the death- d utterances of the saints what a hymn of victory it would be. Oh! ere is an overcoming power of faith which converts the gloomy portal the grave into a triumphal arch, under which the hosts of the living d have marched, and are marching still, in grand procession into the rnal city.

Secondly. The power of Death, and all his works, must be destroyed

to make the victory complete. This is a work of time. The empire of the grave is undermined and in a state of decline. The complete abolishment of it is at the end, when the Lord shall descend with the blast of a trumpet, and the dead shall be raised, the living changed, the corruptible for the incorruptible, the mortal for immortality.

We cannot enter on the discussion of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, which here finds place in the order of our thought. The whole drift of these remarks has been in the direction of a literal acceptance of the New Testament statements. That flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, is of course admitted. The body must be changed, spiritualised, without, however, ceasing to be material. As the Scriptures are silent respecting the manner of the resurrection of the body questions may be raised which we cannot answer without coming into contact with natural science, in appearance at least. That the same particles which composed the body before death will be gathered into the raised body, though not impossible with God, seems hardly probable to us. Yet that the body will be raised, a material body be joined to the spirit, that it will be the same body which the spirit before inhabited in being, an organ adapted to that spirit's peculiar character and work, preserving imperishably the significance of the individual, recognisable by all who knew the individual in his earthly life, cannot be doubted by any one who accepts the ideas of this discourse. If it be the original design that man should dwell in a material body; if death, in separating the soul from the body, introduces us into a condition which is imperfect and unblest comparatively; and if the divine redemption is to completely destroy all the works of death; then there must be a re-union of soul and body in the case of all who have died in faith. This, we firmly believe, is not only the doctrine and hope of the New Testament, but the desire and expectation of reason. With the vague and barren notion of a purely spiritual immortality our opinion is in antagonism. This is not what the heart, as it looks futureward, longs for. The souls of heroes, according to the theology of Homer and the diviner poets of heathen ages, were believed to be immortal. Yet their condition, "unclothed," was cheerless and gloomy enough. The glad news which the world has been waiting to hear, and has heard from Him by whom "life and immortality are brought to light," is the immortality of man; man in his integrity, body and soul. The words which carried joy to the broken hearts at the grave in Bethany were these: "Thy brother shall rise again." Only in the resurrection of the body is death abolished, the heavy fate removed, the desire of humanity satisfied. The complete overthrow of death will be realised at the end, when they that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth, and Christ shall have put all enemies under his feet.

Arresting the course of thought here, pause a moment and think of this great conquest and victory. Death's empire is an ancient one; ever since the sin of Adam he has ruled over the whole world of men, and

"never had an interregnum in his reign." His empire is wider than the empire of the Cæsars, and built on the ruins of all. Its huge foundation stones are laid deep in the nether world, and the sable sceptre has swayed it over all generations. Innumerable and terrible ministers sit in the grim monarch's court to execute his will. Riding forth on his pale horse in awful majesty, it has been given to him "to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with disease, and with the beasts of the earth." Famine and pestilence are his servants. He lets loose the dogs of war, shouting havoc! and rides in fury over the devastation of battle. At his bidding the angry sea crushes the mighty ships as if they were egg shells, the volcano buries whole cities in one common grave. The earthquake opens its jaws wide, "and their glory and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth descend into it." He has planted the crust of the earth all over several times with the graves of the slain. We see the vestiges of his work in the monumental marble which everywhere meets our eyes. O angel of death! thou sweepest through the air, and the blast of thy wings makes the world shudder!

But this old, wide, powerful empire must fall, and not a vestige of it be left. Every grave shall be opened, and the bodies of the saints locked up therein shall come forth to a re-union with their kindred spirits; and in the place of death's dark reign shall stand the glorious kingdom of everlasting life. What are other conquests compared with this of our immortal King? "It is the grandest revelation of the divine glory in the boldest world-creative combination," says one, "when God proposed to unite in one being elements the most remote—matter and spirit, making man the central creation of the universe, thereby adding to the divine kingdom a province which must have been forever foreign to it." How much more wonderful when, by the sin of man, the plan seemed likely to go to the ground, and death had gotten empire over the world, that Christ is able by his life and love to lift the fallen spirits out of their bondage, restore to them the material forms of which the enemy had despoiled them, build up palaces of life out of the very dust of corruption, sweeping all traces of death at last from the face of the earth, and establishing a kingdom of life here more glorious than that which sin demolished.

Brethren, let us then cast our "nighted color off," and put on the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Let us sing pæan at our new-made graves. All hail to the Prince of Life, who saves us from death and hell! "And they sung a new song, saying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, for thou hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, The tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people; and there shall be no more death, for the former things are passed away."

SERMON XIV.

BY REV. EDWARD D. GRIFFIN, D.D.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.*

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him."—COL. i. 16.

WHILE worldly minds are confined to a few surrounding objects, unconscious of the great scenes above them, like men in a cavern who have never beheld the glories of nature, the devout Christian delights to raise his eyes, and contemplate the perfections of his Creator. He feels a noble and inextinguishable ardor to ascend in meditation to everlasting things, to lose sight of earth in his sublime excursions, to tread the pavements of heaven, to take a near view of God, and from that exalted summit to look abroad among his Father's works. The point to which his thoughts aspire, the highest that a created mind can reach, is that from whence he may view the amazing purposes which God is carrying into execution, and by this means discover the moral character of their Author, and the tendency of all things. On this eminence stood the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when he pronounced the words of our text. Let us accompany him to that commanding height; and while we view, may the divine spirit clear the film from our mental sight, that we may gaze with amazement, adoration, and love.

Placing ourselves at the beginning of time, and looking back into eternity, we are anxious to know what induced the ever-blessed God to exercise His power in the production of creatures, and what valuable object He proposed to accomplish by all His works. In order to a right solution of these points, we must conceive an eternal propensity in the fountain of love to overflow, and fill with happiness numberless vessels fitted to receive it. We must conceive an eternal propensity in God to manifest the richness and perfection of His nature to creatures; not for the sake of ostentatious display, but to enrich the universe with a knowledge of his glory, and to lay a

* We publish this rare and eloquent discourse by request. It is the only copy we have seen or heard of. Most or all those who heard it are in their graves. It is worthy of a printed resurrection.—ED. N. P

foundation for general confidence and delight in Him. A state of unproductive repose was not a condition becoming Himself. As the sun exists in his proper and most glorious state when shedding his beams to bless the dependent planets, so God is conceived to exist in His proper and most glorious state when He is benevolently exercising His perfections on the created system, and, so to speak, hangs them around Him like an eternal robe of light, to awaken the wonder and joy of creatures. The stupendous object which he contemplated was an immense and beautifully adjusted kingdom of holy and happy creatures, in which He should be acknowledged as the glorious head, and they should take their proper place at His feet; in which He should be felt as the centre of attraction to draw all its parts into union with Himself, and as a sun to shed blessed influence upon the whole; and over which, when its prosperity should be completed, He might "rejoice with joy, and rest in His love." (Zeph. iii. 17.)

This was the glorious end which His goodness eternally proposed: and now we are to view the means which He ordained for its accomplishment. The principal mean adopted was the appointment of His Son to act as His vicegerent in the creation and government of all worlds, to assume a created nature into personal union with Himself, and thus to fill up the infinite chasm between God and His creation, and be the grand connecting bond between finite and infinite natures. As head of His Father's kingdom, to which He was to be closely united by His assumed nature, and as the medium of all intercourse between that kingdom and His Father, he was to form the most perfect union between God and His creatures. "As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." (John xvii. 21, 23.) Put forward into a public station as His Father's organ and image, to be seen by every eye, he was to bring out the invisible God to view from the hidden recesses of His nature—to bring down the incomprehensible God within the reach of finite apprehensions, and to serve as a mild glass through which creatures might view the splendors of divine perfection, without dazzling and paining their sight.

This is the Christ the anointed agent, of whom our text declares "By Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him." This is not said of him simply as God, but as the Christ, who fills a middle place between God and man, and partakes of both natures. The character intended is pointedly marked in the context, every part of which applies only to Christ. The Apostle is treating of the Messiah, and describes him as the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature, the head of the body, the church, the first-born from the dead, in whom we have redemption through his blood; all of which can be understood of him only as Mediator, and not merely as

second person of the Trinity. Can we then acquit the apostle of the charge of introducing a strange confusion of characters, unless our text be allowed to assert that all things were created by the Messiah, and for the Messiah?

The truth I take to be this: All the works which God designed to produce throughout the universe, he delegated Christ to accomplish. All the displays of God which were ever intended to be made to creatures, Christ was appointed to make. The vast plan which involved the whole creation, and all the measures of divine government, was one plan; the execution of which, in all its parts, was committed to Christ. It is elsewhere said that all things were made for God, that is for the display of his perfections, and for the promotion of that general interest of his kingdom which he benevolently considers his own. In perfect consistency with this, all things are here said to be made for Christ, that is, for the illustration of his mediatorial glory (not indeed as the ultimate and chief end, but rather as the principal mode in which the glory of God was to be displayed) and to subserve the vast plan which he was appointed to execute, in the issue of which God will be all in all. It would seem, then, that it was in the character of Messiah that he created the angels, the sun, moon, and stars, and all other things visible and invisible; and that he created them all for himself as Mediator; in a word, that he created all worlds to subserve his mediatorial plan, the principal scene of which, it is well known, was laid upon this earth. The same apostle in another place declares that God created all things by Jesus Christ—and why? "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." Eph. iii. 9, 10.) In one of his addresses to the Christian Church, the apostle expressly asserts: "All things are for your sakes." (2 Cor. iv. 15.) Does it seem incredible that all other worlds should be created to promote the purposes of grace upon this earth? Why is this more incredible than that the Mediator should upon this earth purchase the glory of governing the rest of the universe, and that he should govern the whole with reference to his Church?—points which are, in the clearest manner, revealed. It is said that he humbled himself and became obedient unto death: wherefore God also hath highly exalted him; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. He raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.*

* The dominion conferred on Christ as a reward for what he performed on earth, seems not to have been limited to his Church, but to have extended to the universe.

What purpose the Mediator intended to answer by other worlds and their inhabitants, in prosecuting the plan of redemption, we do not fully comprehend. The angels, it is well known, are subject to him as ministering spirits to his church, and look with prying curiosity and astonishment into the mysteries of redemption. (Heb. i. 14; 1 Pet. i. 12.) But what use he makes of other worlds we are not told in his word, farther than that they are put under his dominion; and we also know that they serve to instruct his Church while they influence, adorn, and enlighten the earth on which it resides. And whatever inhabitants they contain, we must believe that they do now, or will in some future period, bend to look into the transcendent wonders of redemption, and will take lessons of deep instruction and interest from the astonishing scenes which are unfolded on the earth.†

But passing by other worlds, the one which we inhabit was certainly made for the Mediator. This is the favored world where he was to assume the nature that was intended to form the connecting link between God and creatures? where he was to found a church to be "a spectacle to angels and to men," (1 Cor. iv. 9;) where he was to display the most august and awful wonder of his death. Here he was to find a miserable race, without help and without hope, immersed in vice and ignorance, groaning under the curse of a holy law, and sinking into everlasting woe. Such an occasion was to be presented for the exercise of his unequalled compassion, for an exhibition of the infinite tenderness of his heart; the history of which is inscribed on the tablet of the earth in tears and blood—the history of which has been a million of times repeated by deeply affected angels, and will be rehearsed in the songs of the redeemed to eternity. To this earth and to Calvary, methinks I see every eye directed from the most distant world which God has made. All seem to point to this, and say: "Behold, for once, what infinite love could do!"

The several texts and arguments already adduced prove emphatically

Having by his death fulfilled the part which in the covenant of redemption he had engaged to perform, he appeared to his disciples, and said unto them: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." He was at that time more fully invested with the dominion of the universe, which by anticipation, he had as Mediator enjoyed before his incarnation. I mean not to suggest, the idea of pre-existence of his human soul; he sustained the office of Mediator, and in this character governed the world before he possessed any other than the divine nature. This universal dominion, which is temporary, is that which, at the conclusion of the final judgment, he will resign to the Father; while he will still retain dominion in Zion, and according to ancient promises will hold the throne of his Father David for ever.

† If the sentiment that other worlds were created for the Mediator should not appear sufficiently supported, I am willing it should be undersood as expressed rather hypothetically than positively. The author has no title either to the honor or dishonor of originating the idea, which has been held by divines of reputation, and possesses at least the negative merit of not contradicting any of the doctrines of our Church.

that this earth and all its furniture were created for the Mediator. And further to confirm this idea, let me ask, what valuable purpose, except by means of the Mediator, could a world be expected to answer, which it was foreseen, would so quickly be ruined by sin? What valuable end, in any other way, has it in fact answered? We judge of the design of a thing by the use to which it is put. To what valuable use then has the earth been put, but to bring glory to God and good to creatures, through the mediation of Christ? If it was designed for the happiness of men, none have tasted happiness in it since the fall, or found it a passage to heaven, but by the Mediator? That Priest only has procured its blessings; that Prophet only has instructed its ignorance; that King only has dispensed its comforts. If it was created for the glory of God, this glory shines only in the face of Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. iv. 6.) "No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." (John i. 18.) Him only have men beheld; only his works and providence do men contemplate. Not one purpose desirable to benevolence, or illustrative of the wisdom or goodness of its Author, is answered by the earth, but in consequence of the mediation of Christ. And of all the displays of divine glory, the richest appear in his incarnation and atonement, in the pardon and government which he administers in the Church. As the earth has in fact answered no desirable purpose, but through the agency of the Mediator such a fact must have been foreseen in the day of its creation, and it must have been made only for the sake of the good to be accomplished by Christ. It was erected for a theatre on which He might make an exhibition of the divine perfections in redeeming His Church, and punishing His enemies: and this being its design, the work of erecting it was, of course, assigned to Him for whose use it was intended. He formed every continent and ocean, every lake and island, every mountain and valley, to serve a race who He foresaw would fall, and whom He was determined to redeem. He created every beast that ranges the desert, every fowl that flutters under the arch of heaven, every fish that dwells in the caves of ocean, "every drop, and every dust," to subserve His great design of grace. The whole plan of this world, including creation and providence, including every event from its beginning to the final judgment, was involved in the plan of redemption. The plan is one, though comprehending a vast variety of parts. Among this variety, some parts are designed to fit the earth, by innumerable secret and nameless influences, for the accommodation of a race to be redeemed—others to unfold the wretched character and condition of men, to illustrate their need of a Saviour, and the richness of redeeming grace. Others are intended to prepare the way for carrying into effect the purposes of mercy, and to facilitate, in many ways, their accomplishment.

Does the question arise, How is it possible that every minute substance and event should be serviceable to the kingdom of Christ?

The speaker does not presume to explain all the particular relations and tendencies of God's works; but this, in general, must be granted —they are all designed to promote the glory of God, though the manner can not be explained. Give me this, and you give me all: for, whatever promotes the glory of God was needful to the kingdom of Christ, since the discovery of God to men was an essential part of the plan of restoring them to the enjoyment of him. The objection that we cannot discover the manner in which every thing renders service to Christ, does not disprove our doctrine. If in so simple a device as a manufactory constructed by human art, buildings must be erected, and many machines, instruments, vessels and different substances employed, the use of some of which a stranger would be unable to explain, though all are subordinate to one end; it is no wonder that the stupendous plan of redeeming a world should contain an inconceivable variety of parts, the subserviency of many of which, though necessary to the result, should elude our research.

As the earth was created for the Mediator, so it is preserved to be the residence of his Church; in allusion to which fact, the Church is called the salt of the earth, as being the occasion of saving it from dissolution. (Matt. v. 13.)

By Christ, and for Christ, the earth is also governed. Having erected this theatre for an exhibition of redeeming grace, he took the management of it into his own hands, and put it to the use for which it was intended. He early established a Church upon it, and in the character of Mediator took into his hands its universal government. Made head over all things to the Church, he has marched down the tract of ages, holding the north in his right hand, and the south in his left, with his eye immoveably fixed upon this single cause, and forcing all nations and events to pay tribute to it. In the history of his government which the Holy Ghost has sketched, we trace his dealings with nations and individuals for many ages, and view his providence under a column of light, which discloses its tendency and object. Here we discover his hand employed behind the scene, in directing the affairs of many inferior nations, and especially of the four great empires of antiquity, with pointed reference to his Church. Looking through the glass of prophecy, we discern that throne which Ezekiel saw in his vision, rolling on the wheels of providence down the descent of time to the end of the world, prostrating every interest raised against his Church, and overturning to prepare the way for the full establishment of his kingdom upon earth. Under his government, the apostle expressly declares: "All things work together for good" to his Church; "all things are theirs, whether the world, or things present, or things to come." (Rom. viii. 28; 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22). The revolutions of empires, rebellions and wars, the councils of kings, and the debates of senates, are all pressed into the service of Christ. Bibles, sacraments, Sabbaths, and the effusions of the Holy Spirit have no other object.

Seed-time and harvest, famine and pestilence, tempests, volcanoes, and earthquakes, are all made to advance his interest.

As this world was wholly intended for the scene of redemption, all the good which it contains belongs to the plan of grace that was laid in Christ. His kingdom comprises every valuable object which God proposed to himself in creating, preserving, and governing the world—the whole amount of his glory upon earth, and the immortal blessedness of millions of men. It is the only cause on earth that is worth an anxious thought. It is the only interest which God pursues or values, and the only object worthy of the attention of men. For this sole object were they created, and placed in this world, with social affections adapted to their present state, with employments appointed for the preservation of their lives. No one interest distinct from the kingdom of Christ are they required to pursue. No laws but those which appertain to this kingdom, and which of course respect only the concerns of it, were ever enacted by heaven to direct their conduct. Their secular employments, their social duties, are enjoined only as subordinate to the interests of this kingdom. Their private and social propensities they are not indeed required to extinguish; but with these about them, to march with a strong and steady step directly towards this great object, with their eye filled with its magnitude, and with hearts glowing with desires for its promotion. It is required that whether they eat or drink, or whatever they do, they should do all with reference to this object. As then we can rely on the decision of infinite wisdom, expressed both in the example and precepts of God, we are assured that this kingdom ought to engross the supreme cares of men, and exert a commanding influence over all their actions—that it should be the great object of their lives, and their governing motive every hour. The bosom of the child should be taught to beat with delight at the name of Jesus, before it is capable of comprehending the nature of his kingdom. The youth ought to regulate all his pleasures, his actions, and his hopes, with an eye fixed on this kingdom. The man ought to respect it in every important undertaking, in all his common concerns, in the expressions of his lips, in the government of his passions, in the thoughts of his heart. Not worldly emolument or distinction, but the interest of the blessed Redeemer should be his highest object—should be daily and hourly loved and sought with all his heart and soul. To this should he consecrate all his talents, all his influence, all his wealth. Instead of pursuing with headlong zeal their separate interests, all men should join in promoting this kingdom as the common interest of mankind—the great concern for which they were sent into the world.

If the eyes of men were opened, they would see this cause to be of infinite value—worthy to be the object for which all things were created. It is the cause which not only all the energies of

nature, but all beings and agents, conspire to advance. It is the beloved cause on which the heart of the Son of God was set, when it beat in the babe of Bethlehem, and when it bled on the point of the spear. It is the cause to which angels have zealously ministered; to which devils have involuntarily lent their aid. It is the cause which has engaged the ardent attention of wise and good men in every age. It is the cause for which patriarchs prayed, for which prophets taught, for which apostles toiled, for which martyrs bled. For the consummation of this cause upon earth many eyes have waited, from age to age, in unwearied expectation; many prophets and righteous men have desired to see it; many who sealed their faith with their blood, looked forward to this glorious event with eyes glistening in the agonies of death. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together to bring forth this grand consummation.

The cause of Christ is the only one which will prevail and live amidst the wrecks of time. Strong as the arm of omnipotence, it will hold on in its majestic course, bearing down and crushing everything that resists its progress. Every interest that is placed on this foundation is safe; but inevitable ruin awaits every thing beside. Woe to the man whose destinies are not united with the kingdom of Christ. Woe, woe to the man who sets himself to oppose this holy kingdom.

Though at present disregarded by men, the kingdom of Christ is destined to engage the profound attention of all nations. It is destined to banish from the abodes of men the miserable effects of the fall, and to restore all the tribes of the earth to themselves and to God. When the glories of this kingdom shall cover all lands—when, after a long succession of wintry years, the springtime of the world shall come—when the beauties of holiness shall clothe every region, and songs of salvation shall float in every breeze—then will it be seen that the world was not made in vain. It is transporting to look down the vale of time, and see the miseries of six thousand years come to an end, the convulsions of a disordered world composed, and the glory of Zion filling all the earth. Lend me an angel's harp, while I look forward to approaching scenes, which, distant as they then were, enraptured the souls of the holy prophets. How divinely did they sing, when, from the mount of vision, they beheld across the shade of many troublous years the Church standing on the field she had won, triumphantly shouting: "Lo! this is our God; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." (Isaiah xxv. and xxvi). Sometimes in the midst of their sorrows, while nothing was escaping them but the sounds of a breaking heart, a glimpse of this glory would break upon their view; and then the tear which stood in their eye forgat to fall, their half uttered sigh died upon their tongue, they awoke to rapture, and exclaimed: "Thou shalt arise and have mercy on Zion;

for the time to favour her, yea the set time is come." (See an instance of this nature in the 102nd Psalm).

The Church has hitherto possessed but a small proportion of a world created for its use; but the day is drawing on, when the everlasting Gospel shall be preached to every kindred, and tongue, and people—when from the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord shall be great among the Gentiles—when all shall know him from the least to the greatest, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Their sun shall no more go down, nor their moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended. A thousand times ten thousand captives shall drop their chains, and come forth to light with joys too big for utterance; and this miserable world, once the emblem of hell, this miserable world, after being so long shaken with tempests shall, like the waters of a peaceful pool, reflect the image of heaven. Paradise shall be restored; and then shall appear, to the confusion of all the enemies of Christ, the blessed efficacy of his Gospel to heal the wounds of a bleeding world. This is the triumph of the woman's seed—this, the bruising of the serpent's head. Is not every Christian rapt as he thus views from Pisgah the promised rest on earth? Is enthusiasm here a crime? Would not coldness be rebellion? Come, thou Desire of Nations, come! Come, thou restorer of a world!

Lo! a still more transporting sight appears! My ravished eye beholds the kingdom of Christ advanced to the glories of the heavenly state. Faith looks through the veil which conceals the eternal world, and discerns thousands of millions of happy beings, ransomed from destruction and brought home to their Father's house—it beholds the Church encircling the throne of her Redeemer, casting her honours at his feet, buried in the ocean of his glory, united to the Father by ineffable relation, while all heaven is ringing with hosannas for redeeming love: there, there is the august kingdom completed which God at first undertook to erect. Say now—pronounce—is not the object worthy of all the means employed for its attainment? Do you hesitate? Look, and think again: follow only one human soul into eternity; trace its endless course through delights which flesh and blood could not sustain, or through fire sufficient to melt down all the planets; pursue it through the ascending degrees of its eternal progression, see it leaving behind the former dimensions of seraphim and cherubim, and still stretching towards God; or sinking forever in the bottomless abyss—my God! what an event is the redemption of a single soul! Oh! the infinite mercy that redeemed such countless millions!

Oh! the boundless compassion of Christ—the ocean without a bottom or a shore! Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, which are disclosed in this unfathomable plan of grace!

Where are infatuated infidels now? Bring up hither all their bands to behold the glorious Agent, and the glorious interest, which they oppose. Julian, Celsus, and Porphyry, what now think you of Christ? Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, where now those tongues which blasphemed the anointed Messiah? Let our subject burst like ten thousand thunders upon those who, in rejecting the Mediator, resist all the designs of God, who would destroy the only interest of the universe, who are fatally contending with all the energies of omnipotence!

Oh! that I had a voice to reach the hearts of impenitent sinners of every class. Knew ye the infinite glories of our Messiah, the darling of heaven, the wonder of angels, the august Agent of the universe—knew ye your ruin and necessities—knew ye the tenderness of him who wept because you would sin: who, to save your wretched souls, sweat drops of blood, and expired on the ragged irons—you would not thus idly pass by his reeking cross, you would not thus refuse him reverence, and coldly cast away the benefits of his dying love.

In applying this subject I would summon, were I able, all the kingdoms of the earth to arise in one mass to urge forward the cause of the Redeemer. Assemble, ye people, from the four quarters of the globe; awake, ye nations, from your sleeping pillow—combine in this grand object of your existence—this common interest of the world. Ye kindreds and tribes, why are ye searching for happiness out of this kingdom, and overlooking the cause of Christ, as though he had no right to hold an interest on earth? Know ye that no man is licensed to set up another interest on this ground, which is sacred to the Redeemer. What have you to do in this world if you will not serve the Lord's Anointed. If you will not submit to his dominion, and join to advance his cause, go, go to some other world—this world was made for Christ. But whither can you go from his presence? All worlds are under his dominion. Ah! then return, and let your bosoms swell with the noble desire to be fellow workers with the inhabitants of other worlds in serving this glorious kingdom.

My brethren, my brethren! while all the agents in the universe are employed, some with fervent desire, and others by involuntary instrumentality, to advance the cause to Christ, will an individual of you refuse it your cordial support? Can you in the centre of universal action, consent to remain in a torpid state, absorbed in private cares, and contracted into a littleness for which you were

not designed? Awake, and generously expand your desires, to encircle this benevolent and holy kingdom. God who has set you an example of exclusive regard to this object, demands it of you. Christ, who purchased the Church with his blood, demands it of you. The holy angels, who incessantly minister to the Church, demand it of you. The illustrious army of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, by their services and suffering for the Church, demand it of you. How then can you meet the eyes of this awful company of spectators, who watch you from every window of heaven, unless you rouse every sleeping faculty, and with your collected powers join to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer.

My brethren, there is much for you to do. Though the world was made for Christ, though all the nations of it are intended to swell his triumph, yet, at this very moment, five parts out of six of that race for whom he shed his sacred blood, are perishing in ignorance of his Gospel, chained in miserable and degrading servitude to Satan, many of them are also suffering all the hardships of a barbarous state, without domestic or civil order, wallowing in the sinks of vice, and besmearing the altars of devils with human blood. Touched with affection for Him who pitied us that we might pity others—for him who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich—can we forbear to cherish the pious wish that he may enjoy the reward of his dying love? Do not our hearts throb with desire to be instrumental in giving him the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession?

Distinguished will be the glory of that generation who shall be selected to bear a conspicuous part in this blessed work. If those who are now alive on the earth decline this honor, it will certainly be seized by a more generous and holy posterity. To the present generation, however, it seems fairly tendered by the existing indications of divine providence. Great events appear to be struggling in their birth. In the eager attitude of hope, many are looking for the dawn of a better day, and even believe that they already see the light purpling the east. The Christian world, after long contenting itself with prayers for the heathen, and with saying, "Be ye warmed and filled," is awaking to more charitable views. Men warmed with apostolic zeal, have abandoned the comforts of civilized life, and are gone to the ends of the earth, to bear to benighted nations the first tidings of a precious Saviour. Numerous societies have risen into existence on both sides of the Atlantic, under whose patronage missionaries are now employed from India to the American wilderness, from Greenland to the southern ocean. Some of the first fruits of their labors, I hope, are already gathered into the heavenly garner. While our brethren are thus summoning us from the four quarters of the earth, to come up to the help of

the Lord, let us not incur the curse of Meroz; let us quickly put our hands to the work lest it be done without us. "If we altogether hold our peace at this time, then shall there enlargement arise from another place; but we and our father's house may be destroyed." (Esth. iv. 14.) But why should I thus speak? You, my brethren, have already felt the heavenly impulse; you have given to the Lord; and the affecting accounts of your missionaries show that you have received, thus early, the blessing of some who were ready to perish.

Let us still pursue the glorious design, and rise above every objection which a cold, calculating spirit may cast in our way. We are bound to persevere by the express command to go forth into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. We are bound by mercies which we ourselves have received. Had not benevolent men devoted their property and lives to bring the Gospel to our fathers, we might, this evening have been assembled, not in this temple of God, but to sacrifice our children on the altar of devils. Methinks I hear those generous spirits crying from the verge of heaven: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Let me never fall into the hands of the man who, while he refuses to aid the missionary efforts of his brethren, coolly says that he submits the fate of the heathen to God. Do you call this submission? Put it to the test: does it preserve you equally composed by the bed of your dying child? While the pressure of private affliction can torture your soul, call not the apathy with which you view nations sinking into hopeless ruin—call it not submission, nor bring the government of God to sanction a temper as cruel as it is common. Will the government of God convert the heathen without the means of grace? What nation was ever so converted? It is contrary to the established method of divine grace. How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? No, my brethren, missionaries must go among them; and they must be supported. They can not support themselves; they can not derive support from the heathen; nor can they expect to be fed by ravens. Who then shall sustain the expense if not the Christian world? And what portion of the Christian world rather than the American churches? And what district of these churches rather than that in which we are assembled? And what individuals rather than ourselves? Heaven has given us the means; we are living in prosperity, on the very lands from which the wretched pagans have been ejected; from the recesses of whose wilderness a moving cry is heard: "When it is well with you, think of poor Indians." This is not ideal; we have received such messages written with their tears.

No, we will not shift this honorable burden upon others. We

would sooner contend for it as a privilege. But we need not contend; it is ample enough to satisfy the desires of all. The expense of Christianizing only the savages on our borders will be great; but to extend effectual aid to all the benighted tribes on the American continent, to the numerous islands, to the vast regions of Asia and Africa, would demand the resources of Christendom. Every man is under bonds to God to bear his full proportion of this expense. For whom but for the Redeemer was your wealth created? Thus saith the Lord: "Your silver and your gold is mine." The flocks of Kedar, and the gold of Sheba, were created to bring tribute to his Church. Should we sordidly close our hands against him, he can, with infinite ease, extort a hundredfold, by sending a blast into our fields, a disease into our families, or a fire into our dwellings. It is a maxim that admits of general application: "Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for Christ's sake, the same shall save it." "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." By one shower of rain, by one restraint upon the winds that would sink your ship, by one breeze sent to fan from your door the pestilential vapor, he can repay you. And he can bestow the blessings of eternity on you and your children. The best security for remuneration is offered. He tenders you his blessing to reward your charity. And now are you Christians? The trial is to be made. The everlasting fates of men turn upon the existence of a temper to prefer the blessing of God to mammon. "To the merciful he will show himself merciful;" but "whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

"I have nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment will be formed amidst the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour when you, and I, and all the pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal mercy! let not the blood of the heathen millions, in that hour, be found in our skirts! Standing, as I now do, in sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb—I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth that ever omnipotence produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly aver, that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains for all the people in America

to embark together to carry the Gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead. Or rather consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day, in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the Church, how hard would it seem for your neighbours to neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the Gospel to you. My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn, if we can only effect the conversion of a single tribe.

All that remains for me to add is a fervent prayer that He who is viewing from heaven, the events of this evening, may incline your hearts to the noblest charity, and may reward it with everlasting blessings on you and your children.

SERMON XV.

BY A NEW-YORK CLERGYMAN

CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE.

"For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 TIMOTHY i. 12.

THE keeping of the soul is of infinite importance, and mainly on two accounts: First, because of the immense value of the soul, and second, because of the imminent danger to which it is exposed. The apostle Paul fully aware of the value of his soul and the danger to which it was exposed, and conscious of his own inability to keep it, had intrusted it, with all its interests, for time and eternity, to the guardianship of the Lord Jesus Christ; and such was his knowledge of the Lord Jesus, that he felt pursuaded the sacred deposit was in his hands safe "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." This is the language of strong assurance. Paul had been led by the Spirit of God to see that he needed a protector, and that Christ was just the protector which his necessities required; and having in the exercise of faith given himself up to the keeping of Christ, he had no fear in regard to the future.

Brethren, we have a right to make our own the confident exultant language of the text. If we have committed our immortal interests to the guardianship of the great Mediator, we are perfectly safe, and with Paul may exclaim: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

We will better understand and appreciate the meaning of the text, if I make two preliminary remarks by way of explanation.

1. Though Christ will keep the soul committed to him, yet he will not keep it as a senseless, inanimate thing is kept, as a rock or a tree, but as a soul—as a rational, immortal, accountable being. He will not keep it as a watch placed upon a shelf, taken down at stated times, wound up, and then replaced, but as a spirit, and in a manner consonant with its own nature. He will keep it by making us do our part, as well as he doing his. We must make a diligent use of the means of grace, we must watch and pray, we must guard against temptation and resist sin, we must strive after holiness, we must put forth strenuous effort to make our calling and election sure. Even Paul, who uttered the text's strong lan-

guage of assurance, has in another place declared: "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I my self should be a castaway." In other words, Paul was persuaded that if he relaxed his efforts, if he were not constantly on his guard against sin, and did not use the means of divine appointment for his sanctification and salvation, God would reject him, notwithstanding his prominent position, his distinguished attainments, and the many tokens he had received of the divine acceptance: and,

2. That act by which we commit our immortal interests to Christ is an act of faith. It is the gift of the Holy Ghost; it is something which Christ makes us willing to do in the day of his power. It is intrusting our whole selves, body and soul to the keeping of the Lord Jesus. It is coming to Christ and saying: "Lord help me, I perish!" "Lord I am blind, give me sight! I am ignorant, give me knowledge! I am poor, make me rich" It is stretching out the withered arm. It is saying: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!" "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!" If we thus commit ourselves to Jesus, we may rest assured he will keep us in a way consistent with his nature, and our nature, and finally will crown us with immortal glory at the last great day.

The subject of the text, as thus explained, is simply this: Christian assurance, founded on a knowledge of Christ.

This is not a picture drawn by a poet's fancy, or the dreaming impressions of an enthusiast, or the wild ravings of a fanatic, but the teaching of sound reason; the language of truth and soberness; for Christian assurance rests on a solid, immoveable foundation—namely, a personal and experimental knowledge of Christ, who and what he is. "I know whom I have believed."

The believer's knowledge of Christ is derived from three great sources; the word of God, the experience of others, and his own experience: and from these sources he learns who the Redeemer is, what he has promised, and what he has done as pledges that all his promises will be fulfilled.

Such was Paul's knowledge of Christ, that he felt certain Christ was both able and willing to preserve safe unto the day of his second coming that which was intrusted to his care. In what did Paul's idea of the ability of the Saviour consist? I answer, in a word, in the divinity of the Saviour. He had no doubt in regard to this fundamental doctrine of the Bible. He was very far from committing his immortal interest to a mere man—however great and good that man might be—for he knew that his Saviour must be divine, or he could be no Saviour at all. When he committed his soul to Christ he knew that his soul was safe, because he knew that

Christ was the true God, and God over all, blessed forever. Not only did he learn this from the teachings of the Old Testament, and from the testimony of the other apostles and disciples, but more especially from his experience of the divinity of Christ in his own soul. When he was on his murderous errand to Damascus, and was struck down to the earth by a ray of the transcendent glory of Christ; when he heard the authoritative voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and tremblingly exclaimed, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the voice replied, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest!" when his whole nature was changed, the aim and purpose of his life completely reversed; when the fierce, proud persecutor became the gentle, humble, devoted, self-sacrificing disciple and apostle—how could he doubt that he who had wrought this great change in him was divine, was the Christ, the Messiah of whom the prophets spoke?

Surely in this one event of his life, Paul, by experience, obtained such a knowledge of Christ's character, as to render it most reasonable for him to feel confident that whatever he had committed or should commit into Christ's hands, was safe.

Paul knew what Christ had promised, and it made him confident that what he had committed to Christ was safe.

Christ had also begun, and was carrying on in the soul of the apostle the great work of sanctification. By the providence and Spirit of Christ, Paul was enabled daily to die unto sin and live unto righteousness. His motives were continually growing purer, his hatred of sin stronger, and his desire after complete conformity to the Saviour's image more intense and constant. He was by no means satisfied with his present attainments in the divine life but was striving after greater. He forgot the things which were behind, and reached forth unto those things which were before, looking ever unto Jesus as the author and finisher of his faith.

And Christ was also by his providence and Spirit, continually supporting Paul amid his many trials, temptations, and dangers. He imparted to him the Holy Spirit, to guide, instruct, and comfort him. That Spirit was often to him as a light shining in a dark place, pointing out to him the way in which Christ would have him walk, and giving him the disposition to walk therein. That Spirit was in him also as "a well of water, springing up to everlasting life," invigorating and strengthening him. That Spirit was in him also as a comforter; and his consolations were neither few nor small. But more especially did Christ support Paul in the midst of personal danger. Often did the apostle hear the voice, "Fear not Paul, no man shall set upon thee to hurt thee;" and so sure was Paul of this protection, that he said: "the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and shall preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom."

In view of all these considerations, in view of the knowledge which Paul had derived from the testimony of God, the testimony of others, and his own experience, in regard to the character of Christ, what he had promised and what he had done in his behalf, was his confidence in the Saviour to keep that which he had committed to him against the day of final decision, week or fanatical? Was it not the most reasonable conclusion he could possibly draw from the premises brought to his mind? Surely there was no room for misgivings, or doubts or fears; and well might he exclaim, as he did exclaim: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

And how clear and definite the knowledge of Christ we derive from the experience of others! In this we have greatly the advantage of the apostle, for we have the recorded experience of believers in every age, the spiritual experience of many centuries. Far back as we can look through the vista of the past, we see the way crowded with witnesses for Christ; and though of every nation and kindred and tongue under the whole heaven, they nevertheless, in reference to this, all speak the same language, all bear the same testimony. It is that Jesus is faithful. Not one has aught to say to the contrary. From one and all, through the many ages of the past, we hear uttered and echoed and re-echoed, the language of the text: "I know whom I have believed, and am pursuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." If time allowed us, I might bring before you the testimony of many a worthy of the past, in regard to the faithfulness of the Saviour, as clear and strong as that of the apostle. I can not forbear, however, to notice the bright testimony which has been left us by one who has recently gone to his heavenly home. I refer to that great and good man, Dr. James W. Alexander, whose death, while it has been his gain, is the whole Church's loss. A nobler specimen of the Christian, and the Christian minister, is seldom if ever found. He was one whose Christian character was singularly beautiful and symmetrical; no one grace cultivated and exercised at the expense of another; but all found in him and in their fulness, clustering about his heart, shining forth from his face, giving lustre to his eye and eloquence to his lips. He was one in whom the spirit of his Master burned brightly; one who gave himself wholly to his office, and honored that office by habitual gentleness, and humility, and industry, and earnestness, and perseverance; one whose very meat and drink it was to do his Father's will. Though a man of superior natural endowments and of eminent attainments, though occupying a commanding position and exerting an influence for good, which was not confined to his own people, or his own church, or his own city, but extended far and wide over all the land; yet that which distinguished him most of all, and which will em-

balm his memory the longest in the hearts of all who knew him, was his piety, his deep, earnest, whole-souled consecration to the service of his heavenly Master. Called home in the rich autumn of his life, he was busy in the field and in the harvest; the sheaves lay piled around him when he fell to sleep.

And what was the testimony he gave with regard to Christ? A little while before his death he uttered this memorable language: "If the curtain should drop at this moment and I were ushered into the presence of my Maker, what would be my feelings? They would be these: First, I would prostrate myself in the dust in an unutterable sense of nothingness and guilt. Secondly, I would look up to my Redeemer with an inexpressible assurance of faith and love. There is a passage of Scripture which best expresses my present feelings, and it is this: 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' That is all I have to say."

And what more could he have said to comfort his friends and strengthen the faith of God's people throughout the world? Those few words he uttered were enough; and we feel assured he is now rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour whom he so well knew and so well loved when upon the earth.

But however clear and definite the knowledge of Christ we derive from the experience of others, that knowledge is the most valuable which we derive from our own experience; and it is that which is more especially referred to in the text. Paul felt assured, from his own experience of Christ's faithfulness, that Christ would never desert him, and that whatever he had committed to his hands was safe.

Brethren, if we have felt in our own experience the preciousness of Christ and his gospel, that they have met our wants, and satisfied our desires, and removed our fears, can any thing persuade us that all this is a delusion? You might as well attempt to persuade the man who has been cured of some terrible malady that the physician and the medicine he prescribed are all a myth. It is to us a matter of fact, something of which we are certain.

All our immortal interests which we have committed to the Lord Jesus are perfectly secure. We are not, and never will be brought under condemnation, for there is no more condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Our evil nature though very corrupt, though a drag upon the soul when it would soar upwards, though very hard to slay, will never have the dominion over us. Though feeble, truly infantile as we are in comparison with those gigantic powers which go about seeking whom they may devour, yet with

the grace of Christ, we can and will gain the victory over them all. We are safe also as regards our bodies; for though they will be placed in the grave and will crumble away to dust, and may perhaps be scattered to the ends of the earth, they nevertheless will be watched over by Jesus, as something precious, and will rise again, clothed with a new and wondrous beauty. When the voice of God shall shake the whole earth, and the heavens be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, we will be safe, in the glowing furnace of the world's destruction. There will not be even the smell of fire upon our garments. Yes, yes, thank God, we know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him against that day—the day of death, when we hope to be with him—the day of the resurrection, when both body and soul will be glorified with him—the day of judgment, when the crown of righteousness will be received from his hands.

If what I have said be true, how unreasonable and how sinful it is for the Christian to doubt.

I see before me a mother with an infant in her arms. She gazes on it with the purest affection and the tenderest love, and it is to her something sacred, something holy. As the little one looks up smilingly into her face and places its tiny hands and arms caressingly on her breast, or throws them around her neck, I see a picture of one of the strongest earthly loves—that which binds together and makes one, the mother and her child. Then I remember that as that mother loves her child, so God loves me—ay, far more than this, for that mother with all her love may forget her child, and through neglect may suffer it to perish; but God will never forget, never forsake me. "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." O brethren! do anything else, be guilty of any other sin, however great and aggravated, rather than distrust your Saviour. You may be weak, you are weak in yourselves, but there is an infinite fulness in him, enough and more than enough to supply all your wants.

From what I have said, we may learn also how important is a knowledge of Christ, not only to the impenitent, to give them faith, but also to the Christian, to increase his faith and strengthen his confidence. Whence arise our doubts and fears, but from our living more upon our frames and feelings than upon the clear and full views of the truth as it is in Jesus? If we have committed a valuable treasure to some one with whose character we are not well acquainted every surmising, every loose report, every dark and unexplained circumstance, gives us trouble and fear, even though the deposit may be safe. And having committed our soul's treasure to Christ's

keeping, how necessary to know his character, so that we may never be disturbed by doubts and fears. Let it then be our purpose to know more and more of Christ. Let us search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of him. Let us attend his house and the preaching of his word. Let us converse much with those who have been much with him. Let us, above all, earnestly implore the influence of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to take of the things that are Christ's and show them unto his people.

The subject we have been considering is a glorious subject for the Christian, but I fear it is a subject almost unintelligible to the impenitent. You can not express your confidence in the Saviour, for you do not know him. And yet, do you not need this confidence as much as we? To you, my friends, as well as to us, there will come the hour of death; and in that solemn moment when the world and all its illusions are fading from your sight, when eternity rises before you in all its magnitude, when the curtain is drawn back from the judgment-seat, and you behold the dread realities which await you—you will be willing to give anything, ay, everything, to have the apostle's, the Christian's confidence, and to say with them: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Oh! if you would have the sun of your life go down, not in darkness or fear, but in beauty and hope, if you would smile when all around you are in tears, if you would have your soul bathed with the brightness and glory of heaven when your brow is cold and clammy with the sweat of death, you must have confidence in Christ as your Saviour, and must be able to rejoice in him as the God of your salvation; but remember, such confidence as this comes only from a personal and experimental knowledge of Christ, and I therefore beseech you to know Christ, whom to know aright is life eternal. You are still in the land of the living, in the land of hope; and to you this day the gospel offer is presented. In the name of my Master, authorized and commissioned by him, in all sincerity and earnestness, I say to each and every one of you: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved." "Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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And Village Pulpit.

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SERMON XVI.

BY REV. A. L. STONE,

PASTOR OF THE PARK-STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

THE WAR AND THE PATRIOT'S DUTY.

WHEREFORE I have not sinned against thee, but thou doest me wrong to war against he Lord the Judge be judge this day between the children of Israel and the child- f Ammon."—JUDGES 11 : 27.

T that period in the history of Israel called "the time of the ges," and at a point in that period of great distraction and usion in national affairs, no judge at the head of the adminis- on—the princes discordant among themselves, every man g that which was right in his own eyes, and the whole nation upting itself with idolatry—the king of the Ammonites moved eat army into the pleasant and fruitful vales of Gilead, with nt to subject all that fertile region east of the river to his own y. It is well for the children of Israel in Gilead that they eed in making Jephthah their captain, and commit the con-

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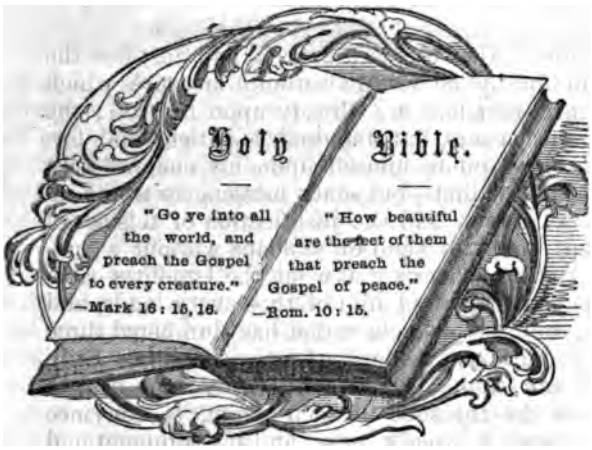
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"WHEREFORE I have not sinned against thee, but thou doest me wrong to war against me; the Lord the Judge be judge this day between the children of Israel and the children of Ammon."—JUDGES 11: 27.

AT that period in the history of Israel called "the time of the judges," and at a point in that period of great distraction and confusion in national affairs, no judge at the head of the administration—the princes discordant among themselves, every man doing that which was right in his own eyes, and the whole nation corrupting itself with idolatry—the king of the Ammonites moved a great army into the pleasant and fruitful vales of Gilead, with intent to subject all that fertile region east of the river to his own sway. It is well for the children of Israel in Gilead that they succeed in making Jephthah their captain, and commit the con-

duct of the war to him. He accepts the trust, and justifies the confidence reposed in him by the wise and prompt measures which he adopts. The armed invaders are already upon his soil; the Ammonites are the trespassers, but Jephthah is patient and forbearing. He does not precipitate himself upon his enemies—"a word and a blow," the blow first—but sends messengers to the invading king to ask the reason and the justification of this act of hostility. When was ever the hand of violence without a pretext for striking? The king asserts that when the Israelites came up out of Egypt they dispossessed him of those very lands, and that he is there to regain his own; a claim that has slumbered three hundred years trumped up now, evidently for the occasion. Still, Jephthah is patient and calm. It is worth while, if he can, to show the Ammonites the injustice of their claim, to convince them of the righteousness of Israel's cause, and by argument and persuasion to turn back the tide of strife. And again he sends messengers to rehearse the matter at large—how that the Ammonites had been originally dispossessed by the Amorites; that the Amorites had waged an unjust war against Israel, and lost these lands to her in that conflict; that the Supreme Disposer and Executive had commanded Israel to take possession of this region and hold it for him; that they had held for three centuries; that their holding had never been molested or disputed, and that therefore the present invasion was unjustifiable. Little cared the covetous king of Ammon about the right of the case. Probably he and his forces encouraged themselves over this long delay, this fruitless negotiation on the part of the new captain and the men of Gilead. They said, very likely, one to another: "These men are afraid to fight us; they will yield all we have demanded. If they had not been cowards, or altogether unprepared to meet us in arms, they would not have stood talking so long. We have only to show a bold front, and these rich provinces are ours, even to the banks of the Jordan; and then, as the next step, the whole Jordan valley on either bank, the border provinces, will fall to our dominion."

They had mistaken their man. While delaying and negotiating, Jephthah had been assembling forces at Mizpeh. He had put the Ammonites into the wrong. He had shown his desire for a righteous peace. He had pushed his forbearance to its utmost limit. Before God and man he had convicted the invaders of committing a wanton and indefensible assault. Then he marched, and the battle was joined. And the Lord delivered the Ammonites into the hands of Jephthah; "and he smote them from Aroer even till thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter. Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel."

From the horizon that has been darkening day by day for months past, as our eyes have looked southward, there have shot

up at last the lurid clouds of war. Out of the bosom of the cloud we have seen the sulphurous flashes and heard the crash of the thunders, and know that the bolts of doom have fallen. The curtain that hung before the scene in that Southern harbor, where one little patriot band stood at bay, ringed about with a score of iron-mouthed batteries, rose, and the gaze of thirty millions of people in this land was fastened upon the opening of the great tragedy. Against the brave old flag and its few defenders, traitorous and rebel hands launched the missives of death and destruction. For a while it waved amid clouds and smoke, and its champions gave back the stormy salutation of the hostile leaguer, four-score against seven thousand, and then upon the well-defended and blackened ruins came down the stainless bunting, a martial shroud for the lost fortress. And over the land, from city to city, and home to home, waking the echoes of every hillside and every hearthstone — uttered by the lightning's fiery tongue, repeated by the press, and vibrating on all the air—has gone one brief word, that has in it a world of dreadful meaning: "War!" "War!" That word is ringing in our ears to-day; we can not shut it out. That meaning is on our hearts; we can not throw off the burden.

Do you ask, "Why repeat that word here, within this calm retreat, consecrated to the utterance of that Gospel which is "peace on earth, good will to men?" If all the air outside is stirred by it, why not keep these sacred hours and this sacred place for other words and sounds—the words of love and mercy? Because the most momentous question we can ask to-day of the oracles of God, is what spirit we ought to cherish, and what duties we have to perform in this great stress that is come upon us; because our country has a right to be remembered, as we come with all that keep holy time, to the Throne of Grace; because we can not, as Christian patriots, forget her before God in this day of trouble; because nothing has more at stake, in a time of war, than God's religion and all its ordinances; because by example of our godly ancestry, our old puritan worthies of the New-England pulpit, who consecrated the banners, and baptized the swords, and blessed the soldier, in the ancient fight for freedom, and sometimes went before him to the field, as on the green sward of Lexington on that April day, long ago—their descendants in the pulpit can not be true to God in the discharge of their sacred functions unless they are true to their country; and because, for one, I believe that there is no duty for the Christian pastor so sacred to-day as to seek to swell, and steady, and guide the currents of patriotic self-devotion. Very likely some of you will judge otherwise. I am not indifferent to the judgment of my fellow-men, but as I think and believe I must speak. Let us look, then, at our relations and our duties in the strange, tragic time upon which we are fallen.

And the first point is, Can we truthfully and honestly borrow the words of Jephthah the Gileadite to the king of Ammon, as our vindication to our brethren and foemen of the South: "Wherefore I have not sinned against thee?" The question is not whether individuals have spoken harshly, rashly, and unfraternally against their fellow-citizens of the Southern States. Not whether the Northern conscience has widely and earnestly pronounced against the inherent unrighteousness of the great domestic institution of the South. Not whether by all means fairly and lawfully open to Christian reformers—the pen, the press, the pulpit, the rostrum, the varied voices of free discussion—humane and philanthropic men have done their best to revolutionize the public sentiment of this land, and bring us back to the acknowledged position of the fathers and founders of the Republic. Not whether in the settlement of new territories freedom has poured in her majorities and saved the virgin soil from the curse of slavery. Not whether one half-crazed old man, on his responsibility to God and his own soul, dashed himself upon the ramparts of that institution in a wild crusade. None of these issues have been made. It is known that none of these are the real issues. It is a parricidal hand that has been lifted. The blow that has been struck has been delivered against the breast of the National Government. The question is—the only pertinent question: "WHAT HAS THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT DONE TO INJURE OR OFFEND ONE OR SEVEN STATES OF THE SOUTH? And that question can not be answered. It will go down the stream of history unanswered and unanswerable. Not one right has been trampled on; not one immunity withheld; not one privilege denied; not one liberty infringed; and not even a solitary interest threatened. If the issue were with Northern freemen as individuals, it could not be successfully maintained that the South had ever suffered any wrong. If any right in this land is sacred and universal, it is the right of free discussion, and the exercise of this right is the extent of Northern sinning. We have thought and felt and believed, and have therefore spoken, but we have obeyed the laws. We have kept the Constitution, only contending that it should be interpreted as the Fathers framed it, and as all parties now confess—even the authors of the new—in the interests of justice and freedom. But what possible indictment against the national supreme administration? Not a word—not a whisper—not a shadow. Before the present administration was inaugurated the plot of treason was perfected and consummated. To-day each State is absolutely supreme in the matter of its own institutions and laws, and not one statute of the Federal Government has crossed the lines of State sovereignty, certainly not at the South, to interpose another and a restrictive authority. Utterly, utterly and forever groundless is this great crime of assailing the most generous, the most liberal, the most

beneficent Government on the face of the earth—a Government on the charity of which, in many public interests, the assailants lived. Before a witnessing world—before the tribunal of impartial history—before the bar of Omniscience, the Government at our National Capital can stand up and say to the spirit of rebellion: "Wherefore I have not sinned against thee."

Will it be pretended that the Government was quick and hot to take offense; that it rushed to arms on slight provocation, eager for the fray; that it made war certain and inevitable by precipitating its occasion and fanning its fires? Nay, was there ever before in all human annals a government so forbearing, so paternal, so calmly patient, so silently enduring under manifest and manifold wrongs, hoping against hope that right reason would reässert its sway and the hour of madness pass, pushing forbearance even to the verge of pusillanimity, straining the confidence of its friends, and stifling all the enthusiasm of its supporters, and only at last, in self-defense, by the final wrong and deadly and unprovoked assault, putting forth its power and saying to rebellion: "Thus far, but no farther!"—was there ever such a spectacle before? Kings and cabinets might well look on amazed. The muse of history will write it with unmingled admiration. Surely this Government may say it with emphasis clear and loud: "I have not sinned against thee."

And then follows the next line of the ancient vindication: "But thou doest me wrong to war against me." How palpable for the modern vindication that wrong! The wrong of a long and silently-prepared conspiracy; of munitions of war traitorously appropriated; of public treasures plundered; of the forces and armaments of public defense scattered far and wide; of the loyalty of citizens and soldiery assiduously corrupted; of forts, and arsenals, and mints, and national vessels seized; of systematic attempts to seduce State after State from the Confederacy; of insult and injury to the national functionaries; of the allegiance of more than two millions of free white citizens to the General Government formally dissolved; of armed occupancy of the national property, and finally, of battle opened with cannon and mortar against a national fortress and its commissioned defenders under the flag of their country. It may look feeble and childish; there may seem to be little of dignity and authority, when the Government waits and rises up to say, "Thou doest wrong to war against me;" but it is not undignified in God's sight; it is the grandeur of receiving wrong patiently; it is the invincible strength of right. When that protest can be truly offered, then God the righteous Judge is on our side, and with arms in our hands we may appeal to the God of battles.

And now what have we to do? We have, first of all, to let it be known where we stand; to come out every man from his si-

lence and his seclusion, and express his sympathy for the Government, and take sides, if he is a patriot, with the Union and the laws of the land. And here, thank God, the response of twenty millions of hearts outruns all exhortation. Least of all is it needed in these streets and homes that any prophet urge his fellow-men to show which cause they espouse. There was with the patriotic majorities of our Northern cities and States a long and ominous silence between the incoming of the present administration and this hour of awaking. It seemed a dull and strange apathy. It was mysterious and unintelligible. No man could fathom it. What lay beneath this calm? What did this utter blank of expression portend? Some thought it meant distrust of the Government and its policy. Some supposed it to be a wide popular reäction from the views that had won a popular victory. Some saw in it disappointment, chagrin, and discontent. Some, and they were not a few, interpreted it as a sympathy with the Southern uprising, that would in due time take on bolder forms, and inaugurate positive measures. It was as the silence of nature in the torpid winter; it was as the hush of life in the darkness of night; it was as the stillness in earth and sky that precedes the breaking of the tempest. But no seer could say what the awakening would be. The silence was yet deep and impenetrable.

And men began to feel that the sentiment of loyalty was wanting to American hearts; that ours was a style of government that could not inspire that sentiment; that we were sensitive for State rights; that we were proud of our power and prosperity; that we loved and worshiped our golden idol; but that the spirit of chivalrous and loyal devotion to our unromantic, remote, almost impersonal Government had no home in republican breasts. We know better to-day. The silence is broken and interpreted. The suppressed fire flames out. The shadowy secret is voiced forth. In that silence the fervors of patriotism were nursing themselves; the glow was becoming hotter and whiter; the pent forces were moving and accumulating, like the meeting and commingling elements of subterranean fires, before the mountain-summit opens, or the earthquake rocks a continent. And there is no symbol in nature that is this hour a fit type of the burning and enthusiastic loyalty of the whole American people. It is deeper and broader than the Father of Waters; it is more forceful and impetuous than the gushing life of spring; it is more annihilating and fatal to opposition than the lava-stream of the live volcano; it is likest to that unearthly tempest, that rushing, mighty wind, in which was the sounding beat of celestial pinions, and which filled Jerusalem on Pentecost, crowning each mute disciple with cloven tongues of fire.

The signal was the pulse that woke at Charleston harbor. The fire-tipped rod that discharged the first cannon on the walls of

Moultrie, was as the rod of Moses to the rock-like calm of the Northern heart. The crimsoned and starry flag came down at Sumter, tattered and stained by the smoke of battle, but not dishonored. And as though that signal had been waited for, it has gone up on every hill-top and tower, on every staff, and well-nigh every home of the North, and East, and West, and every breeze of heaven lifts it, and nightly dews baptize it, and the first sunbeam of morning and the last of evening kiss it; and tearful but resolute eyes look up to it, and firm-knit hearts and planted feet are underneath; and dearer than home and life, and sacred next to our faith and our God, is the old flag yet. Here's the sentiment of loyalty. It was not "dead but sleeping." It has awoke. Never did king, or queen, or conqueror, or any style of imperial power, draw after it a love so deep, and pure, and strong, as does that mute symbol to-day, under which our fathers fought and triumphed, under which the marches of our nation's greatness have gone onward. And now it is known at Washington, and begins to be known at that other center of usurped sovereignty, how the Northern heart beats; and the first step, that which asserted our position and sympathy, is taken.

And the next is, that we respond to the call for men and means. War, when it must be, is a dreadful necessity. It comes not like the breath of May, moist with showers and fragrant with violets. It comes like a destroying tempest, and pours abroad its arrowy sleet and iron hail, and dashes down its chained thunderbolts of doom, making wreck and havoc in all the happy fields. Paint it as you will, in colors of flaming fury and wrath, with awful death shades, you can not go beyond the fierce and grim original. There is a symbol of prophecy which to me it always recalls as its most fitting exponent, that "fourth beast," which Daniel in his vision saw rising out of the Great Sea, "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it." Woe to those that invoke it out of the tossing sea of human dissensions, and send it forth on its wasting errand; woe to the land over which passes the tread of its terrible hoofs. Beneath the all-seeing heaven to-day we can say it is not of our invoking. But must it be? Can any human interest imperiled here be worth this dreadful cost? Is there no way to hold ourselves back from this gulf?

There is a way. Yield all which rebellion asks; upon which rebellion, with arms in its hands, insists. Yield the national fortresses on Southern soil; yield the national Territories below the line; yield the national Capital; yield these cities and villages of ours to the transition marches of Southern masters, with their retinue of slaves, lingering as they will on the way; yield the right to elect to the chief magistracy by popular suffrage the man of the popular choice; yield the righteousness of that insurrection

that assumes the dignity of revolution; yield the principle that government is no government, when any portion of its subjects disallow its supremacy; and that an empire, or a kingdom, or a republic, may go to pieces and blot itself out from existence when men here and there shake off its authority and forswear allegiance; burn the old constitution, and vow fealty to the new; tear down the ten thousand banners that float to-day on the Sabbath-air, the venerated stars and stripes, and run up that traitorous rag that dishonors Sumter's battered and blackened walls. Do this, and we may avert war—for a time. Do you doubt whether we must bid so high for peace? These have been and are the unfaltering demands. Will armed rebellion — victorious in battle — to our timid supplication reduce its demand? But can we not pause, and treat, and settle it by negotiation and diplomacy? We can if we will acknowledge a principle that forever disintegrates our Union, makes the permanent existence of government impossible, and formally inaugurates an element of anarchy and disruption as the law of our national life—and on no cheaper terms. Now, this being the issue, dreadful as is the necessity, it must come. Look distinctly at this issue. It is not an anti-slavery war we wage; not a sectional war; not a war of conquest and subjugation; it is simply and solely a war for the maintenance of the Government and the Constitution. Other matters and interests may have their settlement in the progress of the strife. God's providence will order concerning that; but the question of to-day is, shall there be a government in this land, according to the organic law of the land, and the oaths of fealty to that law? Or shall rebellion, when it will and where it will, pull and tear down, and trample and destroy, at its own lawless bidding?

And on this issue the Government calls: Who is on our side? Who will rally to the national flag? Thank God again, there is no need of urgency on this point. I hear the tread of gathering thousands—I see the deep enthusiasm of souls on fire with love and duty toward the common country. I see mothers dismissing their sons with tender benedictions, and young wives buckling the sword-belt around the forms they leaned upon; and sisters and (simple and homely, but honest and touching word) sweethearts bidding adieux to the young and brave who may return no more. The streets echo to the soldier's tread, and the strains of martial music, and with "God bless you!" streaming over them like bannered inscriptions, our brothers and our boys go forth to the war. Not here only is this response. The uprising is universal. Among the hills of New-England; through quiet old towns and peaceful villages; along the watercourses and the sea-shore; in every little hamlet, where the fisherman tended his net, and the staunch yeoman followed the early plow—comes the mustering cry; and every heart answers: "Here am I, send me." Dainty

youth, with soft hands and fair cheeks, turn from silks and laces to grasp the gleaming steel. Students leave their cloistered halls and the evening lamp for the camp and the bivouac. Gray-haired ministers of the Gospel offer their hands to fight, their lips to pray. Young lovers walk to the altar with pale brides, then join the march. From border to border within each loyal State, these scenes are repeated ten thousand times. Our foreign-born citizens show the hearts of sons for the mother that has adopted them. And those summoned first to the conflict, go forward with proud joy. It is of God. Men are inspired. His spirit has breathed upon them. A holy baptism of love and truth for native land is let down upon them. And still the current deepens and widens. It is no French conscription, it is no forced levy, it is no stealthy press-gang filling the ranks. It is the true, loyal heart of the country offering service — its young men, its heroic blood, its young ardor, its life knit to other and kindred life. Yes, go, young patriots! lay down the implements of peace; take up the weapons of war. Look not behind you—look forward—your country calls. She is our mother in this her hour of danger. She has a right to the help of her sons. Go and be valiant and faithful. You can not be otherwise. You bear names that can not be dishonored. You are followed by watchwords out of the past of New-England's story that will stir your hearts to noblest deeds when the combat deepens.

Go; if you fall at the threshold, if dastardly treason strike before the battle be manfully joined, we shall garner up your dust, and learn your names, and frame them into tender and immortal verse, and write them on our hearts. And those of kindred blood that mourn you, will stand by your graves with badges such as mourners in the time of peace never wear, and have their home henceforth in our love and reverence, and almost in our envy. And we that remain? Well, we must stand ready to go too, if we are wanted. Who is he that will shrink, if the call come? We have one life to live, and death will find us all. We can not live that life to better purpose than to serve God in serving our country. Death can not come to us at a higher post of duty than when we strike for this blood-hallowed, prayer-hallowed Union.

If we go not, the comfort of those that go in our name is our care—the comfort of deserted home-circles—of young families—of widowed mothers poor and old—of aged parents, whose time and strength for gainful toil is past—is in our heart and in our charge. We can be faithful to this most sacred trust.

If we go not, we can see that the Government shall not lack the sinews of war. Every offer of gold out of our treasures is worth more than the yellow metal; it is aid and comfort to those at the nation's head; it strikes dismay to traitorous hearts. We must have, we ought to have, but one style of utterance among us.

Let the tongues and pens whose words have helped to demoralize the North, to discourage, dishearten, and perplex the Government, and to delude the South into the belief that multitudes of our population would stand by them in any mad scheme against the Union and the nationality—tongues and pens upon which rests to-day a responsibility of crimson dye—cease their false testimony, and if they can not speak for freedom and patriotism, at least learn the safety and wisdom of silence; and if they have no loyalty in their hearts, either put on its colors openly, or openly join the league of parricides. Such men are but few to-day, any where in all the united North—very few within this old stanch Commonwealth. Would to God there were none!

We have, let us not forget, our own hearts to guard. If war is a duty, it is a Christian duty, as sacred as prayer—as solemn as sacraments. That which is sometimes called the war spirit must have no home in our breast. We must watch against its savageness—its hate—its revengefulness—its murderous rancor. When public justice smites with her sword on the neck of crime, there is no passion in her stroke, only a stern and awful sorrow. I have read of a minister of the Gospel who went into battle and dispatched one after another a score of unerring bullets; and as each took effect, he apostrophized from afar the victim: "My poor fellow, God have mercy on your soul." That is the spirit in which to fight and in which to wait.

But in this spirit we ought to make the war overwhelming. Not a hundred thousand, but a half a million of men ought to be in motion. We ought to pour our legions forward. It is mercy now to go strong and strike hard. The grapple has come—finish it quick and finish it forever. Let this contest never need to be renewed. Let it be settled from henceforth in this land that a government has a right to be a government. Let discontent and treason learn that when they stretch out sacrilegious hands to tug at the pillars of the Union, and of all constitutional law, that hand shall be stricken down, and forever palsied. Let us meet and settle this issue now, and bury it so deep, in a grave so blood-cemented, that it shall have to the end of time no resurrection. Let us not be so eager for peace as to heal this hurt slightly. Let the laws go with the armies. HANG TRAITORS. Above the terror of sword and bayonet, let there be the terror of the gibbet and the rope. Give not to treason, when it can be helped, the honor of a soldier's death. Widen the streets through riotous cities. Make a broad passage for the country's defenders. Raze the nests of conspirators with axe and fire. This is shortest and surest, time-saving and life-saving. Let the cautery burn this ulcer out. That is the message to-day of the law of love.

And we have finally on our hearts a solemn charge of intercession. We must let no excitement separate between our souls and

God. We have to bear up before him our friends and neighbors who have put on the soldier's uniform, that they may be Christ's soldiers as well as the country's, and be at peace with God. We have to entreat his great mercy for bleeding hearts in lonely homes—hearts whose thoughts will be straying with an irresistible fascination to the field of strife, and searching in the onset and amid the iron storm, and after sunset on the trodden ground, for well-remembered and familiar forms. We have to pray as did the royal singer and captain of Israel: "Wilt not thou, O God! go forth with our hosts?" We have to remember our enemies, and remember that they are brothers, and that their sufferings will be equal to ours, and greater—and beseech God to quell the madness of their hearts, and to be gracious to their distress. We have to entreat the Lord especially that the tempest of war may speedily pass, that the bow of peace, righteous and abiding peace, may span the dark retiring cloud, and that no such frenzy may break in again upon that great mission which he appointed us as a nation to fulfill. We have to remember, too, all the sweet charities, and kind and tender offices, and great and good endeavors, that belong to us as men and citizens and disciples, and make our almsgiving abound, and roll forward with helping hand every scheme of human amelioration and Christian zeal on which the progress of civilization and the triumph of the Gospel depend—causes and endeavors which droop in time of war—and earnestly and continually to commend these great and good enterprises to God's favor.

Waiting thus upon God, we shall best steady ourselves in the midst of whatever fluctuations. One day shall give us tidings of victory, the next perhaps of defeat. One day the flag shall rise amid the huzzahs of triumph, the next it shall sink beneath the trampling of hostile feet. If we go by the sight of the eye and the hearing of the ear, our souls will be in perpetual commotion. If we stay ourselves upon God, and look into his calm face, and remember that the issue is with him, that "the Lord is a man-of-war," that "the Lord is his name," that he will give, if our faith and constancy fail not, the victory to the right, we, too, shall be calm and courageous and of good hope.

To Rev. A. L. Stone:

The undersigned, who had the pleasure of listening to your able, eloquent, and patriotic discourse, preached before the Park-Street Church and Society this morning, believing that its sentiments should be widely diffused, would most respectfully request a copy for publication.

We are very truly, your obedient servants,

A. O. Brewster,
Henry Hoyt,
James A. Dix,
C. L. Bartlett,
H. O. Briggs,
Jno. J. Newcomb,
Eben Cutler,
W. T. Glidden,
Ezra Farnsworth,
Samuel Neal,
Nathan Crowell,
Edward B. Hall.

Boston, April 21, 1861.

BOSTON, SABBATH NOON,
April 21, 1861.

GENTLEMEN: If I yield to your request, it must be of course on the instant, with no opportunity of revising or reconsidering the words I have uttered. But I am willing to stand by them, and to speak them to the wisest possible auditory. I submit the MS. to your disposal.

Yours in devotion to our common country, A. L. STONE.

Messrs. A. O. BREWSTER, and others.

SERMON XVII.

BY REV. E. E. SEELYE, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH.

THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

"BE of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good."—2 SAMUEL 10 : 12.

IT is a sad and stern necessity which calls upon the ministers of peace to speak of war. As Christians, and as men, we feel an instinctive recoil from the dreadful subject; and were we able, we would gladly shut our eyes and turn away from the painful events which hourly startle us.

But it is utterly impossible to ignore them. It is vain to attempt to keep silence concerning them. The condition of our unhappy land awakens the anxious solicitude of every member of our communities. All day long we talk of it; it haunts our dreams through the troubled night.

At length the political conflicts which have long agitated our nation have culminated in deliberate violence and bloodshed. The angry cloud, so long hovering in the Southern sky, has burst in fury and disgorged its stormy magazines of wrath. The authority of our Federal Government has been defied; rebellion has reared its bloody standard, and treason has put on "the horrid front of war." That glorious old flag of the Union, whose Stars and Stripes have so long waved in peace—that symbol of freedom and hope, under whose folds the American citizen has rested in safety upon the fartherest shores, and in the strangest lands—that flag, so glorious in peace and terrible in war, has been trampled under foot upon our own soil, by the men whom it has sheltered from their cradles, and who have solemnly sworn to defend it with their lives. For two days a handful of brave men in a beleagured fortress upheld it in the face of thousands of enemies; till wearied out under the fire of their destructive batteries, our

national standard was lowered before the flag of rebellion. The very Capitol of the nation is endangered, and hostile armies are marshaling to overthrow it.

In this emergency the proclamation of the President has gone forth, summoning the loyal people of the land to arms! And though it be a terrible thing to contemplate, yet I know of no grander, sublimer spectacle in human affairs, than the prompt, the universal response of the Northern millions to this call. Like a slumbering giant suddenly aroused, the nation has sprung to its feet and rushed to arms. Party differences and political animosities have been swept like the chaff of the threshing-floor. The plowman has left the furrow. The smith heard the tocsin, and dropped his hammer upon his anvil. Young men fly from the desk and the counter, from the office and the factory, from the shop and the fireside, and hurry to the rendezvous. Daily we hear the shrill fife and the stirring drum—daily the cry is: "To arms!" Fond mothers clasp their sons in agonizing sorrow, and with bedimmed eyes and fervent prayers to heaven, bid them go to their country's call. Fathers kiss their children, and with a hurried "Good-by," exchange their quiet homes for the soldier's ranks. All know the cause. The Chief Magistrate of the nation has proclaimed that our Federal Union was imperiled, and asked the people to rally for its defense. Twenty millions of freemen stand up to-day and answer: IT SHALL BE DONE.

It is useless for me to come here to-day, and affect to pass over in silence the events which crowd upon us. Even while the Sabbath's light smiles around us, and the hallowed walls of the sanctuary inclose us, we strive in vain to withdraw our thoughts from the thrilling scenes of the hour. We will not try to do it. As patriots and as Christians, it becomes us now, in this house of God, to ask what is our duty, and where is our hope?

We can find no more appropriate words to bring to you to-day, than the animating appeal of Joab to the armies of Israel, when they stood in array against the allied powers of Ammon and Syria, and carried the war to the gates of their foes: "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth good in his sight."

The crisis of our country repeats to us the stirring exhortation: "Be of good courage, let us play the men."

True courage is a noble virtue, a most important element of Christian character. It is a sentiment far removed, and easily distinguished from a blind recklessness of danger—a savage, ferocious violence which is stirred into fury by the volcanic bursts of passion. It has its foundation in the convictions of duty, and can measure danger in its fearful reality, with a stern, unyielding fortitude. It looks the threatening emergency full in the face, it

surveys its dimensions with a cool and steady eye, and prepares to meet it, whatever be the consequences.

I rejoice to discover what I believe to be this genuine courage developing its power in the universal uprising of American freemen during the past week. There has been indeed a wonderful enthusiasm—a wide-spread excitement among the masses. But as I pass through the seething crowds, I find no one who rejoices in the strife. Thousands have rushed to arms, but it is not because our people, long used to the arts of peace, have been suddenly transformed into ruffians eager for the strife. No. If I have not mistaken utterly the temper of the people, there is but one universal feeling of deep sorrow—one anxious, earnest desire to avoid, if possible, the shedding of blood.

But back of this and deeper still, I read their stern and fell determination, at all hazards, to sustain this Government, and vindicate the Constitution. He who calculates that this mighty uprising of the past week is but an ephemeral burst of bravery—a sudden paroxysm of excitement, which will soon subside and vanish like the mist, will find that he has failed to interpret aright the phenomenon before him. The men who have mustered to arms and are mustering still, understand the mission they are undertaking. The people are serious, thoughtful, and in earnest—none seem disposed to trifle, none affect to laugh. Regiments march through some of our large cities in silence; no drum need beat to keep their courage up.

This true courage, founded on a sense of duty and a conviction of the right, is the sterling virtue which the times demand. Because it is cool, deliberate, forbearing, not a few Southern Hotspurs have been taught to speak of us as a race of cowards. But woe betide the day when they try the real temper of our people on the battle-field. It is this rational courage which reluctant to strike, and will not strike without a cause to strike for, which we need to cherish now, that we may "play the men for our people and the cities of our God."

I remark also, that such courage well becomes us now, for we are not driven to despair. I admit that our position is a trying one, but we are not lost as a nation. They who are in rebellion against the Constitution are by far inferior in numbers and resources to ourselves. That divided North—of which Secessionists have dreamed so long and hoped so much—is gone! The people of the free States to-day are a unit, more by far than were the people of the Colonies in seventeen hundred and seventy-six. Thank God! we are a nation still. We have a Government to-day! The old flag of the Union and the Constitution is the flag the people have determined shall wave aloft over this land. I am not indifferent to the seriousness of the crisis. I know that the path immediately before us looks dim and gloomy. I fear

that the shock of battle, the thunder of artillery, and the blood-stained ground, may signal the pathway over which those Stars and Stripes shall move; but they shall move from the Potomac to the Gulf. I do not despair of the Republic! In the darkest days of ancient Rome, when Hannibal, with his Carthaginian legions, had slain her Consuls and routed her last army on the bloody field of Canna, and was thundering at her gates—at that time the Roman Questor sold in the Forum, at public auction, and at high price, the very spot of ground outside the walls on which the conqueror was encamped. So, my countrymen, let us look with hope beyond the present tumult and distress. Let us have faith in our glorious Union to stand the shocks of revolution, and let us move with firm and cheerful confidence towards the future of our history.

I have spoken of that courage which our times demands, and which will enable us to play the men for our people, as something more than a mere spirit of bravery and contempt of danger. It is a noble moral sentiment. In its highest form it is fidelity to God and humble dependence upon his arm. Would we then put on our armor in this hour of danger, with such a courage, we need most of all to behold God's uplifted hand in these dangers, to confess with penitence our sins, to entreat his pardoning mercy, and to supplicate his blessing. God, the most High, is dealing in judgment with us for our iniquities as a people. We have provoked Jehovah to jealousy, and he has turned his face away from us in anger.

I need not refer at this time to the vices and crimes practiced in all our communities—vices for which the individual is alone responsible—for it is more appropriate for me to speak of those public sins which are justly chargeable to us as a people. It is fearfully true that in our national and political life, we have persistently disregarded the Lord our God. How has corruption long grown rank in our high places! How have truth and righteousness become so far banished from the arena of politics, that the conscientious Christian man, who fears his God, and will not descend to the falsehood and artifice and low demagogueism of party; nor buy men's votes with money, as one would cattle in the market-place—such a man is well nigh ostracized from public office. Public virtue has been debauched. Who does not know that bribery, wholesale peculation, perjury and punic faith, are familiar words every day charged upon multitudes in public life? Who seeks to conceal the fact that men reeking in vice have been promoted to our halls of legislation, or have been chosen to places upon the benches of justice? Oh! does not truth compel me to declare, that drunkenness, debauchery, gambling, Sabbath-breaking, spoliation and kindred crimes, have blackened the characters of too many men who have received the suffrages of the

people? And tell me, are the people guiltless, while such things are patent and known to all? While there is a God in heaven, shall a people expect to go on thus and escape his severest judgments? "Shall not I visit for these things?" saith the Lord Almighty. While quietness and security reigned, the public conscience slumbered. But it can not slumber now, for the visitations of divine displeasure are now upon us; our long security is disturbed, the tide of national prosperity has been checked, and we are tossed to-day amidst the heavings of revolution. Oh! is not the voice of God lifted up above the tumult to-day, calling us to repentance? What duty is more imperative at this hour, than for us to come before our God with true humility, to confess our grievous sins with unfeigned contrition, and entreat him to return to us with his favor and forgiveness? Say not, that it will dampen our courage to bow before our God. It is guilt that will make cowards of us all; and that burden must be taken away, if we would play the men for our people and the cities of our God. In all the troubles of the times, I hear the voice of God calling for a reformation among us. Repent, ye people, if ye would escape his severer strokes. Ye who know how to pray should wait earnestly at the throne of grace, that Jehovah would forgive and save us. In ancient times, when the war-note rang through the tribes of Israel, the people flocked to Shiloh to ask counsel of Jehovah, before they set the battle in array against the foe.

Let us to-day imitate their example! Let us be assured that no better preparation for the present crisis can be secured than for our people to come with humble prayer before him—to confess our sins and commit our country's cause to his almighty care. This done, we can take the field against rebellion, and in the name of the Lord set up our banner.

Again. If we would be of good courage, it is of the highest importance that we clearly understand and deeply feel the righteousness of the cause for which we struggle. In this land we take up arms as freemen. We do not muster as the blind myrmidons of a despot, or as the unthinking, irresponsible machines of which armies have been so often composed.

Our people in this land see and feel the momentousness of the issue, and can appeal to the God of holiness for the justice of their cause. It is nothing less than the very existence of our nation, as a nation. It is the question whether we are or are not a mere assemblage of peoples without a national life or unity. It is the question, whether, for nearly a century, we have been playing a stupendous farce before the world, and living and acting under the miserable delusion that we were a nation, bound together by one supreme organic law, while we were merely a copartnership of communities, each independent of the other. It comes to this according to the fatal heresy behind which treason skulks to-day.

The doctrine of Southern secession is national suicide. To admit it—to allow States to leave the Federal Union on that basis—is to proclaim the jubilee of anarchy, the millennium of barbarism. This every man sees and feels. The premises and the conclusion are near together—so near that no keen dialectics or profound investigations are needed to discover them. The masses see them; they understand them.

I do not wonder that before such a question as this, all other issues sink out of sight, like lead in the ocean's depths. I do not see how the madness and infatuation of those who have rebelled against the Government could be exhibited in a more glaring manner, than in this extreme form in which they have chosen to stake the controversy. On all the old issues they could ask us to come and reason together. On all those questions arising out of and connected with the institution of slavery—its rights under the Constitution—how and where it might seek for extension in the territories, and what should be the policy of the Federal Government towards it—on all such questions the South might claim a hearing, and rely upon friends in the North to speak for them.

But now the scene is changed. Without waiting for a single hostile act, on the part of the Government, against their rights, they have bid defiance to the Constitution. They have declared, by their acts, that we are not a nation and never have been. They have fired upon our flag. If ever war was justifiable—if ever a nation could stand uncovered before the God of battles and appeal to his almighty arm to give victory to the right, then I solemnly believe that we may, in this hour, challenge heaven upon our side. Our Revolutionary sires fought for a holy cause, but ours is holier. Had they failed in their long struggle for independence, they still might have returned to their loyalty, and as colonies of the Mother Country, advanced in wealth and power.

But if we fail in sustaining our Federal Union now, while rebels are in arms to overthrow it, where can we go? What will be these States, but lost Pleiades—plunging into chaos and night? For us to fail in this tremendous crisis is national death and social anarchy. Never! no, never can this nation make terms with this rebellion. All see this fact. All party-lines are obliterated here, and the millions of the North stand in solid phalanx and appeal to the Almighty for the righteousness of their cause. The cause is one which every patriot can feel it worth while to die for. It is one which every Christian can plead for, before his Redeemer and his God. It is one which every minister of Jesus Christ can carry with him to the pulpit, and advocate it with the same voice with which he proclaims the wonders of redemption. Viewing this to be the position of our people in this crisis, may we not say with a noble enthusiasm: "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God?"

Again. To the deep conviction of the equity of our cause, I may add that the duty of our people in unsheathing the sword, is strengthened by the kind forbearance of the Federal Government, under the most persistent provocations. For months the note of rebellion has rung through the South. Federal forts, arsenals, custom-houses, and treasures, have been seized by violence. Government officials have been driven from their posts. The supreme law of the land has been defied, and a rival Confederacy has arrogated its legitimate authority.

But during all these events, the Federal Government refrained from striking a blow. The nation watched with patience the progress of events, and hoped for a peaceful settlement of the controversy; but the only effect of this peaceful policy has been to embolden our adversaries and to provoke assault. Our inaction was called weakness; our deep reluctance to war was construed into cowardice—our forbearance into fear. At length all disguise was thrown off, and the work of civil war inaugurated at Charleston, where thousands of chivalrous foes opened their rebel batteries upon the walls of Sumter, defended by seventy brave men; till after two days incessant fire, the flag of our Union was lowered before its enemies.

Until that time the mighty North refused to move. Not a spear or shield was seen among her tribes; but the tidings of that assault dissipated all hopes of peace. The deep bomb of those guns in Charleston harbor has reverberated among the granite hills of New-Hampshire, along the shores of the great Lakes, beyond the Mississippi, across the broad prairies of the West, and their echoes linger still among our Northern mountains, calling freemen to the field. Henceforth forbearance became impossible. The Chief Magistrate of the Nation issued his proclamation for men, and the people are now in arms.

No calm observer of the progress of events can say that we have been hasty and eager for the fray. The freemen of the North are not thirsting for blood. I know of no one who prefers war to peace. All would have rejoiced to have escaped the conflict, but it has come; and with stern, inexorable purpose, the people have risen in their might, and have sworn to defend this Government with their treasures and their lives! Our armies are mustering to the field. We stand to-day face to face with the grim and solemn reality—WAR!

What are the particular duties which this crisis urges upon us?

First, The people are bound to answer promptly to the call for men. Mere loquacious patriotism is not what is wanted in this hour. Let those who are of suitable age and able to bear arms, enter their names upon the muster-roll. Let none refuse, without [redacted] which they will not be ashamed to give. Let the re[redacted] so universal that the question to be settled will be not

who shall go, but who will stay at home? I believe it will be so throughout our States. Let not our city be behind others in furnishing her quota of true men.

Secondly, We must be prepared to sustain the most vigorous policy of the Government, and second the most thorough and extended plans of operation. If we would save the effusion of blood, if we would shorten the fearful struggle, if we would conquer an enduring peace, we must smite this rebellion with a giant arm! No half-way measures will suffice. No feeble treatment will cure the malignant cancer. Surgery! terrible surgery is demanded to cut deep around its roots, and probe it to the bottom. This is not cruelty but kindness. Philanthropy demands it—patriotism and liberty demand it. Now is the time to settle the great questions of national rights and constitutional freedom, within this Union, in such a way that the grim specters of Secession and Treason shall not rise upon our graves, and shake their marrowless bones and gory locks in the faces of our posterity.

Thirdly, It is our immediate duty to provide liberally for the wants of the families of those who have gone to fight our battles. Such families have a noble claim upon us which we must cheerfully acknowledge. The soldier in his distant encampment, when he thinks of home, must be told to feel, that while he is bivouacing around his camp-fires, his wife and little ones far away, are not forgotten, but kind eyes and friendly hands are watching over them. Our contributions should be free and liberal for this purpose. Our Volunteer Relief Committees should be furnished with the means to supply the wants of every soldier's household. No Peter's pence collection should be the measure of our patriotism; but according to our individual means, let us be ready for every appeal for help.

Fourthly, As Christian men, having done all to stand and play the men for our people, let us be constant and earnest in our supplications, that the God of justice and of might will give victory to our cause. While we send forth our sons and brethren to the field, let our prayers and benedictions daily follow them. Let us not boast too much of our physical prowess, or our material resources; for the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. In God alone is our help, in this hour of trial; and while we salute our flag and cheer on our noble volunteers, let us, after all, turn to the Lord our God, who is our Sun and our Shield. The deeper our convictions are, of the righteousness of our cause, thr more earnestly and boldly should we carry it in our hearts to God.

Pray then for our brethren already in arms. They have gone from our cities, towns, and villages. Some from our own community, some from this very sanctuary, at the first call of duty and of danger. They have gone to defend the Union and the

Constitution, to preserve our dearest rights, our most sacred liberties. They have gone to breast the shock of battle where the Stars and Stripes must go, to shed their blood, if needs be, and to offer up their lives upon the altar of their country. Pray for them. May the God of battles spare them from the ravages of disease, and be a shield to them in the field of combat. May his banner be over them and inspire them with a noble courage, which disdains to fly before the foe. May his divine Spirit lead them to a true and humble confidence in him, and faith in the merits of Jesus Christ his Son, that should they fall, they may die at the post of duty and be meet for heaven. Let us pray for those who are at the head of this Government, and to whom are now committed the weightiest responsibilities. Our Chief Magistrate and his associates should be remembered by our people in their prayers, that God would endue them with all that wisdom, prudence, energy, and decision which will fit them to play the men in this hour of danger. They need to-day the hearty and unwavering support of every loyal citizen. Let us then rebuke every sinister attempt to spread abroad distrust and doubt among the people. Let us feel a confidence in the Government, and pray that God would bless our rulers; and especially let us thank him that he has spared to our country that veteran chieftain whose experienced counsels now direct our military movements—that old hero who has so long led our armies on from victory to victory, and who, by his deep-laid strategy and unerring forecast, his cool, unshaken courage and accurate execution, has proved himself the greatest General* of the age. God bless and strengthen him! May he live to see the day when the old flag shall wave again in glorious peace over this whole nation!

It is our duty also, as a Christian people, to pray for those who are in arms against us; not that God would favor their nefarious schemes or prosper their traitorous enterprises; but we can and should beseech him that he would dispel the delusion which is upon them, and reveal to them their fatal error—that he, who hath in his hands the hearts of all men, would turn their hearts from their evil purposes, that he would calm the stormy sea of passion, awaken their relentings, and lead them back to loyalty and obedience.

Oh! let us guard our feelings with a double diligence in a time like the present. Let not the high-souled emotions of patriotism be mingled with the bitterness of private revenge. Let us beware lest the blade which we unsheath as the sword of justice become forged into the dagger of malice and fiendish hate. Let us pray for our enemies, that they may be converted into friends.

And having conscientiously endeavored to know our duty, and

* Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, the victorious hero of many battles.

prepared to meet it at every sacrifice, let us calmly repeat the concluding words of Israel's valiant chieftain: "And the Lord do that which seemeth him good."

A devout recognition of God's overruling Providence, in continually disposing of human events and determining their results, is peculiarly befitting to us in our present circumstances. The Most High ruleth in heaven and on earth; "He changeth the times and the seasons; he removeth kings and setteth up kings;" "He increaseth the nations and destroyeth them." Do all we can in marshaling the mighty men and multiplying our resources, our destinies are in his hands. Christian patriotism and courage fall back and rest on his Almighty arm, saying, when duty is done: "And the Lord do that which seemeth him good." Such a sentiment should inspire the hearts of our people in this crisis. That swaggering bravery, which cowards glory in, which vents its fiery valor in huge curses and terrific oaths and boasts when it puts on its armor more than when it puts it off, may disdain such language, and sneer at it as cant; but Christian heroes use it, and with Joab, the old scarred veteran of Israel's hosts, say: "The Lord do that which seemeth him good."

This language is creature-like and becoming, for it is the language of felt dependence, of trust and humble confidence in the Almighty. It is the language of acquiescence in his will. It is the language of conscious satisfaction that we have sought to know our duty, and have done all we could, whatever may betide us. It is the language of submissive hope, gazing with a steady eye through the thickening gloom, and catching rays of brightness in the horoscope of futurity. With this sentiment filling our hearts, we rally around the Stars and Stripes for duty, and commit our country and our liberties, our children's heritage and our national destiny, to God! "And the Lord do that which seemeth him good."

I can not close without directing your thoughts to the last peaceful refuge of the pious from all the dark and tumultuous agitations of this life. Amidst all the revolutions of State, the overturnings of empires, and the decay of human governments, there is one Kingdom which can not be moved—it is the Kingdom of God! Its throne is in the heavens. Its reign is in the hearts of all of God's redeemed people. Treason can not endanger it. Fleets and armies can not destroy it. Here is our last asylum from a troubled world. "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Whatever be the fate of our country and her proud institutions, we are invited to take refuge in this kingdom, and secure a citizenship in heaven. Let us listen, then, to the embassy of grace which comes to us in the Gospel, and, by true repentance and faith in Jesus Christ the

Saviour, return to our allegiance to our Father God. Then, when all that we hold dear on earth is lost, our souls may rest in heaven. Then, when we die, whether on the battle-field, amidst the charge of squadrons and the thunders of artillery, or in the tranquil hour of summer twilight, surrounded by all the gentle offices of long affection and loved associations of home, wherever our spirits take their flight from earth, we gain the victory, and win a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

To the Rev. Edward E. Seelye, D.D., Pastor of the First Ref. Dutch Church, Schenectady:

Rev. Dear Sir: The undersigned members of your church and parish having listened with deep interest to your views on the present condition of our national affairs, as embodied in your sermon on Sunday, the 28th inst., respectfully solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Simon C. Groot,	Daniel Vedder,
Otis Smith,	C. F. Hoag,
W. Van Vranken,	Abm. Vrooman,
Ernestus Putnam,	Thos. H. Reeves,
J. B. Graham,	Nicholas Cain,
C. Yates,	N. Swits,
H. W. V. Cluyt,	E. Rosa.

Schenectady, April 29, 1861.

To Mr. S. C. Groot and others:

Gentlemen: Your polite note, requesting me to furnish for publication the sermon I preached yesterday, on the present crisis, is received.

Although written hastily, and without the remotest view to such an end, yet if, in your judgment, it can conduce in any degree to promote a noble Christian patriotism, and subserve the cause of our beloved country, I cheerfully submit it to your disposal.

Very respectfully yours,

E. E. Seelye.

SERMON XVIII.

BY REV. ROBERT R. BOOTH,

PASTOR OF THE MERCER-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. PREACHED, NEW-YORK, MAY 12, 1861.

THE NATION'S CRISIS AND THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

"FEAR not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."—2 KINGS 6 : 16.

THERE is no quality of character so admirable and impressive as that which is calmly confident in the midst of adverse circumstances. That is the highest courage, the proof of the most complete manhood, which can stand firm on solid principle, and meet the storm of opposition or the thrilling peril of the hour, reposing on the strength of God and the majesty of eternal truth.

A signal illustration of this trait of character, and of the basis upon which it is sustained, is presented in the text. In that far-off age of Israel's ancient history, we witness the fortitude and moral strength which flow from a calm confidence in God, in the character and conduct of Elisha, the prophet, who was exiled and hunted from city to city for his unwavering faithfulness to the God of his fathers, who sent him to be a messenger of rebuke and warning to Israel.

One of the incidents of his manifold trials is contained in the narrative of the text. The prophet had been accused to the king of Syria of communicating to his enemy, the king of Israel, the plans and movements of the Syrian armies.

Inquiry of his dwelling-place had been made, and it was found that he was in Dothan. "Thither, therefore, the king sent horses and chariots and a great host, and they came by night, and compassed the city about. And when the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold! an host compassed the city, both with chariots and horses. And his servant said unto him, Alas! my master, how shall we do?" The prophet's answer was the text, a reply sublime in its confidence of faith, and in its firm repose on God: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And then Elisha prayed, and the forces of God, sent for the prophet's protection, were revealed to the young man. On every side around him he saw the grand display: "the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Against such allies the hosts of Syria

could not contend. By their presence and by the power of prayer the might of the enemy was broken, and a complete deliverance accomplished for the servant of God.

Now, my brethren, we may regard the situation of Elisha amid these startling perils, and his calm faith in the higher power that was engaged for his defense, as a distinct illustration of a great truth which is engraven on the history of the world. That word of cheer which Elisha spoke to his trembling companion, is a clear prophecy of that which has since been realized in the experience of God's people amid all conflicts and reverses, and which shall be true unto the issue of the last battle in the great day of God. The substance of the truth herein presented may be set forth in the proposition, that

IN ALL THE MORAL ANTAGONISMS OF THE WORLD, THE REAL STRENGTH AND THE ULTIMATE SUCCESS IS ON THE SIDE OF THOSE WHO ARE ALLIED WITH GOD.

The fundamental thought in this proposition is, that this world, and human society as existing in it, is the scene of ceaseless moral conflict. The truth of this position can not be intelligently questioned. On every side, in every age, there is clear evidence, that the agencies of good and evil are actively at work, each intent on its own end or purpose. The moral government of God is proceeding to its sublime and triumphant issues, only through protracted and desperate conflicts.

A recognition of this truth may be traced as an article of belief in the popular creed of almost all nations. The ancient Parsees, or fire-worshipers, believed in the existence of two independent deities, whom they represented by the elements of light and darkness; the former the author of good, and the latter the source of evil. These divinities were self-existent, eternal, and incessantly active. Thus they accounted for the presence of good and evil in the moral system. Most Pagan nations, it is well known, had in like manner their good and evil deities, who are always developing their opposing natures in the moral conflicts of the world.

That great truth which is thus included in the popular beliefs of mankind at large is abundantly manifested in the practical events of life. On every page of history, in the grand and solemn progress of the Church, in the long and weary struggles of Liberty with Oppression, in the revolt of men against the restraints of wholesome laws—yea, in the social life of every community, and of almost every family, there is a constant vision of this field of strife, in which battle is joined between the good and evil.

The elements of this antagonism are presented in the text by the words, "they that are with us," and "they that are with them."

The fact herein suggested is a reality for us in our generation, as much as for any that have gone before us; the responsibilities

of this great conflict, in its broad moral and religious aspects, are upon us, and thus we need, for our encouragement and consolation, to understand the nature of the antagonism, and to discern the certain prospects of the issue.

But the significance of this truth is increased immensely, in our apprehension, by the magnitude of the crisis to which this nation has been brought, by the mysterious providence of God.

One of the boldest and most striking developments of this great antagonism which the world has ever witnessed, is right upon us. By agencies and occurrences apparently beyond the control of the great mass of the people of the land, we are brought face to face with the most stern and awful aspect of moral conflict—that in which armies are gathered to the standard of the right or are arrayed against it—and WAR, with all its wild accompaniments, with all its sacrifice of treasure, tears, and blood, is the immediate result. When one considers the peculiar import of this nation's life, and the tendency of our institutions hitherto, this result seems the more mysterious, shall I not say the more appalling?

For we have dwelt so long and so securely beneath the free institutions which our fathers founded; it has been so much our custom to settle our disputes by the decision of the majority; our conflicts have been so harmoniously adjusted by the tribunal of public opinion and established law; our armor has been so wisely and benignantly composed of argument and appeal to reason, that now, when at last we are brought face to face with the appeal to arms and martial prowess—it is not strange that Christian and reflecting minds are startled by the unusual summons, and shudder even while they prepare for the stern and awful struggle. It is important, therefore, in the highest and most Christian sense, to recognize the great element of moral conflict which runs through human history and is expressed every where in the word of God, as we survey this great antagonism which now shakes our land and moves the world.

Permit me, then, to speak to you of the SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS CRISIS IN ITS OBVIOUS NATIONAL AND MORAL ASPECTS; to present the CHRISTIAN DUTY OF THE HOUR, and THE STRONG GROUNDS WHICH SUSTAIN US IN SAYING: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

I call your attention to this subject, deeming it no departure from the legitimate and Christian service of the sanctuary. For this is a reality that presses directly upon every one of us. It takes hold of our dearest ties and fairest prospects. It enters into business circles, hindering all the movements of trade and finance; into domestic life, torturing the hearts of those who have sent sons and brothers to the field of strife; into our secret thoughts, disturbing our composure and almost shaking the foundations of our religious trust. It behooves us to understand this reality, and to

have faith in God concerning it, or its present and coming terrors will either drive our minds to madness or turn our hearts to stone.

1st. We speak of the moral significance of this great conflict, and the magnitude of the crisis which is upon us. Several points will here suggest themselves.

Most obviously, in this conflict, the UNION is at stake, and its integrity depends upon the issue. A compact and solid nation was constructed, by the wisdom of our fathers, out of the various elements of civil life which combined in the war of independence no mere confederacy, no former league of diverse tribes, but a strong nation, occupying territory that must be united in political union, speaking one language, choosing one form of government, establishing an identity of interests. It was intended to be perpetual; it was accepted with that understanding; it was ratified by the most solemn oath and covenant, and thus introduced to its own place among the nations of the earth. Under this Union we have been the happiest and most favored people in the world. It has secured us peace among ourselves, and a strength which made us respected by every foreign power. It has given us prosperity without a parallel, so that the area of our territory has been extended by honest purchase and by healthful emigration, and the sails of our commerce have whitened every sea. It has given us position and prestige throughout the world; beneath our honored ensign the traveler has been as safe as when dwelling in his own habitation, the merchantman has pursued his traffic without disturbance, and our institutions have commanded respect and honor in cabinets and courts beyond the seas. It is this Union, with its dear blessings of peace, prosperity, and power, which is at stake in this tremendous crisis.

But, further, the conflict now upon us might be settled peaceably, if this were all. Were it merely a question of the nation's boundaries and the relations of its people, it might be practicable for the conflicting sections to part in peace; the great North saying to the South, as Abram said to Lot when a strife sprang up between their herdmen: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, for we are brethren."

But not only is the Union put in peril, but the very idea and fact and force of government, as a divine institution, are imperiled in this struggle. Let the principles concerning government, which have been advanced in justification of this rebellion, be generally sustained and applied, and there is no form of law existing that could survive a year. Anarchy is the immediate and dire result. And this is so upon whatever ground it is attempted to justify the assault upon the Government. If on the ground of SECESSION as a right, then clearly it is false in fact, for no such right is conferred by the letter of the Constitution; and false in philosophy or in principle, for the right to secede from one established govern-

ment at will involves the right to sunder the ties of every government, and to take refuge in individual and universal license. But if, on the other hand, this attempt be justified under the plea of the RIGHT OF REVOLUTION, the defense is just as weak; for revolution, with the woes and horrors of civil war, can righteously be the result only when all proper constitutional modes of seeking the redress of wrongs have failed. It is worthy of notice that the word of God does not recognize the right of revolution in any cause. Its principle, as expressed in the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, is that of entire and hearty and perpetual loyalty to an established government; but it has generally been conceded by writers upon civil ethics that this mode of redressing grievances may be attempted when three conditions coëxist: (1.) When the people's wrong and grievance have become visibly and manifestly unbearable; (2.) When there exists a reasonable prospect of securing speedy deliverance; and (3.) When the evils connected with the abuses complained of are clearly less that those involved in desperate conflict. These three conditions must be certain to justify a revolution. They were so clear in the great struggle for constitutional liberty in England in the 17th century, and so clear in our own revolution of the 18th century, that no one could gainsay them. But it is the hight of misrepresentation and folly to affirm that under our benignant Government, administered according to the Constitution, with modes of redress prescribed and open to the use of all, revolution is a righteous appeal as a refuge against anticipated evils and wrongs that, in the nature of the case, could never be inflicted. It is therefore manifest that, in meeting this appeal to violence by the force conferred by God upon the established government, by resisting it to the last expense of treasure and of men, there is only the discharge of solemn obligation, and a resolve to continue in the exercise of that right for which government is ordained of God and approved by man. In a government which recognizes the liberty of the subject under law, there is no event so dreadful as the dishonor of the law, and no tendency so perilous as the tendency towards anarchy and license. Next to the authority of God over the heart and conscience, the majesty of constitutional law is the most sovereign, the most glorious thing upon the earth. The men who struggle in such a cause are patriots in the highest sense—the men who die for it are martyrs, and they who contend against it make war upon the best interests of humanity and the awful decree of God.

But, further, it is to be understood that in this struggle our own peculiar mode of government is equally imperiled. The interests of free institutions are at stake at this time of conflict. This crisis has a significance in this republic such as would be involved in the destinies of no other land. It was a new event in the world's history when our system of government was first estab-

lished. Men had for ages been the tools of despots, the many had been governed in the interest of the few, the world had groaned under the tyranny of courts and kings. But our fathers found their Magna Charta in the people's heart. The government they founded was in a wonderful accordance with the pattern of civil institutions which God showed to Moses in the mount. It was the wonder of the world. Such universal liberty under the supremest law—such equity combined with power—such harmonious consent amid diverse opinions; nothing like it had been ever seen. It was not strange that the thoughts of oppressed nations turned to it with a benediction for its influence and its example. It was not strange that the great tide of emigration rolled across the broad Atlantic, and poured itself upon our shores. It was not strange that the renown of this unparalleled achievement was an impulse to all men who struggled to be free. And now, after all this, we hear the verdict of opinion from the representative of European journalism, who is seeking to portray the aspect of affairs among us: "'The great Republic is gone.' The glory has departed from it. Its existence has not attained the limit of one century. The dream of enthusiasts, the fair illusion of the people, is a manifest and entire failure." Not so, thank God! but it is at stake. The great Republic, with all its precious freight of history, example, influence, and aid for struggling nations, is the prize for which the might of battle is enlisted. Oh! if it is worth a struggle to sustain the rights of man—to hold open wide the doors of refuge for the weary and oppressed—to stand forth in glorious example of free government before the admiring world, then it is imperative on us to be true to the traditions of our history, and meet this conflict in the strength of truth, of justice, and eternal right.

The last position in this view of the magnitude of this crisis is reached when we consider that this is a contest for the world and for all future ages. There are races and nations whose internal conflicts, or whose destruction from the earth, would have but little relation to the great hopes of the world. In their seclusion and littleness they may rise and fall, affecting by their various fortunes only their own territorial connections. But this can never be the case with this Republic. Its origin was so peculiar, its position is so central, its political institutions are so benignant, its religious privileges are so preëminent, that its decline and fall must send a thrill and shudder through every useful human institution, and the ruins of its glory must bar the path of progress for centuries to come. Especially let it be remembered that it is as the exponents of a fresh Christian civilization that this nation has acted on the world. A leavening influence has gone from it into the darkest regions, and the Gospel of the Son of God has moved on in its glorious course under the peculiar impulse which

came from the Christian missions of this land. It is no exaggeration to affirm that, all things considered, the world's best interests and highest hopes depend more on the future of America than on any other earthly influence. These interests are being settled, in a large degree, by the results of this conflict, for our institutions and our nation's life. If Napoleon could say to his soldiers, as they fought beneath the Egyptian pyramids, "Soldiers, from those summits forty centuries look down upon you," with more emphasis and more truth can we say: "Unto this field of strife, to which the might of a continent is marshaled, all living nations and all coming ages are looking." If we fail in this struggle—if the Government is broken and crushed—if barbarism and anarchy usurp the dominion—if treason and disloyalty succeed in their dreadful designs, the shock of our fall will be to the world what the fall of the sons of the morning was to the thrones and dominions of heaven—a result to be deplored through all coming ages, a beginning of woes which no tongue can describe and no thought can fathom. Well may men sing in solemn cadence:

"We are living, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time."

We turn from this view of the crisis to consider—

2d. The Christian duty of the hour. To this point especially should the servant of God direct his speech, that all thoughts may be impelled towards it, to be aroused, not to angry passion, but to a calm and holy purpose which conscience may commend and God may visibly and gloriously bless. The inquiry, What are the duties of the hour? may be summed up in these points:

Firm loyalty to the Government is the first and most urgent obligation. No good citizen, no Christian man can be neutral in such an hour. We are to prove by our individual and united action, that this people can be as true to their constitutional rulers as other nations are to an anointed king. We are to prove that hosts of freemen, rallying at the call of government, can sustain it and defend it better than it can be defended by a standing army. We are to prove ourselves worthy of our institutions, of our lineage, of our sacred cause, by making sacrifice with cheerfulness, by rendering due reverence to those whom God has placed in stations of authority, by remaining true to the great interests which are at stake, amid all risks of life or treasure, through all disasters and opposition unto the end. Again—

Another of the duties of the hour is, that we take especial pains to purge our hearts from the spirit of bitterness and wicked wrath while engaged in this most righteous struggle. Loyalty is not revenge. True courage does not revel in excesses and wanton violence. A holy cause should be sustained in righteous resolution. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." I beseech you, brethren, frown upon and denounce every where the

utterance of those among us who would sully the honor of this cause by their malignant wrath, and would excite measures of aggression scarcely less reprehensible than the outrages which have provoked them. Let pity go hand in hand with strength in all this conflict, and the majesty of our power be only equaled by the magnanimity of our gentleness. It would be for our lasting glory, as a nation, if in this strife we might overcome our antagonists even as Christ overcomes his enemies, subduing them utterly unto himself by the might of his arm, but taking them, when once subdued and penitent, into his very heart, restoring them unto the place from which they fell, and giving them the names of sons and daughters.

This conflict should be undertaken in the strength of God, and under his constant benediction. There need be no hesitation in our minds concerning the attitude of God in this field of strife. I speak with reverence, and yet with firm conviction, when I say that every attribute of God, and every movement of his hand in human history, points clearly towards the integrity and justice of our cause. If it were "conquest" that was intended, or "military subjugation," or the withholding of any right from our mistaken countrymen, we might well have our misgivings; but in a struggle for the maintenance of established government—in an attempt to arrest the destructive tendencies of the hour, and to enthrone the majesty of law in every State and in every heart, there can be no doubt. The Lord of hosts is with us, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" He is the great bulwark of our defense. In calm confidence in the certainty of his providence, in constant reliance on the power of prayer, and in the faithful discharge of every duty without fear of consequences, we shall be guided by the strength of God, and brought to a wise and happy deliverance from our troubles.

3d. I pass, finally, to an allusion merely to the firm grounds of confidence which stand out visibly before us. "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." That was a noble scene in Roman history, when, by the order of the Senate, the ground on which the Carthagenian army was encamped, right before the city-gate, was sold at auction, bringing readily the price at which it had always been valued. Never to despair of the Republic was a fundamental principle in that Roman state, and that unshaken confidence was a perpetual source of triumph. Far more may this be our possession.

For in this conflict the honest conscience of mankind is with us—the profoundest judgment of the world favors the maintenance of equal law; the binding obligations of oaths of allegiance; the right of the majority to rule; the preservation of a nation's natural boundaries and essential life; and the inherent and eternal obligation of a government to defend its being against wanton

and unprovoked destruction. The honest conscience of the world is with us on these points.

The progress of the world, the spirit of the age we live in, is with us too. The tendencies of the times are not towards narrow institutions, restricted intercourse, and lofty walls of demarkation. It is the nineteenth century of the acceptable year of the Lord, which the Saviour proclaimed in far Judea, bringing liberty to the oppressed, fraternity unto the warring nations, and the establishment of all human institutions on a broad and sacred basis. The blessed consummation is yet far away, but the world is moving towards it, and its progress will not permit this nation of the vanguard to take up a retreat towards the shades of anarchy or military despotism.

The providence of God is with us also, and it is our privilege and joy to note it. Why this uprising of the wrath of man has been permitted, it is not needful to inquire. God's hand is in it, and in it for a purpose of mercy we may be sure. But that his providence is working for us mightily, the events of every day bear witness. It is his hand that has drawn the lines in this great struggle, so that the right and wrong are put in boldest conflict. It is his hand that has interposed once and again to thwart the counsels of wicked men. It is his hand that has touched the hearts of these rising millions, dissolving in a moment their former ties and thraldom to the call of parties, and drawing them around one honored standard which floats above the land the emblem of "the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws." Let us discern his providence in this. Let us "thank God and take courage," for he is the Lord of hosts. He may not grant us immediate deliverance. He may try our faith and patience by reverses, but one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; and it is a joy to feel that his great plan advances surely, that the day is hastening when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all his holy mountain.

It may come to pass that by his adjustment of this nation's strife, by the triumph of the right, and the deliverance of the state, it may appear that he was hastening his work upon the earth, and through our toil and strife, preparing for the consummation of his earthly plan—for he shall work, and none shall hinder; his word shall shake the nations, and his truth shall be proclaimed until all hearts shall love it, and

> "The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other; and the mountain-tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> 'Till nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

NEW-YORK, May 13, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

We find a general and earnest desire prevailing with the members of your congregation, that the Discourse delivered by you yesterday morning should be published without delay.

Fully participating in this desire, we respectfully request that you will furnish us the manuscript, that we may have it published in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution, believing that the dissemination of its evangelical and patriotic sentiments will be highly useful in the unhappy crisis in which our country is involved.

With affection and respect, your friends,

SAMUEL R. BETTS,
JAS. BOORMAN,
DAVID CODWISE,
MARSHALL S. BIDWELL,
THOMAS BOND,
M. M. VAIL,
JOHN W. QUINCY,
THOMAS DENNY,
CHARLES A. DAVISON,
WM. M. BLISS,
JOHN P. CROSBY,
GEO. W. CLARKE.

To the Rev. R. R. BOOTH,
Pastor of the Mercer-Street Presbyterian Church.

NEW-YORK, May 14, 1861.

HON. SAMUEL R. BETTS, JAMES BOORMAN, and others:

GENTLEMEN: In accordance with your request, a copy of the Sermon is herewith placed at your disposal. It was not prepared for publication, and, I fear, may not be altogether adapted to be put into print. I am glad, however, to be able to contribute, in any manner, to the support of patriotic and loyal feeling in this great crisis.

Very respectfully yours, ROBERT R. BOOTH.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

THE NATIONAL PREACHER.

And Village Pulpit.

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SERMON XIX.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

THE GOOD NEVER DIE.*

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—Hebrews 11: 4.

Brethren and Friends: We have come together on this occasion, that we may follow to the grave all that remains of Heman Humphrey. We shall not study to have every expression the most proper and appropriate possible—for we gather around that which was lately the temple of the Holy Ghost, with the awe and reverence which we feel due to preëminent worth, and with the sorrow of children met to bury a father.

The old warrior hath put off his armor—for the conflict of a

* As the National Preacher contains quite a number of discourses in its thirty-five volumes, it is peculiarly fitting that this Sermon should find a place in it also.—Ed. N. P.

long life is over. The victor—who hath so long done battle, overcoming poverty and obscurity in youth, dashing aside the indolence of our nature, grappling with the duties and the burdens of a long public life, mastering the imperfections inseparable from humanity, the weaknesses and the besetting sins never fully overpowered, holding out till he stood almost alone, left by nearly all who commenced life with him—the victor, over even the last enemy, has gone to receive his crown!

My wish and prayer at this time is, that I may meet the responsibilities of this hour by so speaking to you that the passing away of a great and good man, and our last opportunity to honor his worth, may not be without spiritual benefit to us all.

Those who have made and left their mark upon the world, have been, for the most part, the founders of empires, the deliverers of nations enslaved by tyrants or by superstitions, the promulgators of laws wise and comprehensive, the inventors, and hence the benefactors and contributors to the comforts and conveniences of men, and the men who have made their impression directly on the mind of the race. Of these, the influence of the last is the most permanent, the most beneficial, and by far the most desirable. Tables of stone perish, but what was written on them is imperishable. The heroes and the great ones of earth come and go like the tornadoes and thunders near the equator. The world seems to rock and roll under them for an hour, but the influence of him who can write thought on the minds of men, is like that of a spring gushing up with living water, that enlarges its blessings as long as it flows.

It was thought that first created the universe, and it is thought, divine and human, that now sways the world; and he who has passed his probation, having the power to use this influence, has had the mightiest weapon for good or evil in his hand, which the earth knows.

God has so arranged his government that what is evil shall die, and its influence cease. The plague that rides on the wings of the wind shall go past; but the mind shall live to refresh the lungs, and bring healing to thousands. Tamerlane, the scourge, shall sit on his war-horse, and point to his pyramid, made of eighty thousand human skulls, and feel that he is Destiny; but he shall molder into dust, and perhaps have less influence in the world to-day than some poor slave that toiled on the pyramids of Egypt. The dew-drop that hangs on the leaf or the mountain-side, and there seems to dry up and be gone forever, shall reäppear a thousand times to refresh the rose that cheers the heart in the sick-room. A thought which a good man throws out upon the world does not die in the air. It ceases to be heard; but time, like a vast sounding-board, has it in safe-keeping, and again and again will it be echoed back upon men, and influence human character.

A moral impression which is made upon the child or the youth, may be transmitted from heart to heart, from character to character, to the latest generations. Even if Abel's name had not been written on the pages of the Bible, you and I might and would now be feeling the influence of that man to-day. He, being dead, would still be speaking.

It was the mind, the pen of Voltaire, that poisoned his nation, and maddened and convulsed all Europe. It cost him thirty-six quarto volumes to do it. But when that generation had passed away, those writings were dead. They will never again rouse the passions of men; while the influence of some poor shepherd, like Abel, will live, and influence men for good to the end of time. The great queen of Egypt, who had power to change the destiny of the Roman empire, will have no influence upon the world, while the influence of the captive child that waited on the wife of the Syrian general will never leave the earth. Bad men turn the waters into blood, and there they leave them; but the rod in the hands of the good, turns the blood into water again. Human footprints made in blood will soon be effaced from the earth; but beauty shall wait upon the footsteps of him who lives to do good.

While the tramp of the Roman legions was shaking the earth, and there was no power known in the world but that of her soldiery, there was a little child living in the despised village of Nazareth, a single word from whose lips was to become a power mightier than that of all the armies of Rome. Some years after this, Rome was in flames. Public opinion pointed to Nero, the Emperor—a monster in human form—as the one who kindled the flames. "So far from quieting this rumor," says Tacitus—perhaps the shrewdest man of his generation—"so far from quieting this rumor, Nero judicially charged with the crime, and punished with the most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call Christians. The originator of that name was one Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the Procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for a time, again broke out, not only in Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where, from every side, all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish!"

What a trifling circumstance was this persecution of Christians in the life of such a great man as Nero! Hardly worth mentioning! And what a small affair was that "one Christ," thus to be incidentally named, and that with sneers! They all three have been numbered among the dead—Nero, and Tacitus, and Christ—but which yet speaketh? While once in months, perhaps, Nero's name is mentioned, and that with detestation, the name of the Child of Nazareth is dwelt upon by millions of tongues, and the

hopes of uncounted numbers in every generation—the highest hopes which the soul can have are centered in him.

It is a beautiful circumstance, that in the arrangements of Divine Providence, too, it is not important whether the agent seems to do a great work at the time. He passes along, and goes out of sight, but his works come after him. Abel did but one single act—offered his lamb in faith; but that brought on the first deadly contest between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, and it will affect the world to the end of time. The man who wrote the four simple lines beginning with, "Now I lay me down to sleep," seemed to do a very small thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us, but he has done more for the good of his race than if he had commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which the good man kindles here and there, on the shores of time, never go out; but ever and anon they flame up and throw a light upon the pilgrim's path. There is hardly any thing so fearful, to my mind, as the mind reaching down into the coming ages, and writing itself upon the minds of unborn generations. We know not whose hand held the pen that wrote the *Arabian Nights;* but what a book! How few are the children who have not sat spell-bound at the feet of that enchanter!

Men who can throw themselves down into human character, by the pen or by the voice, have a high honor. One such oak is worth whole forests of gourds which come up in the night and wither in the morning. Noiseless as the wheels of the sun are such influences, and if flowing from a sanctified heart, will go into human character—will mold it for time and for eternity. The missionary, teaching a poor heathen child, is communicating impressions and influences that will be transmitted again and again, till at some time in their progress they fall upon the right spirit, and there comes out an Edwards, a Bunyan, or a Cowper. So that no man knows or can know at the time whether he is doing a great work or a small one. The unknown mind that wanted to contrive something to write on cheaper, and more abundant than parchment or the papyrus, and who finally discovered a way to make cheap paper, had no conception of what he was doing. This was just before John Faust invented types; and had Faust not done it, the paper being cheap, somebody else would. To that unknown mind the world owes the intelligence, the conveniences, and, very much, the religion which are filling the earth. There may be at this very hour, in some obscure, retired cottage, a mind that is at work over some one thought which is yet to become a power in the world, second only to the Christian religion. Very possibly, too, that mind will never be known in this world. Can any one tell who sowed the first handful of wheat? or who in-

vented the first plow? Can any one tell who made the proverbs which are the concentrated wisdom of ages, and the common property of the world? Can you tell us which of the disciples it was who first conceived the idea of asking Christ to teach them to pray, and thus gave to the whole race the Lord's prayer? The whole human family are linked together, so that when you make an impression on one, you affect them all; the influence never dies. Of every one it is true: "He being dead, yet speaketh."

There is no position in which impressions that are to go down to future ages can so well and so surely be made, as the position of a minister of Jesus Christ. We don't expect to make new discoveries in theological science, to discover new truths, to mark out new fields for investigation; but the minister of Christ is a workman under him, a servant in his house, a messenger of his truth, linked in with his great plans, and laboring in a cause infinite in importance, and accompanied by the promises and the presence of Christ. When, therefore, he stands up in the pulpit, when he leads the devotions of God's people in prayer, when he speaks to the lambs of his flock, when he throws out a warm thought in the prayer-meeting, or when he whispers of the mercy of Christ in the sick-room, he is making impressions that reach beyond the present hour. The drooping faith of that child of God is made stronger—the heart and conscience of that sinner has received an arrow which none but the hand of Christ can extract—the soul of that little child has received impressions that will make him a minister of the Gospel, or a missionary of the Cross. That mother is going home to kneel down to-night with a fuller, warmer heart, as she brings her children to God in fervent prayer. His hand is upon the spring-waters, and he opens here and there a spring that will send forth its stream, and gather other waters, till it has created a river of mercy. And many a humble man, who at times has hung his head and mourned over the few sheaves that he hath gathered, who at times doubts whether he ought not to lay down his commission and retire from the field, is doing what will be felt the world over. He casts his bread upon the waters. It may be many days before it is found. But the seed will not be lost. It may come up on the shores of the Pacific—it may wave on the sides of great Lebanon in the East. He makes impressions for eternity on souls that are immortal, and they can not be lost. The teachings which Doddridge received from his mother as she taught him Bible history from the tiles of her chimney, can be seen in a succession of ministers—a chain indeed extending down to this day. And how many mothers have been led by that simple circumstance to be faithful to their children in the nursery; and how that incident has done much to lead to the beautiful pictures for children in religious books and papers of this day, the Great Day alone can reveal. It is by no means certain that the

little low post, less than a foot high, in the graveyard at Geneva, with simple J. C. on it, points out the spot where John Calvin sleeps; but no age or generation, to the end of the world, will fail to feel the impress of that heart and mind. He is not seen or heard of through the world; but these churches in New-England, the missionary stations among the heathen, are his monuments, and every free school that blesses the world was opened by the wand held by his mighty hand. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

On the far-off isle of the ocean, the old missionary lies down to die. He hath toiled there almost half a century. He has seen naked, wild savages changed into men—into Christian families. He has seen their language reduced to writing. He has brought the press there, and has printed Bibles and school-books for the people. He has filled the island with schools; he has gathered churches, and the church-bell has thrown its notes far out upon the still waters of the Pacific. And now, around his dying-bed stand weeping men. They are the native pastors of these churches, whom he has trained up. They have come to receive his last charge, and to take their farewell of that faithful servant of God. And the dying man is looking back over all his life, to review the way in which God has led him. He can't recall the hour of his conversion; he can't recall the name of the faithful Sabbath-school teacher who was the means of his being led to Christ; but he remembers his form or face, and he sees that all his life and usefulness have been shaped by that man whose very name has passed away out of his memory. And now, don't you see that this unknown teacher, who, perhaps, has wept that he could do nothing for Christ, is yet living, and teaching, and blessing that distant island, and will do so till every island shall flee away?

A poor woman saves her little gift, penny by penny, for missions. She mourns over her poverty, only because she can't aid to send the Gospel to the heathen! It becomes the burden of her life: "Oh! that I could do for the heathen!" When she comes to die, her pastor tells the simple story of her longings, and the little book is already published in eight different languages, and will perhaps do more for missions than any missionary since the days of Paul!

Were we to select the instrument and the field of labor for high, permanent, and ever-growing usefulness, we hardly know any examples superior to what we find in the ministry in New-England. And were we to select the circumstances and to form the character for this usefulness, we would draw our model as follows:

1st. We would have the child born of respectable, intelligent, and religious parents. We would have them belong to what we call the middling class—the very back-bone of New-England.

We would have the child made the subject of earnest prayer and dedication from his very birth. He should never be able to remember when he heard the first prayer, when he prayed himself, nor when he first went up to the house of God. He should be a devoted, dedicated thing from his creation.

2d. He should be poor in early life. This would compel him to work and strengthen the body, and give him that unspeakable blessing, a good constitution. It would give him habits of body that will enable him to endure hardships as a good soldier. It would give him habits of economy, and enable him to live on whatever God's providence should give him. It would give him sympathy with and for the poor, and make him feel that there may be great worth of character where there is no property. It would place him in the position where the rich could associate with him, because he stands on character alone—and where the poor feel that they can associate with him, and have his sympathy. I would have him work at manual labor, and work hard, too, in early life—because in no other way is it possible to lay up health that will carry him through the mental labors of life, even into old age. The tree must have hard exposures to become solid, strong, and enduring. Strength of mind must have the sub-base of physical strength.

3d. We would have our instrument become pious in early life. This would prevent his going into wrong paths, forming wrong habits, tainting and soiling the soul by contact with gross sin, and causing him to look back upon the past with deep sorrow. This would lead him to give the dew of his youth to Christ. This would give him to know by experience the temptations and trials of the young, and fit him to sympathize with them and counsel with them.

4th. We would have him consecrated to one object, and that is—to do good to the souls of men. He may cultivate his taste; he may come in contact with mind, living, and in books; he may know men and things; but he is not to live to enjoy himself, not to be a great and learned man, nor a deep, accurate scholar; not to have riches, or honors, or notice, or to seek for reputation; but to do good to the souls of men. This one great object is all that he is to live for.

5th. We would have his intellectual powers balanced and symmetrical. This is not so common or so easy to find as one might suppose. It is easy to find men very conservative or very radical, very desponding or very sanguine—men who want to creep with the mole or rise in the balloon. The father of Icarus charged him not to fly too high, because his wings were fastened on by wax, and it would melt if he went too near the sun, and if he went too low, and too near the sea, the moisture would destroy the power of the wax. A character that influences men rightly

should be without extremes. It must originally have a foundation of granite in its composition, or else it will never become character. Yet, when you see that character developed, and brought out in age, full, ripe, symmetrical, and bright, you forget what a resisting of temptation, and what self-denial and efforts it cost him to attain it—just as when you see the sun at evening break out so clear and bright, you forget how many clouds he had to wade through and drink up, before he could set in such brightness.

6th. We would have our instrument live and act on religious principle. Such a character as we have been describing will never make a popular sensation man. If he acts on religious principle, he can never stoop to try to become notorious. He will not fall in with the prevailing taste of the day, and thus be popular, and be talked about, and get into the papers every week, nor will he defend his notions with what passes for originality, and demand that men shall believe when there is no reason for believing. He will not consent to be used as a bundle of sky-rockets, because he relies upon sanctified reason. Acting on religious principle, and weaving that into the whole moral character, evens up that character, so there is no shallow spot in it. A clear, sound, cautious judgment can never be popular in the sense of having men run after it and applaud. But that man stands upon a rock, and all his moral instincts are true and quick. He has few mistakes to mourn over.

7th. And we would have our instrument live to a good old age. There is beauty in every season. It is beautiful to see youth, with its bright visions, its sanguine hopes, and its fresh ardor, step out and grapple manfully with the duties of life. If he dies young, we estimate him too highly—not as he was, but for what he gave promise of becoming.

There is beauty in watching manhood, when in the freshness of its strength, it takes up all the burdens and responsibilities of life, and bravely carries them all. But we want to see him pass through all the stages, and see him when he comes nearer his end, when, in the silver light of age, we see that his garments are spotless, and he is going down to the grave with a name untarnished and immaculate. There is a meek yet majestic beauty, when the full-orbed sun sinks away in autumn, mingling heaven and earth together in that soft green and yellow light that seems to let the vision into eternity itself. The old pilgrim, after a life of toil, thus spends the Sabbath of life in blessing the world, and in preparing to leave it.

How far that good man, whose dust lies before us, had these advantages, and came up to this model, you will judge as we proceed to give a very brief outline of his life, and then to draw, with much diffidence, his intellectual and moral character.

The Rev. HEMAN HUMPHREY was born at West-Simsbury, Hartford county, Connecticut, on the 26th of March, 1779.

His father was one of the many small farmers scattered over New-England, and from whom many of our most valued characters have risen. His name was Solomon Humphrey, and that of his mother, Hannah Brown, previous to her marriage. The father raised eleven children, all of whom lived to adult age. Both of his parents were pious, and early dedicated their children to God. They both lived to a good old age, honest, humble, pious people, of that meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of the Lord, is of great price. The father died at Barkhamstead, Conn., in 1834, aged eighty-one, and the mother several years earlier, aged sixty-six.

When the boy, Heman, was about six years old, his father removed to Burlington, Conn., and it was in this small, retired place that he spent his youth, and where much of his physical and mental character was formed. Here he wrought on the farm, enjoying only the advantages of the common district school, till qualified himself to be a teacher. In the winter of 1798–9 there was a revival of religion in Burlington, and there, at the age of twenty, the Spirit of God found him, and led him to Christ. We do not know what were the peculiar exercises of his mind, but, as he once remarked that he was "converted into Calvinism," and as his views of religious experience were ever after clear and deep, and thoroughly Calvinistic, we have reason to think his religious experience was a deep one. The Rev. Jonathan Miller was the minister at Burlington at that time. Dr. Humphrey always delighted to see and acknowledge the hand of God in his providences. And on his death-bed he mentioned, that it was not till after this period, and not till after he had acquired much experience as a teacher, that the thought of obtaining a liberal education ever entered his mind. Having engaged to labor for the summer, he was prevented by a spring freshet from crossing the river and meeting his engagement, and that providence was the means of changing all the plans and the whole course of his life.

He graduated at Yale College in 1805 in a class of forty-two. Among his classmates were Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of teaching the blind in this country, and Rev. Dr. Spring, of New-York, the almost unrivaled preacher and pastor.

After graduation he studied theology with the Rev. Asahel Hooker, of Goshen, Conn., and was licensed to preach, by the North Litchfield Association, at Salisbury, Conn., in October, 1806. The following spring, March 16, 1807, at the age of twenty-eight, he was ordained over the church in Fairfield, Conn. Here he labored, under many difficulties, but so judiciously and faithfully, for the space of ten years, that he was remembered among the first ministers of the State. At least one powerful revival came

upon his people, in which his labors were abundant and successful. He had to encounter what used to be called the "Half-way" Covenant, and which, under his influence, was laid aside. Here, too, he commenced his labors in behalf of the temperance reformation, of which, all through life, he was so strenuous an advocate, so consistent an example, and so successful a teacher. So early as 1812, he wrote an address to the churches on the subject of temperance, which was adopted and published by his Association; and, on his return from Europe at a later day, he greatly aided this cause by another effort.

He was married to Sophia Porter, April 20, 1807. She walks and feels the chief mourner to-day. They had ten children committed to them, of whom six are living. Of these ten, three have been or are pastors, and two married pastors — all occupying most important positions. One is now a distinguished Professor in a Theological Seminary, one a Member of Congress, and all members of Christ's Church. One of these young ministers—and he most lovely—sleeps in our cemetery, and by the side of his dust we shall to day lay the father.

In November, 1817, he was installed over the first church in Pittsfield, at which time the two churches, which had been separated in warm political times, were reünited. The wounds were outwardly healed, and all the broken bones were joined, and the bandages taken off, but they were still very tender, and few men could have so successfully taken this place and made the union permanent, as did Mr. Humphrey. None but those on the ground can appreciate the difficulties—so long-standing, so bitter, so apparently irreconcilable, reaching the two churches, reaching families, neighborhoods, and covering the whole town—and yet, under his judicious management, the spirit of peace took the place of discord, and all these troubles dropped away, as the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy all drop off if you will let in the sun upon them. He remained here six years, and when I had the honor to take the position of pastor over this church here, I could feel his hand and see marks of that hand all over the town, though nearly twenty years had elapsed since he left. During his ministry here there were two very powerful revivals in his church—one of which was a wonder, such as was never witnessed here before. A great number were hopefully converted—some of whom, gray-headed men, are still alive, and are here to-day, with trembling step, and crowded memory, and tearful eyes, to follow their spiritual father to his last resting-place.

In October, 1823, he was inaugurated as President of Amherst College. The same year he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Middlebury College.

Many will remember with what deep reluctance this people gave him up. The College was in its very infancy. It had graduated

but eight scholars. It was without name, without funds, without buildings, without even an act of incorporation. Many felt that the burden was too heavy, the difficulties too formidable to be undertaken. And probably, had all the trials and difficulties been foreseen, few would have dared to make the effort. No one, who has not been through the labor, can conceive of the difficulties to be overcome. But this work—to raise up and establish a new College—one that must compete with the old institutions so long growing up—was to be the great work of his life; and Mr. Humphrey threw himself into the work with his whole soul. Year after year, time after time, saw him calmly asking the State to incorporate the College. The whole prejudices of the State had to be lived down or conquered. Few men could or would have toiled on, year after year, as he did. Slowly the walls went up, as did the walls of Jerusalem under Nehemiah; and after a toil of twenty-two years—a toil that seldom has a parallel, and without stopping an hour, save once to hasten across the Atlantic when worn down and ready to perish—he came to the place where he must stop. Loving labor more than food, and loving his College with the love of a father, he saw that it was the will of God that he should now lay down the burden and retire. It then seemed as if he could never rally, and that he must die soon. What had he done? He had gathered around him a noble Faculty of teachers—he had raised new buildings as fast as needed—he had gathered around the College the confidence and the sympathy of the Christian community—he had gathered funds and friends that would sustain the institution in full vigor—he had placed it among the brightest luminaries of the land—he had got it incorporated and made it to be respected—he had superintended the education, and seen graduate under his own eye, 795 young men, sent out to leave their mark upon the world, of whom 430 he saw become ministers of the Gospel—and of these, 84 are numbered as pastors in Massachusetts at this hour—and 39 were sent abroad as missionaries of the cross. Sixty-eight of these young ministers have passed away, and were on the other side of the river to welcome their beloved instructor. Some of them were bright and shining lights. He being dead, yet liveth and speaketh through all these—and they, to tens of thousands—and onward and downward the influences roll to the end of time. What the results are, and will be in this world, no tongue can tell; nor will they cease forever. The hallowed influences which have been impressed upon other minds and hearts, are so many cords of love and mercy, which remain to draw souls to Christ. And many a poor boy, and many a poor schoolmaster, will grow strong, and be lighted up in hope and courage, as he tries to prepare himself for usefulness, by knowing that the great and the good Heman Humphrey was once

a poor boy and a poor schoolmaster, urging his way up to one of the highest posts of usefulness in the land!

After leaving Amherst, worn down and feeble, he came back to spend the sabbath of life in this community, where he was most warmly welcomed by a people who have ever felt it an honor and a blessing to have him reside among them. When the city of Edinburgh was about opening a new cemetery, and it was known that Dr. Chalmers had taken a lot and would lay his dust in it, there was a great rush for lots, as if all felt that there would be a safety in having their bones laid near his. So we feel that it will be a rich legacy to our children that they can walk through our beautiful cemetery and point the finger and say: "There sleeps Dr. Humphrey!"

In speaking of the character of this father, I should fear to express my honest convictions in full, among any people who did not know him as you have done. I certainly have had good opportunities to read his character, and I may speak with the reverence of a son, and the frankness of a friend. And I honestly and deliberately say, that though it would be weak and wicked to call any man perfect, yet I have never known a man who, in my estimation, came so near being faultless as Dr. Humphrey. High praise, you will say; and yet there is not a man in this community who would dissent from it. And as to the results of his life, if he had done nothing but what he accomplished during the sixteen years that he was a pastor and a preacher—if he had done nothing but what he did with his pen—if he had done nothing but train up and give to the world his family—if he had done nothing but what he did for the temperance cause—if he had done nothing but rear up a young College, and make it like the well of Jacob, to send up fresh waters in all future time—if he had done nothing but let the light of his beautiful example shine through a long life—he had done a great work, and had been a benefactor to his race! If he had done but one of these works, we should have honored him. What shall we say, then, when he hath done more than all these, without any drawbacks! Are we in danger of estimating the character too highly?

As a writer, Dr. Humphrey held a ready, though not a rapid pen. He was a thinker rather than a writer. His thoughts rose, one after another, connectedly, never flashing, never riding in swelling language, never seeking to startle by unnatural originality, or eccentricity. He would often, however, in a simple, plain figure, embody an illustration that was laden with meaning, and which you would never forget. All his writings are characterized by a common-sense view of the subject, that is manly, clear, never misunderstood, and not easily dissented from. He never surrounds you with a fog, leaving you to guess where you are. He

never produces common thoughts in transcendental magnificence. He never attempts to carry Goliath's spear, nor to wear Saul's armor. The smooth stones of the brook are his weapons. He is no comet with its blaze, but a clear, pure, silver star, that is never dim. Neither with the pen nor the voice was he so popular as to be intoxicated by flattery, and never tempted to become singular that he might be notorious.

He was the only man whom I ever knew so well, whom I never heard make a foolish remark. His pen never lay idle. The number of sermons, pamphlets, articles in magazines and papers, which he wrote, would make, if collected, very many volumes. Up to the very last his pen was busy, and never more busy than during the past winter. He seemed to act as if he had a presentiment that he was doing his last work. Among his writings are prominent the following, each of which is a volume of perhaps about 400 pages, namely:

Discourses and Reviews, published in 1834.
Letters from Europe, 1838.
Letters to a Son in the Ministry, 1842.
Memoir of Prof. N. W. Fiske, 1850.
Memoir of Rev. T. H. Gallauder, 1858.
Revival Sketches, 1859.

I have given you but a faint conception of what he wrote. He was always sowing beside all waters, and never withholding his hand when there was a prospect of doing good to any body and on any subject that was worthy.

In summing up the traits of Dr. Humphrey's character, the most prominent were:

1st. That his character and faculties were remarkably balanced and symmetrical.

I mean by this, that his faculties were such, that none were wanting, none unduly developed, none played out of time, none were dwarfed, none weak, and none refusing to act. This made his old age so bright and so beautiful. This prevented any decay in his faculties that was hardly perceptible. It sometimes, indeed, seemed to take longer to get the mill at work than it used to do, but when once a-going, it produced the finest of flour.

The aged man commonly looks back and sees how much better former times were than these, so that what is new in the forms of vice must be worse than the old forms, and what is new in goodness must be only error under a false name. Dr. Humphrey kept himself abreast of the age, was posted up in every department of humanity, was fresh in all that is moving among men, and never unwilling to adopt what was new, if it was good. There was nothing like fossil about his mind, or taste, or heart. And yet his moral perceptions were so true that you might pour over him

a load of theories and opinions, and he would instantly pick out the true from the shams.

2d. He was distinguished for great practical wisdom.

Wisdom, in its fullest sense, is the highest quality of man. He may have cunning, which Bacon calls "crooked wisdom," and it is to real wisdom what vivacity is to wit, or what gravity is to thought, but it is not wisdom. He may have shrewdness, which is such a power to read and know men, as the scholar has to read books. But wisdom embraces prudence, which merely keeps us from doing wrong, without making us do any thing. It embraces sagacity, which is seeing what might be done. It is the soul in action without making mistakes. A rare thing it is to find a man who has lived more than four-score years, always in action, who has said and done so few unwise things as President Humphrey. It is an original gift. Those who have gone to him for counsel, those who have acted with him on committees or on ecclesiastical councils, those who have wrestled with him in deep discussions in ministerial meetings, those who have sat under him as an instructor or pastor, have all, without dissent, accorded to him the appellation of "a wise man." On all moral questions, his instincts were quick and unerring. Though he made no pretensions to far-reaching views, yet all well knew that to follow his advice was to walk in safety. I never knew an instance where it was disregarded, when the mistake was not most manifest sooner or later.

3d Dr. Humphrey was a man of great integrity of character.

In dealing with men, he acted as if he had never met the word fraud, and we should as soon expect to hear that he had committed highway robbery, as that he had defrauded a man of a farthing. There was no shrewdness manifested in money matters, and no shield but the good providence of God was between him and defrauders.

But there is a higher order of justice than that of bargains. And one of the hardest things for poor human nature to do, is to put, I will not say a charitable construction, but even a just one, on the actions of our fellow-men. If a man fails in business, how difficult to feel that he is not to blame, rather than that he is unfortunate! But our friend could see that there might be good motives and good results, in the actions of men, where others could see nothing of the kind. His estimate of an action, a character, or a book, I will not say was unerringly correct, but he held the scales of justice true and firm.

4th. He had great simplicity of character.

When you met his sweet smile on the sidewalk, when you heard him in the prayer-meeting, when he stood in the pulpit, when he presided at Commencement, and when he spoke at our great missionary anniversaries, you always felt that he had a sim-

plicity of character that was like a child's, honest, sincere, and not self-seeking. I have heard it said that when he entered College a rough farmer's son, this simplicity was mistaken for something else, till they met him in the recitation and the debating room, when they found that what seemed a noiseless instrument, lacked nothing of power. It never became any thing of the simplicity of King Lear in second childhood, but it was the habit of the soul through life, and a part of his character.

5th. Dr. Humphrey had great magnanimity of character.

Generosity and humanity are qualities of the heart. Magnanimity pertains to the mind. It lifts and holds the soul up above what is mean, sordid, contracted or envious. It is something which commands admiration, whether seen in the lion sparing his prey, in the school-boy who can congratulate his rival on his success, in the general who will take no unmanly advantage of his enemy, and in the public man who is above envying his compeers. In all our intercourse with Dr. Humphrey, we never heard him depreciating a man, a town, a college, or a body of men.

On two occasions, since I knew him, I thought he was treated uncourteously and most unkindly by men. And, when most men would have stood aloof in offended dignity, or mourned in sullen silence, or complained loudly and publicly, and though when I spoke to him in regard to it, tears for a moment stood in his eyes, yet the smile came back at once, and I never heard him make a remark indicating the least resentment, the least hardness, or that he knew there was such a thing as wrong done to him. On the contrary, by special acts of kindness, and those long continued, he showed not only that the meek and lovely spirit of Christ was his, but also that the angel of love had never left his heart even for an hour.

A man that can step down from a lofty position into private life, and pass through all the vicissitudes of a long public life, and feel that his race is run and that he must decrease, and yet never remember aught against his fellow-men, must be a magnanimous character.

6th. Great humanity and benevolence was a characteristic of Dr. Humphrey.

Benevolence embraces the good of any thing than can suffer or receive benefit. Old men in Fairfield to this day will tell you how Mr. Humphrey used to visit the schools of that town, and when he saw little children sitting on benches without any backs to them, and so high that their little feet could not reach the floor, he insisted upon the unheard-of thing of having the benches altered, and many a little back was saved its achings. And humanity was taught to the whole town! And all the way through life, he carried this trait. It sought the salvation of a world, the good of

his country, and considered the need of the little child as he walked without shade to school.

He was emphatically "a public-spirited man." There could be no enterprise proposed, whether it was to supply the town with water, with gas, open a new cemetery, rear a Medical College, shade the streets, or any thing else which was for the good of the public, in which he was not ready to engage, heart and hand. And that not in a manner that was meddlesome, and as if uneasy for something to do, but in a manner that led all to feel that it was simple benevolence of character. On almost every thing done for the good of this community, for the last fifteen years, he laid his hand, and left its imprint there. Up to the very last of his days he was alive to every thing that looked to the public good.

His love to the children and to those just beginning life was very strong. And it was affecting to see the aged man of 80, go into our town meeting and plead for a park and for trees, in behalf of the children too young to plead for themselves, and then to see him go out and superintend the setting out of those trees. There are hundreds of such trees now growing, under the shade of which those yet unborn will sit and walk who will never know whose hand planted them.

He was in deep sympathy with every thing human, and I have heard him speak in behalf of the colonization of Africa, upon the wrongs of slavery in this country, in behalf of the temperance cause, of the educating young men for the ministry, in behalf of Colleges here and at the West, in behalf of the Tract, the Home Mission, and the Foreign Missionary cause—and in each case his soul was absorbed in that particular branch of benevolence, as if he had never thought of any other. And as to charity, he was generous and free, almost to a fault. I have been amazed at times, to see how constant was the stream of his charities, and no less at the size of the stream. So universal, so full and so deep his benevolence that I should be very much disappointed to learn that he has left a personal enemy in the world. I do not believe he has.

7th. Humility was a conspicuous trait in the character of our friend.

Humility does not require us to lay aside our self-respect, nor to be continually depreciating ourselves. It seldom talks about itself, and never, except in the most confiding friendship. Dr. Humphrey never seemed to be conscious of humility; he never especially evinced it in words, or even in prayer; yet we all felt that it pervaded his whole character. We never heard him complain of neglect, hard usage, or of any disappointment. Even in age, when the old war-horse could not snuff the battle and laugh at the rattling of the spear, as he once could, he submitted as quietly and as meekly as the little child who had never left the

shadows of his father's house. It was not the humility produced by comparing himself with other men, but humility before God, learned by leaning against the cross, and looking into the face of Jesus. And when we beheld his face shining as did the face of Moses, we knew it was because he had dwelt long in the Mount with God.

8th. He was a man of devoted, earnest piety.

This pervading, permeating characteristic is something that can not be described. It is to the spirit what light is to the world. It cheers and beautifies every thing. It subdues nature, smoothes asperities, refines the taste, ennobles the feelings, purifies and strengthens the intellect, enlarges the views, warms and expands the sympathies, and clothes the whole man with garments that are divine. On his conversion, Dr. Humphrey embraced the great leading doctrines of the Bible as expounded by Calvin, and which have make so many great and strong men. And I have heard old men say that when installed over the College church at Amherst, he gave to the Council his system of theology, and for clearness, for conciseness, comprehensiveness and beauty, they had never heard it equaled. He was a Calvinist in the true sense of the term, and a beautiful specimen of it in preaching and in character. In his last sickness, he told me that he had no misgivings whatever as to the great truths of the Gospel which he had taught. "My only," added he, with child-like simplicity, "my only fears are, that I have not enforced them as I ought and might have done!"

His last sickness was an exhibition of one of the mysteries of our nature, when disease preys upon the nerves with a power which no medical skill can control, and which seems to make the whole body a collection of diseased cords—not one of which can be quieted, till the body and intellect are overpowered—a state most painful to bear, and hardly less so to witness. For the most part, the reason was clouded; but even then, in the dark prison-house, his spirit was feeling after the pillars of truth, and searching for her accustomed light. Samson, in the prison-house, dark and dreary, is noble, even there. At one time, in the mazes of a beclouded intellect, tempted, as he thought, to apostatize, he told his imaginary tempter: "No, I can not become a Jew!" And as the trial was crowding harder, and he felt that he was persecuted to turn Mohammedan, he said, with his own emphatic voice and manner, "No amount of suffering, mental or physical, will make me turn Mohammedan!" and then added — and in the circumstances of the case it was sublime—"I know in whom I have believed! I know that my Redeemer liveth! I stand upon the Rock of Ages!"

At another time, when a friend intimated to him that his end was near, he seemed to start up out of the lethargy—the cloud at

once lifted up, reason rallied to her throne, and for a few minutes, like the dying Jacob, he sat up, called for his wife and children to come around him, when he gave to each a few words of love—more precious than jewels—and sent special messages to absent children and friends. It was the sun breaking out between the evening clouds—clear, soft and beautiful. In a few moments he fell back, and the bright day-light was gone; and when the spirit again became conscious, she was in unclouded, everlasting day. When the hour of dismissal came, the angel of death walked the room so softly that his steps were not heard. Like David of old, "he fell on sleep," as on a pillow, and the only difference to him between sleep and death was, that in the one case the bosom barely heaved, and in the other it was still, and the prophesy was fulfilled: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season!" and the great prayer of the Redeemer was answered: "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

And now, brethren and friends, my task is done. I am not vain enough to feel that I am worthy to speak at the burial of such a man; but the providence of God laid the duty upon me. I am not looking to what I have said to make the desired impression, but to the life, the death, the burial, of the beautiful character that God hath sent to live and die among us. We feel honored in having his dust laid here to awake with us at the resurrection day.

The widow who has been his helper, and whom he loved and honored so highly for more than fifty years, will mourn in loneliness. But she will feel that she has been honored of the Lord in being associated with him in a life so useful, and that every closing day brings them nearer together. May she find the full and explicit promises made to the widow, to be all fulfilled to her. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths "they will not be long divided."

The children who follow their honored father to the grave today, have a very high honor—that of calling him father! Very seldom do a family of children bury a father so aged, so widely known, and so universally honored—leaving no one deed of a long life over which they want to cast a mantle. That name and that character is an inheritance more precious than gold. May his prayers cover the heads of his children, and his children's children, to the end of time.

The ministers of Christ who gather to bury this father in the ministry, stand in awe, and feel that they are far behind him in labors and goodness, and cry: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men."

The whole community come together, praying that his mantle may fall on the ministers who are left, and feeling that the prayers

of this good man helped to spread the wing of God over the whole region, are ready to cry: "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Dear, good old man! we loved thee in life! we honor thee in death! We shall miss thee here! we will imitate and follow thee, till we meet thee in heaven! And let all the people say, AMEN!

SERMON XX.

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LONGING FOR SUNSET.

"As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work: so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me."—JOB 7 : 2, 3.

IN an illustrated edition of the book of Job, great vividness is given to this scripture by a picture of a slave, earnestly looking to the western sky, and longing for the evening shadow. The artist has succeeded in embodying the idea of the passage in a sketch for the eye, so that you see before you the over-worked and wearied laborer, looking anxiously for the expected signal of rest from his daily toil. By a happy stroke, condensing into a single phrase the entire passage, he has named his picture "Longing for Sunset."

And when I looked upon it I was most intensely impressed with a realization of that sad experience in the human soul which is imaged in the text. Tracing it, in the life-like lines of the graver, as it took visible shape before me, I felt that it had practical connections with human lives, of such importance as to make it a useful theme for thought before any congregation of world-worn and world-wearied men. Not for himself alone, but for a great multitude, did Job speak when he said: "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for a reward of his work, so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me." Our subject, thus brought before us, is "Longing for Sunset."

Let me, first of all, set before you the different forms of that experience, in which the soul "earnestly desireth the shadow," or the coming on of the night of death.

The natural instinct of men is to desire to live. In all the ordinary moods of mind there is a shrinking back from the grim shadow of the grave. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." The work of life and its rewards have a charm even too attractive to the heart of man. As you pass around among your fellow-creatures, it is only here and there that you see written out upon the bowed head, and sad countenance, and wearied step, the words: "I could wish to die." Upon the whole expression of the living multitude, in the swift, gladsome tread, the uplifted brow, the self-satisfied look, the eager bargain, the jocund laugh, the strong shake of the hand, you read the words: "It is good, oh! very good, to live." And yet I suspect that there are very few who have not, in some moment of disappointment or trial, had the wish to die rise almost to the lips. This life-sun, which shines so brightly, will sometimes sail, for a brief instant, into the shadows. Yet these feelings are evanescent, and only distantly related to that sadder experience which longs for sunset. This is a settled habit or mood of the soul. In naming the different forms of this experience, we may mention—

First of all, that which arises out of painful and exhausting sickness. This was that which led Job to utter the words of the text, and long so earnestly for death. Months of bitterness and wearisome nights had worn away his instinct of life. The grave seemed to him a desirable refuge from his distresses. Thus of the grave he says: "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest; there the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul? Which long for death, and it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures. Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave." And again, in connection with our text: "My soul chooseth death rather than life. I loathe it; I would not live always. Let me alone, for my days are vanity."

Many a poor, wasted, wearied sufferer, as he lay upon his bed of languishing, has felt with Job in his distress. The grave seems inviting as the end of pain and unrest. They can not but pray to God for the coming on of death, "earnestly desiring the shadow." Thus have I seen those who, while in health, loved life very much, "longing for sunset."

2. When the infirmities of old age creep on, and life continues after the loss of nearly all the friends in which it was passed, it is not uncommon that the soul turns with yearning towards the end of this earthly course. The future life appears much brighter from its contrast with the infirmities of the present. The silver cord seems but an iron chain, and the golden bowl to be only

leaden. Sometimes life is desired even into very old age, that the heart may behold the accomplishment of a prayed-for good; and when that comes, the grave is welcomed. Such seems to have been the experience of Jacob, when he said to Joseph: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." And of good Simeon, when he beheld the infant Jesus, and prayed: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

3. I have seen those, under the shadow of a mighty sorrow from God, longing for sunset. Their earthly home was desolate, and they longed to pass into the heavenly. So, too, very often worldly disappointments have almost crazed the agonized spirit, and sometimes even have pressed it so hard in those where moral principle erected but a slight barrier, as to lead to suicide itself. So we all know how to sympathize with those struggling souls, who feel the iron of oppression and pine in dungeons, with nothing to hope for but the deliverance of the grave. Thus earthly sorrow in its many forms makes the human instinct of life to yield before it, and even turns it into a prayer for death.

4. The baffled and disappointed hero of the Church, after a long conflict with wickedness, often yearns for the end of his course. Thus the grand old prophet Elijah, upon Carmel, would gladly have anticipated the chariot of fire with its horses of fire. Thus, with what a melancholy grandeur do we hear the great Martin Luther, at the close of his life, finding it impossible to mold every thing to his will, sorely disappointed at results, passionately and almost petulantly praying to die. We are told that, at one time, "after detailing all his sufferings to Melancthon," he said: "Please God to take my soul in the peace of Christ; by the grace of God I am ready to go, yea, desirous. I have lived and have finished the course marked out for me by God. Oh! may my soul, which is weary of its long pilgrimage, now be suffered to mount to heaven." He seemed absolutely overborne, like the prophet before him, with the increasing sin of the world; and at one time, after a long account in detail of the prevailing corruption, he concludes: "All that is left for us to do, is to reïterate the prayer: 'Thy will be done.'" And so, at another time, he says: "I would that my adversaries would put an end to me, for my death now would be of more service to the Church than my life." Alas! noble hero of the cross! like Elijah before thee, thy spirit is overwhelmed. Thy prayer shall be answered, and thy discouraged heart shall be taken to a higher point of vision, where thou shalt see the victory coming on, even to the mount of God. Very much like this state of feeling must have been that of the Psalmist when he cried out: "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

5. Thus far, we have mentioned forms of experience, all of

which have their root in a loathing or weariness of life. We now mention one which differs from all these, and is perfectly harmonious with a deep love and joy in life. It is that high Christian experience which, while it finds great delight in working for God upon earth, yearns also for a full communion with him in heaven. It has no disgust of a life of Christian toil and duty, and yet it reaches after "the inheritance of the saints in life." It is not only willing to remain, but is even happy in all the cares of its mission below, and yet it would fain participate in the clearer vision of the Lamb above. Paul expressed this feeling, when he said: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." "Yet what I shall choose I wot not." Perhaps this experience should be called a longing for sunrising rather than for sunset. Still there is a positive desire for the close of this life and the dawning of the celestial. Even the joy in earthly labor shades away in cases of this experience, first into a willingness clearly conceived and expressed to tarry if the Lord will, and then again into a willingness unexpressed and only implied. This last is found in the cry of the Psalmist to the throne, in which we discover a toning down of the strictly defined position of the Apostle; the heart of the sweet singer of Israel being occupied wholly with the longing for God. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" Thus often the Christian, while he is ready to keep at the work to which his Master has called him, yearns after the perfected glories of heaven. Sometimes he longs for it so much as to be almost, if not altogether, unwilling to live longer.

II. Such in its different forms is the experience in which the human soul "earnestly desireth the shadow." Is it healthy and desirable in any of its forms? We have seen that there are really but two kinds of this experience, that which roots itself in a disgust of life, and that which is inspired by a clear realization of the celestial glories.

This last is certainly both healthy and desirable. It shows great vigor of Christian character. It is both the flower and fruit of an earnest life with God. It brings a joy into the soul through communion with the upper world, which gives intensity to all Christian action. It interferes in no degree with a devoted energy in the path of duty. It only increases the vital power of the saint in all the service he attempts. Those that long after God are those that work the hardest for him, that they may be the nearest like him. It gives wings to his faith. It buoys up, and even lifts the Christian into the very hights of duty. It is possible, indeed, that such an ecstasy of mind may arise in the soul, if

too much time is given to contemplation and too little to action, as to unfit it for real duty. But this is not the danger of our age or time, or of our style of Christians. St. Bernards do not abound among us.

The real Christian often needs this longing for God as the solace and hope of his work. Thus he assures himself that when he rises into the full joy of God, he shall see clearly through all the perplexing mysteries of the divine truth and providence; be freed from the burden of his sin; shine in a perfection like his Saviour's, which has been his ideal of all happiness upon earth; live in a society eternally upright, pure, and holy; feed upon the ineffable glories of the Godhead, and be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Within this experience, therefore, God has placed a rich blessing, so that it may be desired as one of his choicest gifts. It should perhaps be called, as I have already suggested, a longing for sunrising rather than for sunset.

But every form of this experience which arises from disgust of life, is both unhealthy and undesirable. It is not a normal condition of the soul of man to wish to die, simply as a relief from the cares and toils of the world. Men love activity. It is only the over-tasked and over-wearied, whose hearts have been long bowed and their spirits broken, who long for the shadow. Work is the natural element of man. The buoyant energy of bounding health overflows in external manifestation. The strong man rejoices to run a race. Like Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, who, upon being refused in his application to carry tidings to David after the defeat of Absalom, nevertheless prayed for permission to run with the messenger, simply for the joy of running; so is it with a healthy human soul all the world over. It longs for the light and the sun, and overflows in action. Even as little children, the race never wishes for nightfall or sleep; never longs for sunset. It is therefore the sure sign of unhealth when the manly vigor of the soul succumbs to its sorrows, and longs for the rest of the grave. The physical system is itself broken down. The nervous wires, which thread so mysteriously the "harp of a thousand strings," and make such bounding music in a healthy frame, are out of tune, and make only discords now.

And as such a state of mind is unhealthy, so it is undesirable. It oppresses the soul with a heavy load, so that it can bear no burden of duty. It envelops the life in a cloud of darkness, so that it can not see the light. Unless in those who are appointed unto speedy death, in which case it may lighten the passage to the tomb, it is to be regarded as an enemy to all that is good and noble. It is to be prayed against, labored against, and lived against, with the utmost tenacity of will.

III. There is still another question which the subject presses upon us. How far is it right or wrong to harbor this disgust of life, and "earnestly desire the shadow"?

I answer: God surely permits him in whom, by his Providence, he has destroyed the instinct of life, to long for the end. It surely can not be wrong for one worn out by painful and protracted sickness, to whom months of vanity and wearisome nights are appointed, to yearn for the termination of his sorrows, even wishing to hide them in the grave. Indeed, is not this one method by which death itself is disrobed of its terrors, and so welcomed as a deliverer? Surely we have often wondered at the courage with which many a timid saint has met the great enemy.

But while we can not condemn this longing for death in the souls of those worn out by disease, we do not mean to be understood as sanctioning the very common notion that it is to any great extent the proof of grace in the heart. So far as the desire of the grave is concerned, it is simply the breaking down of nature, and not the incoming of grace. If there were not, indeed, a calm trust in Christ, with holy assurance, we could hardly expect that the soul would long to die, because an unsettled future would interpose to prevent the natural processes of dissolution. Yet still we see that the real evidence of acceptance is the trust in Christ, which leaves the soul calm and unmoved, and not the instinctive yearning for the grave. A sinner with a callous conscience and a false hope, will just as earnestly often "desire the shadow."

But if it is right for him, whom God has visited with sickness, and so destroyed the instinct of life, to yearn for the close of his course, may not the aged man also be permitted to look joyfully towards the end? Treading among the shadows of life, may he not see the sunlight beyond? May not Jacob pray, "Now, let me die, since I have seen the face of Joseph," as if seeking no other worldly joy, and ready to take up his tabernacle and pitch it in the hereafter? And old Simeon—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace"? And if the aged man, why not the oppressed? the lone and wasted prisoners in the dungeons of despots, whose only crime has been their love of liberty, and from whom God's sunlight has been for years excluded? Why may they not pray to be liberated from their sorrows, even if their deliverer is named Death? Why may not the Christian slave of a merciless master?

But if those, whom the providence of God has absolutely shut up to this prayer, may offer it, without offense, to his infinite purity; it is equally certain they have no right to take it upon their lips, whom the Heavenly Father calls to the active life of duty. However great their sorrows or their disappointments—though their dearest friends are in the dust, and their earthly all is swept away—they have no right, in moody melancholy, to sit list-

less down and wish to die. They have a higher, nobler work than to look into the shadows. They are to long for the sunshine, and not for the sunset. For them the clarion notes of duty ring, summoning them onward. Elijah was out of place in the solitudes of Carmel. Luther should have spoken words, more grand and inspiring, to have formed the fitting conclusion of his glorious life. He was greater in his life than in his death; the better greatness indeed of the two, but he should have been great in both. Every Christian is sinning against God, when he permits himself to loathe or to neglect the actual work to which he is clearly called. Up and work, while it is day, and rejoice in the clear light, for the night will come all too quickly, to interrupt your work, so quickly, that you need never, never, pray that God would hasten on the sunset.

In the conclusion of the discourse I shall not attempt to gather up all its practical suggestions, some of which have necessarily come into view, in the illustration of it. I will only call your attention, first, to the supreme dignity of a joyful, earnest, working life in God. This is better than a constant longing for sunset; nay, this is better than the most gorgeous sunset which has ever illumined a Christian's dying hour. To live like Payson would be better than to die like Payson, though one would love both to live and die as he did. In his holy word, God gives a a higher importance to living than to dying—to our work in the broad daylight, than to our work amid the shadows. I think, therefore, we ought to long to live, if living is with us Christ. Sometimes good Christians feel sad at heart, because they love life so well. In so far, however, as life with them is duty, in so far they ought to love it. I think God likes it better than they possibly can. Did not Hezekiah pray anxiously for life, and was not his prayer answered because he had a great work to do for God. And with what argument did he plead with his heavenly Father, but this: "The grave can not praise thee, death can not celebrate thee, the living, the living, he shall praise thee." It is life which glorifies most the great Master of us all. It is beyond measure a grand endowment, to feel the throbbings of life within us, overflowing in health and vigor, all consecrated to the service of the eternal God. The joy of such a life is worthy of our love, and we may pray for its continuance, for heaven itself is life unshadowed, and without a sunset.

And yet, however much a working life is to be desired in itself, t is not true that a Christian is always best trained in the sunshine. Some of the most precious of the graces grow best in the larkness, and the choicest disciples very often pass their lives under a cloud. Those whose veins bound with health, as if in very madness, are too little likely to be influenced by the constant vision of the Unseen. Therefore it is that sickness and sorrow

have such universal dominion. Perfect health and unbounded elasticity of life will not be a safe endowment except in heaven.

Yet even with those weary and heavy-laden with sickness and sorrow, the positive patience and self-denial and gentle graces to which they are called, and which constitute their Christian life, activity in the form of endurance, are more to be desired than those sad moods of mind in which they can not help but long for sunset. To them, too, in their peculiar way, there is a supreme dignity in a joyful, earnest, working life in God.

Secondly. But while we all should love to live in the active performance of duty, we are never to forget the shadow, or to fail to prepare for death. There is such a thing as a Christian loving this life too well. The instinct by which he clings to it, may not be properly subdued unto God. Or the divine Providence may have scattered so many blessings upon his home, that he is in danger of "laying up his treasures upon earth." There is much necessity for the children of God to seek by positive effort to break the cords which bind them too closely here, and to replace them with those golden chains, whose fastenings are in the throne of God and the Lamb. One of the first petitions to the throne of God, which impressed my childish heart, was heard from the lips of one of our most distinguished ministers, and has been heard from his lips a thousand times since, that God would wean us from the world. This is a prayer which should be often offered, and with efforts after the object, proportioned to its importance. Indeed, there should always be a struggle for that longing after God, which, while it is consistent with a love of Christian action upon earth, is a continual preparation for the coming on of night. The Apostle Paul occupied the right position upon this question: "To depart was far better, and he greatly desired it;" yet "to live was Christ:" and if the Master still had work for him to do; he would choose on the whole, for the sake of the dying world, to remain at his post. Oh! this is a great Christian attainment reached by few, and yet worthy of our highest strivings! It is well to aim at a lofty mark. It is not, as we sometimes express it, to be willing to live, and to be willing to die, as God sees best; but it is to love to live or to love to die just as God sees best. And yet, if with most of our brethren, we fall short of this very high standard, we ought as our very lowest duty, to keep our minds so submissive to God, as to bow before his will.

Thirdly. The sunset will bring blessings to the weary saint. The shadow which he so earnestly desires, lies just before the celestial city. Yet so strangely worn and over-worked is he, that it is not for heaven he longs, so much as for the shadow itself — the end of his sufferings, the devouring grave. The kind Father, pitying his frame, and knowing his infirmities, permits him thus to long for death, and keeps in reserve for him beyond, the hea-

venly glories. Poor, sorrowing disciple! the Saviour keeps thy crown in readiness for thee. Thy sun, which through all thy afflicted life has seemed to be enveloped in thick darkness, shall go down without a cloud, even setting in a refulgent sea of glory. Oh! didst thou know it all, thou mightest well long and pray for sunset.

THE CODEX SINAITICUS.*

THE name of Tischendorf does not now appear for the first time in connection with Biblical literature. The course of authorship of this distinguished savant began as long ago as 1838, when an edition of the Greek New Testament proclaimed his qualifications for the task of textual criticism, and decided his career. The patronage of his own sovereign furnished him with the means of visiting Paris for the purpose of exploring its manuscript treasures, especially its *Codex Ephremi Rescriptus*, one of the most valuable palimpsests in the world. Since then Great Britain, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, have been traversed in the prosecution of his researches, and have borne witness to his combined learning and zeal. To sum up his publications were to fill a paragraph; suffice it to say, that his "Codex Friderico-Augustanus," his "Monumenta Sacra Inedita," his "Evangelium Palatinum," his "Codex Amiatinus," his "Codex Claromontanus," his "Palimpsest Fragments," his "Apocryphal Acts," "Apocryphal Gospels," "Apocryphal Apocalypses," and his successive editions of the Greek New Testament, have established his reputation as the largest contributor to textual criticism of his day, and made the name of Tischendorf celebrated far beyond the bounds of his quiet university.

In the volume before us† we have record made of one of his latest journeys, and of certainly his greatest acquisition—a very ancient manuscript, containing the most important parts of the Old Testament in Greek, and the entire New Testament, without omission or erasure, *ne minimâ quidem lacunâ deformatum.* Any manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, in any language, with a credible date reaching above the tenth century, would be considered a valuable addition to our stores of critical matter for settling the

* This article is of such unusual interest and value to ministers and intelligent Christians, that we have thought worth while to print it on these pages, for those who may not otherwise see it.—ED. OF N. PREACHER.

† *Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici.* Edidit Ainoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

sacred text, for even these are comparatively few; but to meet with one whose date is assigned, unhesitatingly, by its finder to the earlier half of the *fourth century*, was enough to turn Tischendorf crazy with joy. His record of his emotions at the moment of discovery is quiet, but the exultation of his feelings could not be disguised: "*Quae res quantam in admirationem me conjecerit, dissimulare nequibam.*"

It appears that in his two previous journeys to the East, of the earlier of which he makes interesting report in his *Reise in dem Orient*, 1845–48, he had been, beyond expectation, successful in the acquisition of materials for publication, of one sort or another. The second journey—that of 1853, nine years after the first—bears more the character of a great disappointment than the preceding, as a narrative of the circumstances will explain.

In the year 1844 the King of Saxony furnished Professor Tischendorf with funds, to enable him to prosecute his inquiries after parchments and old books in the East. Amongst the acquisitions of that strip was a fragment of a Greek Septuagint, rescued by Tischendorf from the destruction awaiting it, and other unvalued scraps and loose leaves in a basket, where they were carelessly tossed to rot in the damp, or be consumed by ants. A larger fragment of that MS., containing Isaiah and Maccabees, he begged for in vain, because the importunity of the stranger taught the ignorant monks to set a value on their relic which they had not had independent knowledge of their own to appreciate. He obtained, however, enough of the disjointed leaves and smaller portions to constitute a satisfactory specimen of the whole. These fragments Tischendorf published in 1846, under the title of the *Friderico-Augustan Codex*, in compliment to his royal patron. But the lengthened period of nine years from his first journey did not abate his longing for the remainder of the precious manuscript (*ipsis membranis pretiosissimis*) which he had left in such unsafe custody, and which his own publications had made so widely known. He expected that, during the interval, the MS. would have found its way into a European library, through the care of some appreciative traveler; but no tidings came of such a destination. This prompted the journey of 1853, undertaken with a determination to transcribe all that remained of the document, and to publish it on his return. But, on his presenting himself at the Convent of Mount Sinai, to his dismay, the document could no where be found. Describing his disappointment in his *Mon. Sac. Ined.* of 1855, he expresses his belief that it must have come to Europe, and that it lay somewhere concealed. Should it, however, be irrecoverably lost, he very fairly declares himself innocent of neglect of the manuscript, for he had frankly informed its custodians of its value, and urged upon them its more careful preservation.

Matters remained in this position for six years longer—Tischendorf engaged with his professorial duties, and editing his laborious volumes of antiquarian research, together with his Critical Greek Testaments—when, by the intervention of the Prince Von Falkenstein, Prime Minister of the King of Saxony, and the successive Russian Ambassadors at Dresden, the Baron Von Schroeder, Prince Wolkonsky, and Baron Von Kotzebue, aided by the intercession of Von Noroff, Von Kovalewsky, and Theodore Von Grimm, the eager professor's wish was gratified, with the injunction to return to his former scene of action, and secure for the Emperor of Russia what spoil he might of ancient Greek and Oriental literature. On the last day of January, 1859, Tischendorf reached his old quarters in the Convent of St. Catherine, and opened his campaign, or rather foray, with so little success, that four days afterwards he completed his arrangements, by hiring horses and camels, for returning to Cairo on the 7th of February. But an unexpected and most delightful event occurred, meanwhile, that rendered this last journey memorable above all others undertaken by the professor; for, conversing with the sub-prior, on the Septuagint translation, of which Tischendorf had brought with him printed copies, along with his Greek New Testaments, the conventual brother turned out of a piece of cloth, for his inspection, the very document of which he had come in search.

This revelation was a light rising upon his darkness—the flashing of an instantaneous dawn. Turning over the coveted folios, he found them to contain a considerable part of the Old Testament, the whole of the New, and the Epistle of Barnabas, along with the first part of the Shepherd of Hermas. Xenophon's returning ten thousand never hailed the waters of the Black Sea with more gladsome Θαλαττα, Θαλαττα, after their wearisome march and perilous adventure, than Tischendorf the resurrection of his buried love. Unable to sleep through excess of joy, he bore the treasured parchments to his cell, and spent the night in copying the recovered Barnabas. Starting, nevertheless, on the appointed day, he obtained the promise of the superior that the mutilated Codex would be forwarded after him to Cairo, to be copied as soon as the license to do so should reach the convent from their ecclesiastical head in Egypt. A very few days sufficed to obtain the required permission, and Tischendorf rejoiced in his prize, retaining it in his possession till, with the aid of two friends, he had copied its every word, letter, sign, and variation. Two months sufficed for this Herculean task, which comprised the transcription of upwards of one hundred thousand lines of Greek. This done, his joy was complete.

The original MS., it was suggested, might very appropriately be presented to the Emperor of Russia, a distinguished professor and protector of the Christian faith; and the hint met with unani-

mous compliance. As no one, however, had, at the time, the right of making the presentation, in consequence of Archbishop Constantine's death and the non-consecration of his successor, it was concluded to lend the MS., for the purpose of completing an accurate impression of its contents, leaving the question of its final ownership for future determination.

From May to September Tischendorf was free to traverse Palestine in search of hidden MSS., and was at Jerusalem at the same time with the Duke Constantine, who lent his royal countenance to his labors. In Constantinople the Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanow, received him as his guest in his palace, a circumstance we feel pleasure in recording, the priesthood of letters receiving due homage at the hands of the princes of the people. From this enlightened nobleman, Tischendorf learned of the existence of another notice since his own of the Sinaitic Codex, namely, one from the pen of the Archimandrite Porphyry, who, in 1846, had examined its peculiarities, when he visited the monastery in the desert. These he describes in his publication of 1856 at St. Petersburg, but makes such mistakes as would naturally occur in the case of a person not conversant with textual criticism. The Greek divine, for instance, supposes the MS. to follow the Euthalian prescript in its stichometry; and, as this arrangement of the text dates about four hundred and forty-six, that the MS. may be of the fifth century. From this surmise he conjectured that its corrections belong to the same age, and that, by means of these, a peculiar text—call it the Alexandrian—was brought into harmony with that of the universal Church. These suppositions are gratuitous and incorrect. The arrangement is not Euthalian; nor if it were, would its age be decided thereby—its upward limit would, indeed, be fixed, but not its downward. Its corrections are made by many distinct hands, the two most important being of a date several centuries after the original writing of the MS.; and the corrections, though often concurrent with the orthodox and received text, more frequently diverge from it. The learned priest, moreover, though duly impressed with the archaic aspect of the document, adopted no measures for transcribing it, or making it available for critical purposes. He knew nothing of the fact that the Shepherd of Hermas in Greek was a desideratum of scholars, as well as the earlier part of the epistle of Barnabas, or he would probably have had these, at least, transcribed for the satisfaction of the Christian world. The venerable Archimandrite was evidently more of the amateur than the connoisseur. No man is great in every line. *Non omnes omnia possumus.*

On his return to St. Petersburg, in October, 1859, Tischendorf was graciously received by the Emperor and Empress, who examined *seriatim* the professor's stores. By Alexander's command they were exhibited publicly for a fortnight, and the Sinaitic Codex

was ordered to be prepared for the press with the least possible delay. The preservation of such a monument of ancient learning and piety, where such losses had accrued to its cotemporary literature, was providential; and in recognition of the divine care, the precious boon should no longer be withheld from the world of letters and religion.

The plan of publication pursued will be to represent the original text by fac-simile types, the regularity of the letters greatly favoring this method; but even minute varieties of character will be exhibited also. The alterations by the chief correctors will be given in the margin, together with other peculiarities, such as punctuation, accents, etc., while the less important or most modern alterations will be exhibited in the commentary. Twenty pages of lithographic fac-simile, drawn from photographs, will exhibit to the eye of the student an exact picture of the appearance of the original. Approved artists at St. Petersburg will make the drawings; the firm of Giesecke and Deverient, at Leipzig, are to be the printers, and each page, as it issues from the press, will engage the ever-vigilant and active supervision of the learned editor himself. What an acquisition this will be to the Church and the learned world we need not say, and what a monument of the industry, talent, and ingenuity of the German textuary, who publishes a great work like this in the course of a couple of years, leaving nothing to desire on the score of accuracy, cheapness, and accessibility, after the painful disappointment we have so recently experienced in the wretched, unscholarly, and extortionate Vatican imprint of Cardinal Mai.

The three hundred costly fac-simile copies the Emperor of Russia will retain himself, for the purpose of gifts to the learned bodies of Europe; but cheap editions, in ordinary type, to be printed with equal accuracy and beauty at the same time, will gratify the curiosity of purchasers, and diffuse the information the manuscript contains as wide as the world.

The whole imprint of the Codex will occupy three volumes, of which two will contain the Old Testament and one the New. A supplementary volume will include the fac-simile plates, and a lengthened commentary upon all the emendations in the manuscript and its palæography. F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, is to have charge of the ordinary Greek type edition. The whole work is designed to be completed in the middle of 1862—a year memorable in the annals of Russia, as it will be the thousandth year of its existence; and it is desired to associate this great literary achievement with the celebration of the military and social progress of the empire.

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Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XXI.

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THE GENTLENESS AND THE ENERGY OF CHRISTIANITY.

"And James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and he surnamed them Boanerges, which is, The sons of thunder."—Mark 3: 17.

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."—John 13: 23.

When we think of John as "the beloved disciple"—when we figure him to us, leaning on Jesus' breast, at the supper—we are apt to conceive of the meekest, and gentlest, and loveliest of the twelve. The artists who undertake to delineate the countenances of the apostles, and of their Lord, are wont to give to John a countenance of almost feminine mildness. There is somewhat in the writings of John, and in his history, which justifies the imputing to him of unusual gentleness. The frequent address, "*My*

little children," in his epistles, and his reïterated entreaty to Christians to "*love one another;*" his modesty and sensibility in alluding to himself, in his Gospel, as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," together with our knowledge of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and our idea of the character that would win that place in his affection—all these conspire to divest our idea of John of every harsh and unlovely attribute, and to clothe it with every thing winning and amiable.

Yet we should greatly err if we were to conceive of him as of a soft and feeble character, or as deficient in the solid elements of manliness. He was one of the two brothers whom Jesus named "*sons of thunder,*" a designation certainly indicative of the utmost force and energy of character.

That they were both naturally of a somewhat impulsive and fiery temper, may be inferred from the narration in Luke 9 : 51–56. From that, it appears that when the inhabitants of a certain village refused hospitality to their Master, their impulse was to call down fire from heaven, to consume them.

That they were naturally ambitious, seems evident from their desire to sit one on the right hand, and the other on the left, of the Lord, when he should be established on the seat of his kingly power.—Mark 10 : 35.

In short, it is evident that they needed to have their fiery impulses curbed, and their aspiring disposition repressed, by the example and instructions of their Lord.

Limiting our view to John, of whom the Scriptures give us the more full account, it seems to be evident that, under the training of Christ, he came to possess, in a very eminent degree, the meek gentleness and the resolute energy, which, being combined, constitute the best Christian character; and I call your attention to the character of this individual for the purpose of presenting to your contemplation the *gentleness* which belongs to Christian character, in its proper combination with the *energy* which equally belongs to it.

I. We will consider some things in Christianity that are adapted to give *gentleness* to the character.

1. The view which it gives a person of himself. This, you know, is any thing but flattering. The Christian estimate, the Bible estimate of human character is such, that when any person appropriates it to himself, he finds all the pride of his spirit abased and mortified. He sees that he has nothing on which to value himself, nothing with which he can lift himself up. He must go down to a very low place, must consent to be estimated at a very low rate. When a person comes to possess the proper spirit of Christianity, he willingly takes that low place, and makes that low estimate. Now you very well know how opposite to Christia

gentleness is pride. He who is puffed up with a high estimate of himself, is likely to bear himself sternly, if not roughly, towards his fellow-creatures. He has a high opinion of what is due to him from other people, and he has little disposition to relax his claims, or to waive the enforcement of them. He is likely to be too much occupied with this, to give much consideration to what is due from himself to others; and he certainly is likely to have too little sense of his own deficiencies, to be very kind or forbearing towards those who give him occasion to find fault with them. On the contrary, you can see that such humility as belongs to evangelical religion—such a low estimate of one's self as the Bible teaches to make, and as he does make whose heart has embraced its teachings—will very much restrain from a high and haughty bearing towards others, from all overbearing treatment of them. A person who has seen and felt his unworthiness before God, is likely to make a moderate estimate of what is due to him from his fellow-creatures; and when he clearly sees that they fail to render him the respect and consideration which are his due, the consciousness of his own shortcomings (if not towards them, at least towards God) will greatly temper his censures of them, and the methods by which he will endeavor to bring them to their duty. He who has learned to offer, in the true spirit of it, the petition, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;" who has felt (as experimental knowledge of Christianity will make one feel) his need of forgiveness, and has learned *thus* to ask for it, will surely be lenient towards the delinquencies of others. Christian humility certainly tends to promote gentleness.

2. I mention next the view which Christianity gives of God and of eternity. Not only is a person who has felt "the powers of the world to come" apt to feel that the paltry interests of time are not worth contending for, but habitual contemplation of eternal realities, and of Him who "inhabiteth eternity," will so awe and elevate the spirit, that it will have the utmost disrelish for contention. Scarcely can such an one be induced to contend for any thing except the sacred matters of truth and of conscience.

Have you never noticed the influence upon the mind of such high and noble contemplations, to soothe its irritableness, and to hush all its turbulence, and to disincline it to all dissension and controversy? Have you never observed how hard it is to provoke or excite persons to contention in the presence of sublime objects, or while they are under the influence of sublime ideas? Would it not be strange if two persons should quarrel while gazing together at the cataract of Niagara, listening to its solemn roar, and feeling its solemn tremor? Is it possible to retain anger when you stand at a window, watching the coming up of a storm; or at the foot of cliffs, that lift themselves ruggedly up to the sky; or on the shore of the ocean stretching away beyond the utmost

reach of vision, endlessly rolling in its waves, and ceaselessly lifting up its voice?

Christianity, studied, believed, embraced, experienced, causes the soul to dwell habitually in the presence of sublimer objects than these, and under the influence of nobler contemplations. That glorious Being, who is "from everlasting to everlasting," whose power and knowledge are infinite, and whose whole character is of superlative excellence—Eternity, in all its incomprehensible vastness, and with all its amazing interests—Redemption, with all the inaccessible hight of its principles, and all the unfathomable depth of its mercy, and all the unimaginable reach of its effects—such are the themes which Christianity unfolds in its divine records, and to the contemplation of which the experience of it leads the mind. Can a mind which dwells amid such objects, and upon which such influences distill, fail to be made *gentle?*

3. The character of Christ, as it is delineated in the Scriptures, and as the Christian contemplates it, is calculated to promote gentleness. He is exhibited as "the Lamb of God"—not only a *spotless* victim, fit for the sacrifice, but dumb and unresisting, when led to slaughter. In the Gospel narrative the Christian sees Jesus conscious of possessing "all power in heaven and in earth," able to summon angelic legions to his help and service, yet yielding to his captors; submitting to all their rudeness and all their cruelty; withholding not his face from shame and spitting, his head from smiting, nor his person from the scourge, and the nails, and the spear. Is there in all true history, or in all the sphere of ideal heroism, a more admirable spectacle? The Christian not only trusts in the efficacy of Christ's sufferings, to atone for his sins, but he reads in his New Testament, that "Christ also suffered for us, *leaving us an example*, that we should follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

Can the Christian have that Scripture passage in his memory, and faith in that redemption in his heart, and that divine model of behavior in his eye, and not be won to imitation of it? and yet not so much to conscious and designed imitation, as to unconscious assimilation? For the examples of those with whom we are in sympathy do not affect us merely so far as we purposely endeavor to imitate them. Our feelings and our character are molded by an influence of which we are not conscious, that is even more effective. The Christian, truly *loving* Christ, having his heart opened to the influence which beams from all Christ's life and character, and by contemplation of him, holding himself under that influence, is assimilated to him more than himself perceives; and sometimes, in the higher degrees of this experience, he is like Moses, whose face shone with a light which he wist not of.

Nor is it only in death that Christ exhibited his lamb-like spirit. His whole life beams with the same mild radiance. He went about doing good. He delighted to comfort the mourners, and to bind up the broken-hearted—to speak words of peace and encouragement to the penitent, and to take up little children in his arms.

See him in the cottage at Bethany, with Mary sitting at his feet—see him at the gate of Nain, with his hand on the young man's bier—see him in the court of the temple, alone with the erring woman, when her conscious-smitten accusers have all gone away, mildly dismissing her with the gentle admonition, "*Sin no more*"—see him on the hight of Olivet, weeping over the doomed city of his people—see him among the crowd of miserable wretches, on whose maimed or diseased bodies he is exercising his healing power—see him breaking the bread for the hungry multitude, on whom he has compassion—see him, alone with his twelve, when the fickle crowd have deserted him, asking in the plaintive tones of solicitous friendship: "Will ye also go away?"

Surely all the Christian's converse with his Saviour tends to give him a gentle and amiable character.

We pass to the other branch of our subject, and consider,

II. Some things in Christianity that are adapted to give *energy* to the character.

1. *Look at the objects of effort which it presents*—all that is involved in one's own eternal salvation—and all that tends to the well-being of mankind and the glory of God.

One's own salvation, as Christianity proposes it, is not the gaining of a title to heavenly bliss hereafter, by submitting to some rite of priestly performance, or to some austerities of priestly imposition; nor by any bargained work, whereby such title is to be purchased. It is, after gratefully and believingly accepting as a free gift, that title, written in blood, to gird one's self for a race, and arm one's self for a warfare, the strenuous prosecution of which will engage all the highest powers of one's being, through the whole period of his earthly existence. One has to conquer all his depraved inclinations—to correct all his wrong habits, stiff and gnarled as some of them may be, like the crooks in a stubborn oak. One has to withstand innumerable temptations from without, addressing themselves to corrupt nature within—temptations that come from society, from politics, from the world, in all the endless diversity of its forms—an army of bad influences, ordered and marshaled by the prince of evil. The serious, resolute endeavor to become what Christianity requires you to be, faithfully availing yourselves of all the divine helps which Christianity offers you, and duly improving them, is one that will task your best powers to the utmost, and stimulate them to the very best development.

Distinct from this, yet not separate, is the effort to which Christianity calls us, for the benefit of our fellow-men, and for promoting the glory of God. These are perfectly harmonious, and are best prosecuted together. We are then doing most for our own Christian improvement, when we are most faithfully serving God, and most benevolently laboring for the good of mankind.

What a field of enterprise is here open to the Christian! I do not need to expatiate upon the evils and miseries which abound in the earth, for the removal or the mitigation of which the Christian is called to labor. You know that the poor, the wronged, the bereaved, the sick, the ignorant, the vicious, the impenitent, are every where; and that the Christian possesses what may bring relief or deliverance to as many as he can persuade to accept it. You know what mighty evils have become identified with the social and political institutions of mankind, and what conflicts are yet to be waged for their overthrow; and you know over how large a part of the race, paganism, and corrupt Christianity, and infidelity, hold sway. You know that every Christian is called to have part in these conflicts, and in order thereto, is exhorted to have on "the whole armor of God"—"for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

If one have these Biblical ideas, if this Pauline spirit possess him, could any other be more effectual to develop all his energy? A dull and spiritless Christian—with such fields of enterprise around him, and such enemies before him, and such a crown above him—is such an anomaly possible?

2. *Look at the* MOTIVES *to effort which Christianity supplies.* These are indeed in great measure involved in the objects of effort already mentioned, but they are capable of distinct consideration. All the motives which appeal to one's regard for his own welfare—his desire for happiness, and for excellence of character—are furnished by Christianity in their highest and best forms.

The highest motives of gratitude are also present—"for the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead—and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again." All the benevolence, too, which experienced Christianity awakens in the soul, practical Christianity continually addresses with the most moving appeals. It must surely be a hard and cold heart that, in such a world as this, among such beings as people it, in such a condition, and with such prospects, is not moved to the most energetic endeavors to help, to benefit, to save them.

3. *Consider the* EXAMPLES *which Christianity exhibits.*

What other field, what other cause can furnish nobler specime

of heroic energy? Omitting to dwell upon the exertions of the Christian missionaries and the Christian philanthropists of our own time—passing over the heroes of the Reformation, and of the earlier ages, let us at once go back to the first age of Christianity, to the men of the New Testament. Of all these we have the fullest account of Paul, and to what other biography can his be compared unfavorably, in respect to the energy of character exhibited?—exhibited too, be it remembered, towards the objects, and under the influences which Christianity supplies. It were well if that biography were more diligently studied by all ministers and all Christians, till, catching its fervent spirit, we too should be "in labors more abundant," "in season and out of season," "becoming all things to all men," and "not counting our lives dear unto us," if by whatever pains, and by whatever exertion, we could "by all means save some;" till also, in regard to our own salvation, "forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, we should press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Nor is Paul the only New Testament example. Behold Peter, and the other apostles, before the rulers at Jerusalem, boldly announcing their purpose "to obey God rather than men."

Read the epistles of Peter and of John; read them attentively, and see if, while they are characterized by affectionate tenderness, they do not also burn with a steady and mighty energy. Familiarity with the life and writings of those New Testament men, while it chastens the spirit, is most effectual to rouse and to kindle it.

We may not, at first view, appreciate the energy of Him whom the New Testament exhibits as our perfect model. It is not like the rush of the tornado, nor like the crash of the lightning, nor like the tumult of the waves. Rather is it like the rising of the tide, or the movement of the celestial spheres—silent, calm, imperceptible—yet irresistible, and of how grand effect! It had been anciently foretold of Him, He "shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street;" yet, also, in the same prophecy, "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law." How admirably was that prophecy fulfilled in the Saviour! With all his mildness and tenderness, what other being that has ever trod the earth, has moved on, along his appointed path, to the fulfillment of his appointed work, with such calm, such heroic energy?—energy that made no noise, yet that could not be driven back nor turned aside. The affection of kindred, the ambition of friends, the mistaken love of disciples, the applauses of the multitude, could never divert him from his course. The opposition of enemies, the authority of rulers, the rage of an angry populace,

the anticipated horrors of his last indescribable agony—all could not arrest nor impede his willing his steady progress.

The Scriptures teach us to look unto him—to consider him, "lest we be wearied and faint in our minds."

Tell me, is there any other source from which influences can come, so capable of giving the highest energy to human character, as from Christianity?

I hope it is apparent to you all, that these opposite elements of character are by no means antagonistic. Opposite they are, only as the arms of one body, or as the lights and shades of one picture, helping and supplementing each other. I hope you see that the energy which Christianity inspires does not mar the gentleness which is so beautiful an ornament of character; and that the gentleness which Christianity cultivates, does not soften and enervate the soul. The two elements do most harmoniously blend, balancing, and tempering—not at all hindering each other.

Doubtless amid the many imperfections of exemplified Christian character, none is more common than the distortion which arises from the prominence of one of these elements, in the absence of the other. Our gentle and amiable Christians are apt to be too irresolute, and our heroes are apt to be too rough and coarse. We should be lenient toward the errors of all sincere and earnest souls —and doubtless the most of us should be rebuked by the high attainments of any, in either one of those directions—yet let not any think that they would need to be less mighty laborers, if they should be clothed with a more Christ-like gentleness, nor that it would diminish their Christian amiability to have their souls possessed with the highest Christian energy.

In all our efforts at self-culture, let us seek for the attainment of both these elements in scriptural proportions and in scriptural combination. Let us cultivate that spirit which would befit us leaning on Jesus' breast, together with that which won the surname, "*Sons of Thunder.*"

It is gratifying to our patriotic feeling to reflect that scarcely in all human history have we another so good example of this rightly-balanced character as in him who was our country's first chief magistrate. In this day of our country's peril, and of her anguish, what better blessing could the God of our fathers bestow, than to let us find the same character again illustrated in that high seat?

Whatever may have been our views or our attitude in respect to that fellow-citizen to whom God, in his providence, has intrusted these great responsibilities—however we may have opposed, or may have favored his elevation to power, according to our differing convictions—however we have regarded him, with distrust or with confidence—and whatever may now be our actual opinions of him—surely, as Christians, it behooves us to comply with his

public request, that his people will pray for him. Surely we can all join in the prayer, "that the Spirit of the Lord may come upon him," abundantly fitting him for his great office; and that, now and henceforth, God will give our nation rulers whose strong and rightly-balanced character shall be the element of the nation's safety—a character like this invisible, pliant air, pliant to every right and lawful motion, but able, upon just occasion, to become a tempest to sweep away rebellion, able to blast treason like the sirocco—then in balmy and salubrious mildness covering all the land, and filling, with its benign and life-sustaining presence, the homes of the people.

Yet, let us remember that we can not, with confidence, expect God to grant us such rulers, unless we be such a people. Let us diligently and prayerfully use all the spiritual forces of the Gospel, by means of all its divinely-furnished instrumentalities, in our families, our schools, and our churches, to form in ourselves, and in those within our influence, this truly Christian character of balanced and blended energy and gentleness.

SERMON XXII.

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THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"WHEREFORE, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—MATT. 6 : 30.

WHEN we think of the world in which we live, in comparison with the magnitude of creation, a sense of littleness comes over us, and a feeling of insignificance, which prompts us to say with the Psalmist: "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man, that thou visitest him?" This feeling has been appropriated to the use of irreligion and infidelity. It has been turned into a popular argument against Christianity. The smallness of the world in the immensity of God's creation—the littleness of man in the immeasurable realms of his sovereignty, it has been said, throws a suspicion over the truth of Gospel history. Are we befitting, worthy objects for the attention of the infinite God, and for that wonderful movement which was made in heaven for the redemption of man? This objection of infidelity was answered by Dr. Chalmers, in his masterly "Astrono-

mical Discourses," in such a manner that the work will never need to be done again.

Still the feeling of our littleness, and a consequent apprehension of exposedness and insecurity is natural, and has power with many minds. There is much in our circumstances to force this feeling upon us, and to crush us into insignificance. Walking in the field, in a clear summer's evening, on one side of us the corn-field, on the other side the lonely wood, and above us the stars, in their courses, silent and beautiful, and the milky-way, with its myriad worlds along the blue expanse of night, it is natural and seemly for us to bow our head in lowliness, gratitude, and wonder, and say: "What is man?" Our weak "faith" staggers. Does the Almighty extend his care and protection to such an insignificant creature? Can it be that the Son of God has come to die for such atoms as I, and in such an atom as our world is?

But there is another feeling, quite in contrast with this, to which calm reflection, in our evening walk, may reasonably lead us, not less deep and powerful than the crushing sense of our insignificance. We look at the corn, faintly rustling at our side, which God has prepared to nourish us; we listen to the murmur of the old forest, every leaf of which, with its delicate tints and fibers, the hand of the Almighty has formed with unspeakable skill; we stretch out our hand to a flower, within whose fair bosom God has reared colonies and nations of animalculæ, in all the glow of their costume and in a perfection of beauty after which art toils in vain. So the world of littleness stretches away beneath our feet. Over all this microscopic littleness, as well as all that greatness brought to view by the telescope, our heavenly Father presides, and has given man the princely faculties to be lord of this lower world which he has prepared for him. From this survey, we may turn with reasonable loyal joy to Jesus, and listen to him as he speaks in the words of the text: "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Shall he not care for you? Shall he not be interested in the redemption of a world that had wandered away from him? This is the proper attitude for us. Our feeling should be, "God cares for me; wherever I go, he tends me and watches me; the intimacy of his presence and attention and care reaches me every moment and in every thought."

I shall attempt, in this discourse, to exhibit some of the practical benefits of the doctrine of God's providence. In doing this, I must show what this doctrine is, and then we can discover how its application throws around the character of God an ineffable glory, and at the same time is of the highest practical utility to ourselves.

I. When we speak of God's providence, we mean that God, by his invisible and almighty agency, guides and governs all his creatures and all their actions; or, in other words, that he takes care of every individual person, object, and event in the world.

Many people have vague and erroneous ideas of God's great wonder-working processes, which we call providence. This is indicated by common modes of speech.

Some speak of "luck" and "chance" as if events were absolutely casual and fortuitous, and came to pass independently of any purpose of God and without his control. But there is no such thing as chance, unless we employ the word, and others of similar import, as simply expressive of our ignorance. An accidental event is one of which we are not able to discover the cause or the purpose; but we may rest assured that, in the eye of God, it is in no way contingent and casual. Its cause has been foreseen and appointed to produce that particular effect, and this effect to serve a specific purpose. Many events are said to happen, because man can not discover the precise cause of them; but instead of being independent of God, it is specially by these that God manifests his wisdom, fulfills his purposes, and becomes truly the governor of the world. "A man drew a bow at a venture and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness;" but God foresaw the track of the arrow, and foretold the fall of the unrobed Ahab. The Scriptures teach us that not a hair falls from the head, and not a sparrow falls to the ground, contrary to his design, and without his agency. His wise and powerful direction controls all the good and all the evil that befalls mankind. Our life is full of changes. The wheel which God showed Ezekiel is a beautiful figure of divine providence. Sometimes one part of the wheel is at the top; and then, by its revolution, that part is brought down again to the dust. So it is with our life under God's providence.

> "Here he exalts neglected worms
> To scepters and a crown;
> And then the following page he turns
> And treads the monarch down."

One is brought low by reverses which upset all his plans; a little while, and another page is turned, and he is lifted up. One is strong and hale to-day; to-morrow he is brought down. Life is a checkered scene, sometimes exalted, and sometimes depressed. But God's love to his people is unchanging. And he controls all things for their good.

If you look back through the ages, by the aid of history, you see God working out his everlasting purposes. To his eye there are no chance events—nothing out of place—nothing out of time—nothing really adverse to his great end. To us it often seems

otherwise. We look at the troubles of to-day, and say with Jacob: "All these things are against me." We ought to wait till we can put the whole together, and see how one trouble counteracted another. Wait till the pattern is finished — now the thread is black or white—sorrow or joy, as the pattern needs. By and by the web of life will be held up a beautiful tapestry. Each color of the changing hues was needful to the beauty. We shall, in the end, look at God's dealings on the right side. Then we shall see that there was no chance work about it, but everlasting wisdom in every event; and if children of God, we shall be obliged, instead of lamenting and repining, to bless him for his mercies towards us.

Again, some people speak of the laws of nature in a way to exclude the wisdom of God from his providence. Old heathen philosophers held the doctrine of fate, with some differences of opinion among themselves. They supposed that "this universe is moving as it were," in a groove of adamant; and that the events of time are fixed by an inevitable, uncontrollable necessity, irrespective of the exertions and desires, the hopes and fears of men, and independent of any wise adjustment and control of the Deity. This was a denial of God's providence. Nearly the same thing is meant by those who talk flippantly now about "natural laws" as governing the course of events. This is one of the latest fashions of infidelity, in its warfare against Christianity. It says, that all things come of general laws; that there has been no creation, no miracle, and no interference with the operation of fixed laws; that all is a development. Monstrous absurdity! Its refutation is graven as "with an iron pen and lead in the rock," and fossil remains. Common sense is shocked at the impious dogma, that no creating hand was the maker of man! What law developed the muscles, with their power of contraction, for the purposes of motion, and pulling against each other, to keep the body even? By what innate tendency of matter was the heart developed—that mighty forcing pump, beating a hundred thousand times a day, and never growing weary. Every tendency of matter would operate to prevent the formation of such organs as the heart, the lungs, or the eye. Whence came the exact adjustment which you observe between the eye and the light, or between the lungs and the air? The machinery of the eye had no tendency to give birth to the light, nor the light to form the eye. In both is seen the wisdom of God. The mechanism of the lungs can have no tendency to originate the peculiar chemical combination of life-supporting and life-destroying gases, which form air, nor the air to construct the lungs. Had the lungs or the air been, in any respect, different from what they are, all would have been pain, perhaps death, to every living creature. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," and as fearfully and wonderfully cared for every moment.

It requires the same hand to govern the world which first brought it into existence. The Creator has never given and never could give it an independent existence. He upholds and governs it by a constant exertion of his power. Take away his supporting agency, and it would instantly cease to exist. Should he cease to move it, all motion would immediately stop. Let his efficiency vacate the natural laws, and all things would forthwith revert to a state of chaos. From this it follows that he governs the sun, moon, and stars, and all the objects of his creation. He makes the sun to rise with punctual uniformity, the clouds to gather and drop down in dews, and in showers and in storms; and the seasons to follow each other in regular order. "He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest." The varied processes in the great laboratory of nature are set before us, to regale our senses and teach us lessons of gratitude, trust, and piety towards our wonder-working God. Look at them! Winter comes: its cold and frosts and snows are necessary to bring many things to maturity. Winter! the seeming death-knell of nature, it tells us that man must die. It seems as if there would be no more harvest. But there are hidden processes going on which are to appear in rich green fields and fruit-orchards. The seeds and roots of trees, buried beneath the dust, are undergoing changes important to their perfection.

Then comes Spring, genial and pleasing. God is working in it towards the fruits of the harvest. How much about God there is in it, significant and beautiful, for us to study and enjoy! Spring is hopeful. It scatters the violet and arbutus on the hill-side—tinges the field with green—awakes the song of birds, and puts all nature in bloom. By its magic touch, insects which had seemed to be dead begin to awaken, and seeds that were buried in the earth begin to lift up their radiant forms, prophets to man of a better resurrection.

Then Summer comes, clothing the grass of the field with beauty, and contributing, with its generous agencies, towards the harvest. It fills the air with fragrance and music; it robes the forest in deep rich foliage; and decks the fields with the tokens and earnests of ample stores. All this is not for the farmer alone to enjoy, but for him also who has a mind and spirit to enjoy it, and get lessons from it—

> "Him who with filial confidence inspired
> Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say, My Father made them all."

In all the richness of summer, behold the goodness of the merciful Creator.

Autumn completes the process. The fields are covered with crops, and their treasures are stored away in the barns. God has

not deserted our favored land. He has met us, and rebuked our folly; he has sent chastisement, which obstructed business, embarrassed our exchanges, palsied the arm of our strength, and crippled alike the enterprising men of business, and multitudes of the toiling and needy millions. But he has not suffered his promise of "seed-time and harvest" to fail. See how he has been operating through the successive seasons, to cover the fields with luxuriant harvests and fill our barns with plenty. In these results, the providence of God is seen, being made manifest by the things which are made.

The pantheistic philosophy before spoken of, sets the wisdom of God aside, and says: "Whatever is, must be—general laws control the development of all." So this mortal scene is a huge time-piece set a-going, and nothing can stop it or alter it, and every vibration is fraught with inexorable destiny. This godless, boasting philosophy is sometimes clothed in poetic gorgeousness and the fascinations of pretended science; it is disseminating its baneful influence. Now the true doctrine of providence differs from this as much as a man with good eyes differs from a blind man. The wisdom of God moves the wheels along, and if any thing would go wrong, God puts it right. The doctrine of providence is not that "what is must be," but "that what God in his wisdom ordains, must be." This difference keeps us from being fatalists. It brings us into the presence of an infinitely wise, good, and powerful personal Deity, and brings God near to us as a Father making all things work together for good to his children. Fate is a blind thing, coming down upon the soul like an avalanche, to crush and destroy; or rather the horrible idea is such, for there is no such thing in reality. There are general laws, but their action is dependent on the Governor of the world. By referring such and such an event to such a law, you have not placed it out of the special dominion of God. Shall we neglect to recognize God in his works, because these works are done in a regular method? Such a neglect is really atheistic, whatever it may be called, or however those who countenance it, may affect to respect Christianity. I want to feel that God is working all. I want to feel that every thing in this world is guided and governed by his wisdom, love, and power, and is working for some great, good end. I want to feel that every event, small and great, is under the eye and care of my Father in heaven. The Bible teaches me that it is so. God manifests his eternal power and universal agency, not only in the succession of the seasons, and of day and night, to which we have referred, but also in every leaf of the forest, fashioned with its delicate fibers after its own specific model, in every spire of grass that grows, in every kernal of grain, in every tree, fruit, and plant, as truly as he does in the heavens and the earth. This is the statement of Jesus in the text,

by which he means to lead our minds to a settled confidence in the providence of God.

The doctrine of providence is one of amazing sublimity; and in this respect it comports with the true idea of the immunity of God. Like himself, it is incomprehensible. It is so vast: God controlling all. It is so intricate—"a wheel within a wheel." Often it seems like Jacob crossing his hands when he blessed the sons of Joseph, putting his right over upon the head of the youngest, and his left hand upon the head of the first-born. It looks wrong to us, and we say: "Not so, my father." But he says: "It is even so." You can not see through it. He tells you not why it is so. You may know it by and by. His ways are a great deep, like the great ocean, never resting, ever rolling, and which has depths too profound for us to penetrate. And then providence is so uniform and consistent in all its parts. It never recedes, but always goes on to finish the plan it begins. Sometimes it seems to cross itself and counteract its own purposes. But it never does. Wait till the plan is finished and all is clear. God meant that Joseph should be lord of Egypt. There were many steps leading to this result; some of them seemed retrograde. There was the hate of his brethren, the being cast into the pit, the sale as a slave, the transfer to Potiphar; then there was the dungeon, the dream, the interpretation—a thousand things working together to produce the exaltation of Joseph. They seem to clash, but, in the end, you see, they conspired to bring about the beneficent end proposed. The seed of Abraham must possess the land of the Canaanites. A long series of complicated and diverse events, sometimes seemingly crossing the purpose, or even forbidding hope, operated most happily to prepare them for the inheritance, and led steadily on to the result. Be patient. With the Lord a thousand years is as one day. The minutest things help on the accomplishment of his ends. Read the book of Esther, and see what a salvation of the Jews God caused to come of "a sleepless night" of Ahasuerus. Read the Acts of the Apostles, and behold how God made the fury of persecution like the wind to waft the seed of gospel truth over the world. "Therefore, they that were scattered abroad, went every where preaching the word." There is nothing beneath his notice nor out of his control; not the atom that floats in the sunbeam, nor the spray of the cataract, any more than the sun in the heavens. The trouble that saddens you is as much under his direction as the advent of the Saviour.

It is important to remember that the providence of God extends to the sins of men and the iniquities of nations. This it does in permitting them. "Who in times suffered all nations to walk in their own ways," remaining ignorant and impenitent. "These things hast thou done, and I kept silence." Sentence is not executed

speedily. Again, the providence of God limits and restrains the sins of men. "The remainder of wrath thou wilt restrain." God said to Sennacherib, "Because thy rage against me is come up into my ears, therefore I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back." Besides, it overrules and disposes the sins of men to good ends. It is said that Napoleon once heard it remarked that "man proposes, but God disposes," and he replied: "Ah! but I propose and dispose too." How did he dispose? Poor mortal! could he stand against God's providence?

The providence of God, so vast, so intricate, so uniform, so mysterious, is amazing. It staggers thought; it is an idea that overwhelms one; it is too bright to look at steadily; too high for us to comprehend. Under this sovereign and universal providence of God we live and are free; man does as he chooses; and God does as he pleases. The facts are clear, and beyond these facts we can not go.

II. The practical benefits of the doctrine of God's providence have, to some extent, been brought to view in the progress of this exhibition of the doctrine itself. Let us consider some of them more particularly.

1. The cordial reception of this doctrine leads the believer to honor God by trusting him. We are sometimes in trouble and distress; we are perplexed; we can not see the end. All is dark. Things around us seem to be entangled in a Gordian knot. We may be tempted to cut the knot by the hand of a heartless infidelity; tempted, perhaps, to turn the cold sharp edge of the scalpel of modern science against Christianity, and sever the world from its Maker. But this will not extricate us, nor in the least relieve our trouble. God can solve the difficulty. He sees it all; his wisdom is in it all; his love will shine in it all.

> "God is his own interpreter,
> And he will make it plain."

Thus the prophet Isaiah says: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of my servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light: let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." God means to have us trust him. This is the life of religion, as the confidence of man in man is the life of business and commercial affairs. When men have lost confidence in each other, the exchanges are interrupted, trade stops, and business is paralyzed. So where confidence in God is wanting, there is no prayer, no worship, no communion with him. The wonderful measures which God has adopted for our redemption by the death of Christ, were intended to commend his love to us, and win our trust in him. God is honored by the confidence of men. Here is stable ground of trust. Amidst the

vicissitudes and alternations of human affairs, you feel, perhaps, helpless and forsaken. But lift up your eyes from these on-goings of mortal scenes. What will you say concerning Him who is the witness and controller of it all? Should it not be enough to say: "God has so arranged it. To him are owing all this variety and vicissitude, and yet all this uniformity and order?" You see the plant now; you know not what kind of flower and fruit it will yield. And is it not enough that he so wills it? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it: "Why hast thou made me thus?" God has not only made every thing, but there is a beauty in his arrangement; where all is fortuitous to our view, but all is foreseen and ordered in his sight. "He hath made every thing beautiful in its time." That must be beautiful which to infinite love and wisdom seems best; all must be good which is the outworking of a purpose so good and wise that it can not be changed for the better. Therefore trust God at all times.

2. This doctrine brings to the believer satisfying comfort. Earthly possessions are very uncertain and unsatisfactory in their nature. They are preserved with care and anxiety. And after enduring all that care and anxiety, you may find your security far less than you had fancied. Man's heart can not repose with much comfort on a good so frail and so little adapted to satisfy his nature. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and you shall find rest. You have fears and trials which harass your weak spirit and bring disquietude. You want an antidote. Here is the remedy proposed by Jesus Christ: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Man is born unto trouble. Sometimes it is upon one, then upon another; deep calleth unto deep; wave after wave. Sometimes affliction, sad bereavement comes into your house, and makes it dark and desolate. Sometimes calamity sweeps over a nation, and the whole community feel hard pressed by the general distress. We have not much strength to bear trouble. We are soon cast down and broken-hearted. But he who has faith in God's providence has comfort. He is not like the stoic. The stoic philosopher bore it, because he believed he must, and that it was manly to make the best of it. The Christian bears it because he believes that God will make it work for his good.

We are apt to feel strong in our prosperity, and many are content to trust to "luck," and "chance," and "fortune," as the world call it. But when these fail them, as sooner or later they will fail, and the evil days come, what resource have they left? Where is their comfort then? Their irreligion exposes them to be left friendless and lost forever, and to mourn at the last: "How have I hated instruction." Truly they are "without God, having no hope in the world."

Make God your refuge, and you will find a most secure abode.

Then, come trouble, come disease, come panic, come distress of nations, come death, you can smile at it and say: "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?" This is the way to fortify the heart against trouble. Confidence in God's providence is the indispensable condition of abiding comfort.

3. Another practical benefit of this doctrine is, that it represses violence and fretfulness of spirit, and produces a meek and gentle disposition. There are many important circumstances and events, the reason of which will probably remain to the end of time inscrutable; many that disappoint our hopes, and cross our wishes, and provoke our resentment. Such are, for instance, the depression of the righteous, the success of fraud and violence, the frustration of the efforts of benevolence and philanthropy, the prevalence of persecution, the mystery of iniquity spread over a large part of Christendom, and the extent to which wrong and vice afflict the world. We are in danger of contracting a harsh and acrimonious temper. We see some setting their mouth against the heavens, and dishonoring Christ by propagating fatal errors; and we feel as the disciples did, when they said: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, as Elias did?" On the side of the oppressor is power. We behold wickedness in the place of judgment, and spreading its arms like the green bay-tree. We ask: "Can it not be checked?" We meet with obstacles. We grow impatient. We lose our temper. This is wrong. "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers." Do what you can to reform men, and to get rid of the evils that curse the land. But do not give way to despondency, harshness, or vexation, because impediments oppose your progress, and the desired result is deferred. Commit your way to the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass. The Lord shall judge the righteous and the wicked. And if the wickedness of man works your personal injury, you need not take the matter into your own hands to avenge yourself. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." He sees all. He will vindicate the cause of the injured and oppressed. His providence is a shelter where meekness and gentleness may sit down and wait for the issue. Only do your duty, and leave the result calmly and cheerfully with him.

4. Another practical benefit of the doctrine of providence is, that it shows the indispensable obligations of gratitude to God for every favor we enjoy. The apostle says that "every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the father of lights, with whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." He has preserved you, watched over you, and provided for you every blessing that you have enjoyed. Give daily thanks to him for the great and immeasurable blessings which have fallen to your lot.

To no part of the world has he displayed more of the riches of

his goodness and mercy than to our nation. We have been eminently the children of his care and providence. He has given us blessings, temporal and spiritual, civil and religious, in great variety and extraordinary profusion. But alas! instead of giving him the gratitude and glory, which the riches of his goodness have merited, how have we abused them? How has our foolishness perverted our way? How has his goodness, instead of leading us to repentance, led us to impenitence and pride, unbelief and rebellion? Shall we think it strange when he visits such a nation with revulsion and disaster? He has reason to complain of us as he did of Israel: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." He asks us to return to him. I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.

The doctrine of divine providence lays the only true foundation of prayer, and is the great encouragement to Christian exertions.

SERMON XXII.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.*

"But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.'—1 PETER, 4: 13: and 2 CORINTHIANS, 1: 5.

THE religion of Christ is not designed to give quiet and ease in this world. There remaineth a rest for the people of God. This is a world of conflict, of labor, of self-denial, and of suffering; and that will render the rest more delightful. Our fallen, ruined condition makes suffering an element of earthly life, and the plan of restoration makes suffering or sorrow an element of recovery.

There is a conflict between sin and holiness, between Satan and Christ, for the possession of the human heart. And as the human subject is a moral being, the success of the struggle depends much on the decisions of the moral agent. If he yields to the seductions of Satan, and the leanings of a wicked heart, and the allurements of the world, he continues a subject of sin, and hence of misery. If he submits to the will of Christ, and the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and the promptings of his better judgment,

*We regret not to find the name of the author of this able and instructive discourse on the manuscript.—ED. NATIONAL PREACHER.

he receives Christ into his heart, and becomes free from the dominion of sin; though while in the flesh, he must carry on the struggle, until the depraved heart is wholly purified, and is made like the holy in heaven. Whatever may be the choice of man as a moral agent, there will be conflict and suffering, though the final results will be very different.

Choosing Christ, and living in obedience to him, conflict, and self-denial, and suffering, will be the law of life; but the result will be peace, joy, felicity. In this life, Christians are called to be partakers of his suffering; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps. The disciple is not greater than his Master. And if Christ suffered in providing salvation, the disciple must expect to suffer in attaining to its glorious blessings. If the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, his under-officers and soldiers can not expect to overcome sin and Satan without partaking of his sufferings. The Scriptures, therefore, expressly inform us, that the disciples of Christ must suffer with their Lord and Master. "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

I. Let us inquire, how Christians are partakers of the sufferings of Christ?

1st. By sympathy with him. There is an intimate connection between Christ and the renewed soul. His life is hid with Christ in God. There is a strong bond of sympathy uniting them. Christ is the bridegroom; his disciples are the bride, the Lamb's wife. He is the head; they are members of his body. The sympathetic tie is strong: what affects the one affects the other. Joy in one heart is transfused into the other. Sorrow filling the one oppresses the other.

The sufferings of his Lord on earth oft excite deep feelings of commiseration in the bosom of the loving disciple. When he contemplates him in the stable in Bethlehem, or in the wilderness, hungering, after a fast of forty days, beset by Satan with all his artillery of temptation; or in the mountain, spending the live-long night in prayer and intercession: when he sees him defamed and persecuted by his enemies, while going about doing good, and endeavoring, on his mission of mercy, to bring them to a knowledge of God, and arduously making every day subserve the great work for which he came into the world, enduring fatigue, labor, and suffering—his deep sympathies are excited, and his heart mingles with these toils and self-denials of the Man of Nazareth.

And when he contemplates him in the occurrences of the last few days of his life, in the agony and bloody sweat of the garden, in the iniquitous scenes of the mock-trial, and in the overwhelming cup of suffering he drank while agonizing in death on the cross, bearing a world's sins in his own body on the tree, he ac-

tually suffers in his deep sympathies with his Lord. There is no more of this deep sympathy with Christ, because the heart is so dull, and its sympathy so languid. When these amazing sufferings are made real and vivid by the Spirit of God, then the disciple is a partaker of Christ's sufferings by sympathy.

Again. The disciple of Christ is a partaker of suffering with him in prayer. True prayer is labor of the soul. It is the struggling of pent-up desires, which can hardly be expressed. It sometimes makes demands on the heart, even to oppression of feeling, to deep sorrow. Dr. Payson once remarked, that he pitied the Christian who did not sometimes have such feelings that he could not express them in language. And the Holy Ghost is represented as making intercession for us with groanings that can not be uttered. Now the Spirit dwells in the Christian's heart, and excites these overwhelming feelings in his bosom. It is represented by Jacob wrestling with the angel of God, a long and hard struggle. The spiritual nature is tasked and burdened in its wrestlings with God. Strive, agonize to enter in at the strait gate. Says Jehovah: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." True, prevailing prayer is mental and heart-felt labor and suffering.

The mother of Mills had this sense of suffering when she pleaded God's covenant in behalf of her son, and agonized in prayer that his stubborn heart might be made to yield to the claims of God's mercy. She travailed for him in Spirit as she did at his birth, and he was born into the kingdom of heaven.

It is illustrated in the conduct of that devout man who, after a night spent in agonizing prayer, went to his infidel and scoffing neighbor, and with quivering lip, tearful eye, and trembling voice, said to him with a bursting heart: "I am greatly concerned for your salvation." The weight on his soul would not allow him to utter more. But this was an unanswerable argument which the infidel could not resist. It was an arrow baptized in prayer, and aimed by the Holy Ghost, that slew his pride, and prostrated him, broken-hearted, at the foot of the cross. It was travailing for the birth of a soul, and God gave the desire of the heart.

Christians often possess this feeling in the midst of a revival. They wrestle for the salvation of souls. God honors their faith, and answers their prayer. They can not rest while their fellows are plunging into hell. They must warn them to flee from the wrath to come, and then they plead for them at the throne of grace. They have yearnings of soul for their salvation. I do not mean to be understood that all prayer acceptable to God has this oppressive weight upon the soul; for there is an element of adoration, thanksgiving and praise, in prayer, that is honoring to

God, and cheering to the soul, bringing it into the presence-chamber of the Most High. But that which is most weighty—which, in a sense, God can not withstand—which carries heaven by storm, as it were—which the Spirit originates in us, making intercession for us with groanings that can not be uttered—that has, to a great degree, this element of suffering—it is the wrestling of the soul, burdened, oppressed, overwhelmed, fleeing to God; it is the prayer of faith.

Again. The disciple of Christ is a partaker of sufferings with him by self-denial. The term self-denial conveys the idea of suffering. It denotes the renouncing of all those pleasures, profits, views, connections, or practices, that are prejudicial to the true interests of the soul. It implies a crossing the natural desires, and pursuing a course opposite to them. It indicates diligence and zeal in the service of the great Master in heaven, even to self-sacrifice and self-immolation. This can not be done without a degree of mental or bodily suffering. The appetites, the will, the affections, must be denied when opposed to God, and his service must be vigorously prosecuted. Our Lord and Saviour denied himself when he laid aside the glory which he had with the Father—when he tabernacled in the flesh—when he died on the cross. To establish his kingdom in the world, and to save guilty rebels, he denied himself even to the suffering of death. His servant is called upon to deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Christ. He must sympathize with him in his self-denials, and participate in them by bearing his cross after him. Whatever burden he lays upon him he must cheerfully bear. To do much for our Lord in this world—to be a co-laborer with him—demands the spirit of self-sacrifice. Our private ends must yield to the claims of holiness. We must give our time, our attainments, our possessions, our labors, to him. We must follow his steps. For though rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. We, though poor, yet for the sake of Christ, through self-denial and self-sacrifice, must lay ourselves upon his altar, that we may attain to incorruptible and unfailing riches. Before the dominion of Christ shall become universal over a world of willing hearts, or even much be done to establish his kingdom, the spirit of self-denial must take a much deeper hold of the hearts of his Church, and even of the standard-bearers of the cross. May I not safely affirm that the mass of the professed followers of Jesus do not know the meaning of the term self-denial, as applied to sacrifices for Christ? They have never attained to it. Their aspirations have never reached it. It goes down deeper than they have imagined. It is a reality of which they have not conceived. Self-denial has not enstamped itself upon their hearts, upon their benevolence, upon their active efforts. They feel, and give, and do, rather what is convenient, than what is self-denying. Their hearts are not fully

permeated with the spirit of Christ, leading them to open their hearts, their purses, their lips, and their lives, to the large spirit of heavenly benevolence. But there is a self-denial which includes a partaking of Christ's suffering. It is that sacrifice of ease, or pleasure, or property, or life, which is implied in living, laboring, and dying for Christ. It is seen in the Apostle Paul, who willingly and cheerfully endured all personal discomforts, sacrificed all prospects of worldly honors, riches, and fame, and met reproach, sufferings, and ignominy, in the accomplishment of his great design to augment the glory of his God in the salvation of lost men. He counted all things but loss, that he might win Christ. His life is a history of self-denials. It is seen in the lives of such missionaries as Henry Martyn, who give up the brightest earthly prospects to preach Christ crucified to a perishing world, and who toil on amid discouragements and opposing influences, trusting in God, until their work is done on earth, and their Lord calls them to their rest in heaven. It is seen in those private Christians who, like Harlan Page, make every other business subserve the conversion of sinners; or like Cobb, of Boston, who pour into the treasury of the Lord the abundant proceeds of their business, holding themselves as stewards of the manifold grace of God. Such know what it is to suffer self-denial with Christ. They can sympathize with him in his self-denials for them. When shall the time come when the entire Church of God shall be baptized into this spirit of our Lord and Saviour. It may be the dawning of millenial glory. May God hasten the day when every disciple of Christ shall be a partaker of his sufferings, by self-denial, by prayer, by sympathy.

II. They who suffer most for Christ will enjoy the greatest consolation from him. "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

It is true in regard to this life. If we would enjoy the highest degree of happiness in this world, we must suffer much for Christ. We must sympathize with him—we must sacrifice for him—we must toil for him. The more suffering, the more consolation. This seems a paradox, yet it is true. The source of suffering and the source of consolation are distinct. In the providence of God, where one is greatest, the other is given in largest measure. As the world embitters the cup of the humble, praying, self-sacrificing Christian, God fills it with joys from his own infinite fullness—from the river of his pleasures. And although worn down with care and toil, disquieted with opposition and reproach, and oppressed with persecution for Christ's sake, yet he possesses a richness, a variety, a surpassing fullness of joy, that transports him to the very ante-chamber of heaven, and enables him, believing, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. While walk-

ing through the valley of the shadow of death, he has the light of God's countenance cheering him, and bringing to his soul light and peace. Waves of sorrow may roll over the soul like a mighty ocean; heart-griefs may drink up the spirits; tears of bitterness may roll down the cheeks; earthly hopes may flit away like morning dreams; the world, the flesh, and the devil, may combine to rob the heart of peace, and sink it in despair; but looking to the cross of Christ for help, these dark clouds become thin and transparent—these swelling seas, these fierce winds, and dark tempests, do but waft the burdened spirit to nearer and sweeter communion with the Fountain of life—the God of consolation. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. "In the severest trial, in the bitterest agony, eternal things become the most precious; for it is then that they become the most near, until, ceasing to be unseen and future, they open to the ravished spirit, thus progressively detached from earth and matured for heaven, that new world where faith is vision, and hope eternal joy."

It is also in accordance with the assurance of our divine Lord: "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecution, and in the world to come eternal life." All his losses and sacrifices shall be compensated, even in this life, an hundred-fold; and though toil may wear upon the mind, and self-denial may cross it, and persecution may overwhelm it, yet God will greatly enrich it with divine consolation. This led the Apostle Paul to exclaim: "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong." This fact sustained the martyrs while on the rack—while burning at the stake. It made them joyful; and their spirits were pluming their wings for their ascent to heaven, while their flesh was consuming upon their limbs. This abundant consolation enables the humble disciple cheerfully to leave country, family, home, with all their endearments, and to go forth to labor, to suffer, and to die, to recover lost men to God, and prepare them for heaven. Their sacrifices for Christ are great, and the joys poured into their souls, and filling them with consolation, are also great.

It is likewise true of Christians in common life. They who are most exemplary; who watch over the evil motions of their hearts; who bring their bodies in subjection to the law of Christ; who are active in labor, fervent in prayer, and hearty in liberality; who live to deny themselves, that they may be efficient co-workers

with Christ; who economize in personal expenses, that they may be lavish for a dying world; who hold their business subject to his will, and who lay themselves upon his altar, a living sacrifice—they are the largest recipients of divine consolations. They are conscious of their love to Christ; they have evidence that they are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

How the joys of such transcend the joys of those who are dull and languid in the service of their Lord—who are striving to serve God and Mammon—who practice little self-denial to advance the glory of their Saviour! The former hold themselves the stewards of God; as not their own, but redeemed with the precious blood of Christ; and they have evidence, clear, strong, and soul-cheering, that their life is hid with Christ in God. The latter hope with trembling, go through the world in darkness, and lose all the rewards of hearty obedience in his service; and they may find, at last, that Christ does not own them as his. And while the former endure suffering joyfully, deny themselves cheerfully, and labor heartily for their divine Master, the latter hope only, are full of doubts, and forfeit all the consolation of divine love. Therefore, devotion, labor, and self-denial are great gain in this life.

Says an old writer: "I find a young heaven, and a little paradise of glorious comforts and soul-delighting of Christ, in suffering for him and his truth. My prison is my palace—my sorrow is full of joy—my losses are rich losses—my pain easy pain—my heavy days are holy days and happy days. Oh! what do I not owe to the file, to the hammer, and to the furnace of my Lord Jesus! Grace tried is better than grace, and more than grace. It is glory in its infancy. Who knows the truth of grace without a trial; and how soon would grace freeze without a cross? Bear your cross, therefore, with joy."

But this is especially true in regard to the life to come. They who endure most for Christ shall shine brightest in glory. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. They that do most for Christ, and suffer most for him, shall have the highest seat, the brightest crown, the most seraphic harp, and the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. They shall be as constellations, ever marked as the most faithful and the most enduring of Christ's chosen ones. They shall drink deepest of the river of divine pleasures, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The measure of enjoyment in heaven seems to be set forth in the Bible as commensurate with the degree of faithfulness, of sacrifice, and of suffering, endured for our Lord Jesus Christ on earth. Our condition in the future world is to be determined by the ardor of our love and the degree of our self-denial in this

world. What heart can conceive, what mind can measure, even in imagination, the infinitude of the boundless and eternal joys which he shall drink in, who laid himself upon God's altar without reserve, to do and to suffer with Christ? What raptures are produced, even in this world, in the midst of suffering and torture, by the love of Christ in the soul! "Take the case of such a man as the dying Payson, and see him racked with pain, yet swimming in a sea of glory; almost torn asunder by the spasms of bodily anguish, yet in his inward spirit visited not only of angels, but of God; almost entranced in the light and glory of God in Christ Jesus, and under the communications of God to the soul, filled with serene, ineffable, ecstatic rapture and delight." What a stand will such a soul take in glory when, freed from these mortal clogs, having suffered with Jesus, a joint heir with him, he shall be glorified together with him! We can have glimpses only of what God will do for those who have been partakers of Christ's sufferings. For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him. It is God's own mystery, and he will unfold it as the ages of eternity roll on in an ever-accumulating freshness and reality of bliss, and in an ever-enlarging capacity for glory forever.

My brethren, can we afford to lose the blessings of constant obedience and hearty sacrifice for our Lord and Saviour? Do we wish to enjoy the consolations? Then we must take pleasure in the sufferings for Christ. The call to us is not to endure persecution and death for his sake; but it is to endure suffering with him in deep sympathy, in agonizing prayer, in active labor, in cheerful self-denial, and in the consecration of our property. The day of persecution may come; it is not now. But the day of activity is come, calling for personal effort and a large-hearted benevolence.

We can suffer in our personal efforts, in our self-denials, in the largeness of our contributions to advance his kingdom. The love of Christ is drawing us to it; the deep necessities of a dying world are urging us to it; and the consolations that will fill the soul of the suffering disciple are winning us to it. If we follow Christ only to reign with him, not to suffer, may not the essence of our religion be cold-hearted selfishness? If we would have the consolation of divine love, we must be partakers of Christ's sufferings, which are the condition of it. And as by the eye of faith we behold him overwhelmed in agony in the garden, his soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; as we see him on Calvary, pouring out his blood, and giving up the Ghost, suffering for us, shall we not resolve, my brethren, to toil, to sacrifice, to suffer all evil for him? Shall not the love of Christ constrain us to offer

ourselves a living sacrifice upon his altar? Beholding him with his hands and feet nailed, his heart pierced, and his soul overwhelmed with agony for us, what shall we not do and suffer for him?

Are you willing, my Christian friends, in the private walks of life, to do only what is convenient for Christ? To engage in the labors of the Sabbath-school only when convenient? To maintain family prayer only when convenient? To attend the social meeting when convenient? To be in your place on the Sabbath only when convenient? To labor personally for the conversion of sinners when convenient? To contribute for the support of the Gospel, and the deep necessities of a dying world, what is convenient? In a word, to pray, and labor, and sacrifice, and suffer, and give, for our Lord and Saviour, when and what is convenient? And shall we, my brethren, in our holy calling and sacred duties, do only for our Saviour what is convenient? Shall convenience be consulted? Shall that be the measure of our prayers, of our toils, of our self-denials, of our contributions, of our suffering?

Had the Lord Jesus Christ consulted his convenience, when redeeming us from hell, what had become of us? Was it convenient for him to leave heaven, to tabernacle in the flesh, to agonize in the garden, to suffer on the cross, bearing our sins, to make it possible for the holy God to pardon us guilty sinners? If he had consulted his convenience, our doom for eternity had been fixed—we had now been lifting up our eyes in hell, being in torments. The Lord Jesus felt what he did for us. His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. He trod the winepress of God's wrath alone. He drank the dregs of the bitter cup of sin. As God-man, he felt for us even unto death.

Can we withhold any thing from such a Saviour? Shall we not pray, and toil, and sacrifice, and suffer, and give, so as to feel it, for him? Shall we not offer all we are, all we have, all we can do, upon his altar, a living sacrifice? We owe every thing to Christ. We are not our own. We have been redeemed with his precious blood. We have been adopted into his family: and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be glorified together.

SERMON XXIII.

THE NATURE OF RELIGIOUS SORROW.

"For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of."—2 Cor. 7 : 10.

THIS passage of Scripture contains a most important principle in the life of Christian experience.

Vital religion is often regarded by those who are ignorant of its power, as gloomy and forbidding. In their view, no indication of enjoyment seems intelligible which is not associated with gayety and mirth. To such, the settled smile of peace which may occasionally mingle with the lineaments of sorrow, is no index of real felicity; and the placid composure of established piety furnishes no evidence of tranquil enjoyment. Religion is deemed unhappy, because her eyes, though fixed on heaven, are sometimes suffused with tears. Her ways are not considered pleasant and peaceful, because, although they lead directly to a region where "sorrow and sighing" are unknown, they are usually trodden by the mournful and the sorrowing. The intimate connection between penitential grief and sober religious joy, is seldom distinctly perceived. At the distant view which the world commonly takes of religion, the distinction between "the sorrow which worketh death" and that which is unto life, is often entirely overlooked. The mournful aspect which she is destined to wear in this "vale of tears," is mistaken by the world for the gloominess of despair. Beneath her softened melancholy, the cold and distant spectator does not perceive the love, the faith, the hope, which, with the lines of deepened penitence, melt into expressions of sober joy. But "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." There is a real and invariable connection between repentance and religious joy. There is an essential distinction between worldly sorrow and godly sorrow. There is no resemblance between the gloom of despair and the serene sadness of religious grief. The latter is essential enjoyment—the former is positive misery. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." They "shall be comforted" in the exercise of such a temper, and forever "blessed" "when the days of their mourning shall be ended."

This mourning, or religious sorrow, which our Saviour pronounces "blessed," springs only from a correct state of moral feeling.

1. It implies a disposition to serious thoughtfulness. A discovery of the corruption of the heart has already induced a spirit of humility, and an anxious desire to discharge the duty of self-

examination. This willingness to know the worst becomes a permanent disposition to contemplate with sober thoughtfulness the actual character and condition, to study with solemn reverence the perfections of Jehovah, to survey with deep solemnity the relation which exists between him and his sinful creatures, and to meditate, with growing admiration, penitence, and faith, on the wonderful system of grace contrived to restore the repentant believer to his unceasing favor and love. The prevalence of this disposition will tend to fasten on the mind a stronger and stronger conviction of personal guilt and unworthiness, and to increase and sweeten the exercise of repentance; for, if it leads to a fuller discovery of the bane, it presents and urges the application of the antidote. While it widens the view of the divine justice and purity, and magnifies the guilt and wretchedness of sin, it brings forward, in all its value and sufficiency, a satisfaction for the one, and applies, in all its cleansing efficacy, a sanctifying influence to the other. It develops the deformity and bitterness of sin, but softens the poignancy it occasions, by exhibiting a deliverance from its dominion. Without a serious thoughtfulness of this character, there can be no real religious sorrow. There is, however, much mourning, much sorrow, much bitterness of soul, which does not grow out of this disposition. But all grief of this kind works only death. It is not that sadness which improves the heart. It is not that tribulation which admits of exceeding joy. It is not that sorrow which is always rejoicing. But it is that sorrow which has no hope.

2. A promptness to recollect past sins with penitent regret, belongs also to genuine religious sorrow. It takes cognizance of past as well as present sins. It includes a readiness to go back, and revive the impressions of long-forgotten iniquities. It seizes upon their prominent, revolting features, and endeavors to deepen an abhorrence of their deformity, and a contrition for their guilt. It searches with an anxious scrutiny, the long tract of time gone by, and snatches from the current of oblivion the follies of child hood, the crimes of youth, and the unrighteousness of maturer years. A retrospective glance summons to distinct recollection the hardened heart, the unbending will, and the sinful desires, that deep regret may penetrate a heart but little softened, subdue a will but slowly yielding, and correct desires which are still irregular. Thus that disposition which reverts to former sins with a mournful regret, brings home to the mind the peculiar blessedness of a quickened religious sensibility, of a more submissive temper, and of passions more subdued. Thus in the economy of divine operation, the renovated mind, by a kind of reäction in its religious exercises, is made to promote its own advancement in holiness; and thus is illustrated the declaration of our Saviour, that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have

more abundance." A prompt repentant survey of past sins is distinct, then, from that blessedness which ever attends a spirit of penitence, and must contribute greatly to the present and eternal felicity of the soul. This promptness to a sorrowful recollection of former sinfulness is an important and essential constituent of that spirit of mourning which is pronounced "blessed" by Christ; for any sorrow on account of present, exclusive of former transgressions, can not be the fruit of that Spirit whose influence makes the conscience tender, and quickens the moral faculties to a ready discernment, and thorough abhorrence of personal sins. That "godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of," results from a minute and enlarged view—a view which, with keen discrimination, collects and embodies the sins of heart and life, and that mourning alone is really "blessed" which derives its origin and character from an attentive, habitual, and serious survey of this affecting aggregate.

3. That sorrow which is unto life is likewise connected with a careful watchfulness over the temper and conduct. A serious view directed to personal character, condition, and relations, will lead to such a discovery of weakness, ignorance, and blindness, as will produce a constant self-examination, and that solemn review which brings past sins to fresh sorrowful inspection, can not but induce the mind diligently to watch over "the issues of life," and cautiously to guard against future transgressions. The revolting aspect which sin assumes under such an examination, its opposition to the character and government of God, its hostility to all that is truly excellent in the universe, and its direct tendency to destroy the present and eternal happiness of the soul, must fix, sustain, and strengthen a determined resolution to watch its motions, oppose its progress, resist its influence, and subdue its power. While the affections are cautiously guided and directed—while the heart is kept "with all diligence," and a steady eye fixed on its recent sins, the exterior character is subjected to a wakeful regard, and governed by a scrupulous rectitude. This habitual watchfulness, and its consequent practical influence, form a prominent feature in the character of the religious sorrow under consideration. A sorrow separate from this self-vigilance can not be connected with any degree of religious consolation, for it does not spring from, and certainly does not lead to, that purity of heart and life which is the element of all Christian peace and quietness.

The character of that religious grief which is the subject of the present paper, denotes also a spirit of self-denial, not that self-denial which leads to needless privations, pilgrimage, and torture, but that which "keeps under the body and brings it into subjection." It is that which takes up the cross and follows Christ. It is that which rejects every incitement to sin. It is that which

avoids whatever enervates our vigor, and abates our speed in the Christian course. It is more than mere moderation in respect to the possessions and pleasures of life. It aims at the entire conquest of those inordinate passions and appetites which spring in a luxuriant growth from the soil of human corruption. It is the denial of all ungodliness and worldly lusts. It requires a sober, chaste, virtuous, and godly life. It demands the total renunciation of all sinful enjoyments. It by no means allows of that degree of indulgence which possibly may consist with genuine piety, but which can hardly promote spirituality of mind. It insists on a deliberate, quiet, patient, and resigned surrender of every valuable possession, to the demand of God; and is it not wisdom as well as piety to exchange earthly possessions for a treasure in heaven? to give up all the pleasures of sense for the consolations of religion? to deny ourselves that we may win Christ?. to walk mournfully here by mortifying "the deeds of the body," for the sake of everlasting blessedness hereafter? All this is implied in true religious grief—in that sorrow which mingles with joy—in that mourning which has springs of perpetual consolation.

4. But it implies still more. It includes a spirit of constant dependence upon God. This is its principal excellence, its grand support, and the source of its purest consolations. To this the mind must recur from a serious survey of its actual state and character, from its penitent recollection of former sins, from a careful watchfulness over its existing dispositions, and from all its deep emotions of self-denial and self-abhorrence. Here the mind reposes. A discovery of its own weakness strengthens its reliance here. A view of personal guilt and ill-desert fastens a stronger trust on the proffered grace and mercy of God. Self-vigilance evinces its perpetual need of Divine aid. Every exercise of self-denial, every emotion of self-abhorrence, elevates its apprehensions of the glorious character of Jehovah. It is this spirit of dependence upon him which sweetens the cup of pious sorrow and mitigates every pang of penitential regret. It dissipates the gloom of religious despondency. It is the support and stay of the mind when "woes cluster" around it, and fixes its hold on the unfailing promises and purposes of the Eternal. It does not bear it beyond the reach of trouble, but assures it of endless "joy and gladness," when "sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

The nature of religious sorrow has been thus briefly considered. And is there any thing unlovely in a religion which is tinged with such a sorrow? Let the votaries of thoughtless gayety and noisy mirth approach and take a nearer view of a religion which is cheerful, but not thoughtless, is "sorrowful, but always rejoicing." Let them contemplate the entireness of her resignation, the strength of her faith, the fervor of her love, and the brightness of her prospects, until by the influence of her attractions, they shall

be secured from the seductions of unreal pleasures. Let them consider her serious, repentant, watchful, and self-denying spirit, until they feel its inspiration; and let them remember, that a rejection of offered mercy, a refusal to yield to the influence of religion, because it implies sorrow for sin, will deprive them of much present blessedness, and exclude them from all participation in those spiritual and undecaying consolations with which those who "now have sorrow" shall hereafter be comforted.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XXV.

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THE TRUE ESTIMATE OF MEN A POWERFUL MOTIVE FOR THEIR EVANGELIZATION.*

"HONOR all men."—1 PETER 2: 17.

Two grand objects, yet blending together, stimulate us in the missionary work. They are the glory of God, and the salvation of men. And from these come the influential motives to the efficient prosecution of that work. The Infinite Being we would glorify in a faithful obedience to his commands, is ever before us. We endure as seeing Him who is invisible. We have a profound sense of his majestic and loving nearness. It inspires a reverential fear, and a sweet and blessed confidence. That we may do the pleasure of our God, that we may ever vindicate his honor and authority, that we may advance and defend his kingdom

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against all obstacles and assailants, is a supreme and governing principle of our renewed nature. The great I AM sends us to our work, and holds us to it by obligations the most sacred; and because HE IS, and is what he is, we feel bound both submissively and affectionately to do his will. I am the Lord thy God that hath brought thee up from the thraldom of sin to the privileges of salvation, therefore execute my pleasure. This is an all-controlling motive with us; and we lay ourselves upon the altar of God. We pledge supreme honor to him.

But the text summons us to another duty, and suggests another motive that, if not equally high and commanding, is nevertheless of immeasurable importance and weight. This duty is as imperative as any other. We are enjoined in the same breath to "Fear God," and to "Honor all men." We look along the lines of thought, even beyond the pathways of the stars, and the homes of angels, to the dwelling-place of Him who inhabiteth eternity, and from thence survey the wondrous glories of his kingdom, and it is easy for a devout mind both to fear and honor God. But as we gaze from that holy hight, downward to the low level of our race in its fatal apostasy and reeking corruption, its consuming sins and appalling crimes—ah! what do we find to honor? What to inspire and call forth the high sentiments involved in that term? It is easy—it is a pleasure to honor some men. Their endowments, their attainments, and especially their exalted Christian virtues, elicit for them the praise of all the good, and justify an "everlasting remembrance." They are lifted up in our hearts' noblest impulses. We joy to count them worthy. But here is the divine command that bids us make no exceptions. "All men" are counted in for this distinction. As if such a sweeping declaration—so radical, so oppugnant to human practices—were liable to be misunderstood, it is specially guarded and cleared of doubt by the immediate context. The inspired Apostle says: "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king." There is no mistaking the import of these terms. And what a world of thought, and duty, and obligation is contained in these few and brief injunctions! How suggestive they are of our relative positions and the responsibilities hence arising! Reverence for the Divine Being—loyal regard for the civil authority—affection for Christ's disciples—and high, manly respect for human beings as such, every where, and without exception. Is not the last—placed by inspiration first—a "hard saying"?

In this exciting time of great follies and crimes, and stupendous revolt and wickedness—of violated oaths, and shameful treason, and willful perversion of truth and justice—there are some whom it has been our delight to honor, that we must now regard with the pitying lamentation: "How are the mighty fallen!" Our regard for those generally engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow our

government and institutions, is certainly lessened, if not changed to some other sentiment by no means flattering to them. And there is danger that, in the scenes that may soon transpire—if battle-fields, with their terrible accompaniments of death and carnage, are to be multiplied, which God forbid—we shall come to place a still lower estimate on human life, and more and more fail of our duty as enjoined in the text. But this duty remains, universal and perpetual, solemnly enjoined by our Divine Father and loving Saviour, in the face of all that is revolting and repelling in human character and conduct; in all the sad developments of human destiny, wretchedness and woe. Of these we see enough around us, amid the highest Christian civilization of the world, to make angels weep and demons rejoice. And if our observation could embrace the mighty masses of heathendom, in all their tyrannies and idolatries and heaven-defying vileness, we should shrink appalled from the enlarged vision, and utterly fail of terms to express the degeneracy and abominations of our race.

But here is the duty to honor all men—a divine ray of hope beaming out over the dark, dead waste of humanity—a duty which, if properly understood and felt, would be most influential in the evangelization of our race. This duty Christianity imposes. It is the offspring of the Gospel, preëminently full of its principles and spirit. Not from oracles uninspired—not from sages and philosophers of lands without God and the Bible—not from the maxims of the schools in golden ages past—not from the lips of the wise and great of this world—comes such a sentiment, such a requisition as that of the text. This is the teaching of our holy religion in distinction and practical opposition to the sentiment and conduct of the world. Honor the great, the wise, the rich, the powerful; but trample on the feeble, enslave the conquered, despise the inferior—this has been the prevailing sentiment among men, and is now where Christianity has not wrought a change in society. The Gospel breaks down every barrier, and makes every man our neighbor, claiming the respect due to a human being and accountable creature of God. Even the degraded, the vicious, the far heathen, powerfully appeal to us in this Gospel duty. And if we should feel as we ought the value of human beings, and as they are divinely estimated, it would certainly be an influential motive in efforts for their evangelization.

I invite your attention to some of the reasons of this duty enjoined in the text.

I. The common parentage of all men urge it. All have the same high birth—the same original royal ancestry. Amidst the national, social, and conventional differences among men, this essential truth should never be forgotten. However wide and marked these differences may appear—however unlike each other various

nations and races seem to be, they can not obliterate the fact of man's common origin. We often see as great an unlikeness—as wide a dissimilarity in personal appearance, or mental and moral characteristics—in the members of a family. I know the truth of a common origin for the human race is humiliating to some, distasteful to a few, and repudiated by others, among whom are a small number of considerable eminence in physical science and ethnological studies. But they have not been able to establish their theories of a plurality of races springing from different and independent creations at the first. And still more absurd are the attempts to show that the origin of human beings is not from a single pair created by God, but from a process of development from inferior animals or even vegetables. It would seem that the defenders of the latter folly were themselves in the transmigratory process, and yet below the human standard.

Divine Revelation interposes an insuperable barrier to all these wild and foolish speculations. At its commencement it states the question in a clear light, and near its close settles it, as the chief Apostle in his sublime discourse at Mars' Hill boldly declares, that God who made the world and all things therein, also "made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said; for we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device." This inspired utterance contradicts every theory that denies man's common origin from the hand of his Divine Maker. And as every man, the meanest as well as the grandest, has such a high original birth and parentage, he is entitled on that account to the regard required—an honor due to a human being linked to us by the common ties of humanity. This tie of a common blood, of which God hath made all men, would not exist in the theories alluded to, nor the obligation of the text have its force. The brotherhood of humanity brings us into sympathy with the race, and is a powerful reason why we should honor all men, acknowledging their claims, in efforts for their well-being and salvation, founded on the universal law that requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves. There are common feelings, susceptibilities, trials, and sufferings, which are found every where, no matter how remote or different one nation or tribe may be from another. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." I am a man, and can not help feeling an interest in what pertains to man every where, said a Latin poet who recognized this universal bond of sympathy.

I am a man, we may add, and I see a brother in every man, whom I am bound to respect and honor, because we are alike the offspring of God our Father, because he is no less a human being than myself, no matter where or in what condition he is found. He is a rational creature of God, with the same susceptible nature, the same kind of capabilities for enjoyment or suffering—whether he be the fair Caucasian or the sable Ethiopian, whether he be the dwarfish Esquimaux or the giant Patagonian, whether he be learned and refined, or only an untutored son of the forest—all are made of one blood, all have their fatherhood in God, and should therefore receive the honor demanded by a parentage thus mutual and glorious, and requiring us to be a brother's keeper in the promotion of his highest welfare.

II. The fact that all are involved in common apostasy is another reason for the duty enjoined in the text. Not one of our race has escaped the effects of the fall. All of human born—the child that knows not good from evil, that dies before it commits a sin, and is saved, yet in its sufferings and death experiences the effect of sin; the aged, beginning to sink under the infirmities attending the decay of vitality—the most amiable and lovely in the circle of home and its affections, as well as those of the very opposite cast and character, feel alike the stupendous shock. "The trail of the serpent is over them all." Not that all are depraved in the same degree—not that all are sinners to the same extent and sunk equally deep in guilt—not this; but as the Bible expresses it: "All have gone out of the way; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." "Wherefore, as by one man, sin entered into the world and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." All are together children of the dust, and are alike going down to the grave. The portal of death must be passed by all—as well the rich as the poor—as well the lofty as the low. You could not despise even a degraded and wretched human being in the solemn reality and severe agony of death, because such an experience will some time be yours. Neither should you look with unfeeling contempt upon a living victim of vice and suffering. Your heart, your susceptibilities were similar to his; and had you been placed in his circumstances, under the same influences and subject to the same exposures, it is possible that you might have fallen to the same depth of sin and sorrow. Not that he is not guilty for every sin he has committed, and deserves punishment for every wrong act; but the temptations that overcome him might have been too powerful for you to resist. How unbecoming then to look upon him with other than feelings of pity, and a regardful interest and earnest solicitude for his recovery. Is he going direct to perdition—to utter shipwreck and eternal ruin? So are you unless you have taken refuge in

the Cross of Christ; and though you may not walk in the gutter and filth of the broad way to destruction as he does, yet, if unconverted, you are somewhere in that way, and will reach the same destination with him, unless you repent. If you are a redeemed believer, and in the narrow path to heaven, it is God, his boundless mercy and sovereign grace, that has made you to differ from that wicked and abandoned wretch. Therefore you can not despise him in the condition and the prospect of a doom that might have been and deserved to be your own.

Men in their natural state, however great and renowned, however wise and powerful, and deservingly admired and honored, are yet but as magnificent ruins, stately columns and temples, prone and rent, upon which we look with veneration and awe. Each is as a monarch discrowned, his scepter broken, his robes torn and scattered; yet the fragments that remain suggest the glory of the original investiture. But as human beings, the offspring of God, are not the obscure, the illiterate, the degraded, like the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, great, surprising, traced with the lines of a mysterious history, but buried from public view? Bring up the man made in the divine image, exhume his faculties, reveal the marred grandeur of his nature, and how much inferior is he to the other? The first is like the stupendous and fragmentary memorials of Thebes, Athens, and Rome, more above ground and obvious in their mournful glory; while the second is like the vast and imposing relics of the buried cities, hidden and unobserved. But the greatness of the ruins is there notwithstanding, and as intrinsically deserving of regard and deference as the former. Therefore honor all men; for human nature is the same every where, and its elevations here and depressions there are not dissimilar things, like the gold and the clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, but only variations as of the same portion of the earth's crust or surface, now rising to a magnificent mountain, the source of healthful airs and crystal springs, and then sinking away to a dismal marsh where hateful reptiles breed and pestilential vapors rise.

III. The fact that all men are immortal, entitles them to the honor that Divine Revelation declares to be their due. This mysterious, wonderful, sublime, and awful element—IMMORTALITY—this astonishing gift, this amazing endowment, is the grand heritage, the priceless possession, the unspeakable destiny of every human being! Not merely the great and good—the mighty names embalmed in the pages of inspiration—the heroes and philosophers of the past—the eminent scholars and statesmen of the present—but the dense masses of men, the vast crowds that throng the thoroughfares of the world, and dot its whole surface with life and activity, and the miserable multitudes that jostle along the avenues

of ignorance and degradation, or that fester and rot in the way-stations and by-places of vice and crime—all are alike immortal, carrying with them, bearing about wherever they are found, wherever they go, that spark of life inextinguishable, that God-given gem indestructible, that mysterious, divinely-breathed soul that is to survive the decay of death, make the transit of its isthmus, go up to its Creator for judgment, launch out on the shoreless ocean, and explore the interminable depths of an unending futurity! How does such a thought, if we begin to realize it, show the original dignity of human nature, the magnitude of its melancholy fall, and the grandeur of its mournful ruins! The intrinsic value of such a nature, the true worth of a human soul, a thing marred and broken though it be, who can estimate? How immeasurably does man rise above every other creature of God we have seen! We look upon the works of Jehovah—the beautiful creations of the material world—the lovely blossoms that greet us with smiles and fragrance—the venerable forests that nod to the breeze—the stars that seem to shine forever in the coronet of heaven—the great and wide seas, symbols of infinite majesty and power—the vast globe itself, careening through ceaseless cycles—but all these are not, like the humblest human being, immortal. Even the gift of conscious life is not theirs. They shall perish and pass away; but his soul shall survive, shall live on, eternally. It might, it may, it was fitted to live in glory with its God.

> "O grandest gift of the Creator! O largess worthy of a God!
> Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy forever?
> Yea, where God hath given, none shall take away."

In view of such a fact, under the solemn impression of such a truth, how should we look upon man, upon ourselves, upon our fellow-beings about us, upon a world spread out before us! An infant in its cradle, helpless, and like a tender bud among the flowers, but inclosing a soul-gem, must be an object of unspeakable interest to angels, and is worthy of honor from us that nothing material in the universe can claim. You do not wonder then that the mind of the young missionary mother, under a sweet, poetic sensibility, and the higher inspiration of holy faith, should sing of her "bird with the immortal wing:"

> "A silent awe is in my room;
> I tremble with delicious fear;
> The future, with its light and gloom—
> Time and eternity are here."

Can we regard human nature thus mysteriously, grandly, and surpassingly endowed, even in its humblest and lowest forms, with other than emotions of reverence and awe? That ignorant and unsightly being that you chance to meet, is the possessor of a soul

that can not cease to exist. That wicked wretch who hates you and your religion, is immortal. That repulsive creature whose disposition and character you abhor, and whose person you are tempted to despise, and almost would annihilate if you could, is destined as well as you to live somewhere in the universe of God forever. O stupendous idea! and how does it enhance and exalt the value of man, and give him claims upon us that we can not deny! We detest and loathe the character of the vicious, but their immortal nature we can not despise. As in mining districts the unpolished fragmentary rock, the useless sand, and the besmearing lump of earth have within them the precious ore, the silver, the gold, the diamond, and are therefore of great value; so in every depraved, polluted, shattered, and perishing human form, whose very presence it may be is loathsome and pestilent, there dwells imprisoned, and though defaced, marred, stained, and crimsoned with guilt, an unspeakably precious, living, susceptible, imperishable, immortal thing!

IV. In the discharge of the duty enjoined, we do but imitate our heavenly Father, who has honored man in what he has done for his happiness, his recovery, and salvation. We can not fathom the depths of the divine wisdom; we can not solve the profound mysteries of Providence, in its determinations and allotments; but we have evidence from the works of creation, and from the teachings of inspired truth, of God's distinguishing regard for the human race. The high endowment of which I have just spoken, the conferring of an immortal nature upon man—with freedom of moral action to give it scope and grandeur—the original position and surrounding beatitudes in which God placed him—his Eden home and a pure and perfect world to dwell in and rule over—the thousand sources of happiness and pleasure presented in the outward creation then and now—and all those beautiful, attractive, and enrapturing objects which nature unfolds in scenes of inimitable loveliness and grandeur, in productions of enchanting interest and beauty, which none of the innumerable creatures that dwell on the earth, that fly through air, or swim in the sea, can appreciate or enjoy—do conclusively and wondrously evince the divine regard for man. They are all made for him, for his eye to look upon, for his mind to admire, for his heart to take pleasure in. For him continents and oceans take their bounds, mountains are lifted up, and plains spread out, rivers roll and lakes reflect the heavens. For him the seasons, freighted with countless ministries and bounties, come and go, celestial bodies move, and the forces of nature toil; and to him are offered in all their affluent profusion the revealed and hidden treasures lodged in the crust of the earth.

But over and above all material sources of delight and satisfac-

tion, look at the higher, diviner, and more astonishing provisions of Jehovah's bounty. Contemplate the scheme for man's recovery from the fall, his salvation from sin, the elevation of his nature to the dignity of a divine affinity, and its investiture with the glories of heaven. Look upon God's unspeakable gift, bestowed in virtue of his great love, and honoring—how much!—the recipient race. That divine gift—God himself manifest among men, infinite to pity and mighty to save—how did it appear? in what form was it revealed? It was God in the tabernacles of men, but not in the visible form by which he is recognized in heaven; not in a figure of angel loveliness and beauty; not in some new and unknown manifestation corresponding to our ideas of the divine holiness and majesty, but in human nature, the seed of Abraham, the form of a servant, a man among men, yet God in reality, in wisdom, perfection, love, and power. How was human nature honored and exalted in the divine incarnation? How is it possible for Jehovah to show his regard for man in a more striking, beneficent, and glorious manner?

Bad as our nature is in its fall and ruin, Jesus did not scorn to assume it, and wear it from infancy to manhood, and do in it his works of mercy and power, and bow with it in the garden, and die in it on the cross, and go with it into the darkness of the tomb, and thence rise with it in triumph, and ascend to heaven with it, while he still wears it on the throne of intercession and dominion, all glorious in the imperishable splendors of the source and substance of immortality. And in all this he has opened the gate of life and of heaven for the recovery and salvation of man, the humblest as well as the loftiest, the bruised and scarred by sin, if they will receive his mercy and follow him to those celestial hights and joys. O brethren! does it not become us to honor those whom God has honored, whom Christ has thus shown his regard for, and in reference to whom, in the Gospel view, there is so much to claim our respect and sympathy, our toils and sacrifices for their deliverance from sin, their divine enlightenment and evangelization, their blessed enfranchisement and final glorious coronation under the kingdom of redemption.

"So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And 'mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

"On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the riches of his blood
A balm for every wound."

V. And finally, our duty in this regard may be urged in view of the capability of all men for angelic excellence and dignity. Not that all will attain to this high and glorious state; for many

there are with all the means necessary to reach it, and under the most favoring influences to make those means effectual, who nevertheless fail; but their failure is the result of their own wicked neglect and choice. The Gospel, wherever preached or known, offers its rich provisions to all—its invitations, its promises, its inducements, are presented to all alike, and every one who believes the Gospel, trusts in the Saviour it reveals, and lives according to its precepts, shall share in its redeeming grace, its immortal honors. High or low, learned or ignorant, king or subject, master or servant, Christian or heathen, every one who accepts of salvation in God's method of grace, shall rise to angelic excellence and dignity and glory—he "shall be equal to the angels." Such is the high destiny of our ransomed humanity. "If any man serve me," said Jesus, "him will my Father honor."

We see a poor, wretched, miserable wreck of a human being, apparently lost to his friends, and to society, and to every thing good, by his sins and vices; but still he is not beyond the recovering grace of the Gospel of Christ. Even he may be reached and rescued, though in the clutches of Satan at the very portal of hell—he may be reclaimed, renewed, saved, and made a king and priest unto God. Oh! how many we see, as we look over the field of moral vision, bearing the token of perdition; and then the heathen world, nation after nation, tribe after tribe, soul after soul, without hope and without God, a dismal, guilty, and doomed procession, on the terrible death-march. Ah! what

> "——— sounds as they tread,
> Ho! ho! how they step
> Going down to the dead!
> Every stride, every tramp,
> Every footfall is nearer;
> And dimmer each lamp,
> As darkness grows drearer!"

And yet they might be saved through the Gospel of Christ, and entering the path of life, "return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." How interesting is human nature, how mysteriously sublime and precious, in view of such a fact, or even its possibility! And how different from any thing like contempt should be our emotions in looking upon a human being, however degraded, who is capable of such a reverse in his circumstances—of rising to such a hight of glory and honor and immortality! Companions of seraphs and heavenly harpers, in the mansions of the blessed, there are many who were among the chief of sinners in this world—among the depraved, and wretched, and lost here; but to whom the Gospel came as the wisdom and power of God, which they believed and embraced, regarding it a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save such sinners. Having

washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, they are now among the pure, the ransomed, and rejoicing immortals; though once, perhaps, looked upon here with scorn and contempt.

Once a proud set of self-righteous persons complained to Jesus of a sinning one, whom they despised and would have condemned, when he, not palliating her guilt, by a word convicted them as equally worthy of condemnation, and made them feel their own shame, and then spoke kindly to her that she sin no more. The Prodigal Son, to whom no one would give husks to eat, in returning to his father, is greeted with warmest affection, clothed with the best robe, and welcomed to a joyous feast. It would have been folly for the rich man to look with disdain upon the begging and bruised Lazarus lying at his gate, in view of the astonishing reverse so soon to be realized in their conditions and experiences. It was foolish for the presumptuous Pharisee to despise the poor publican as he bowed in penitential prayer. In God's estimation the last was first and the lowest highest. We have often seen exemplifications of the Gospel's power to reclaim the vicious and recover the lost. The fountain of Jesus' blood—Oh! what cleansing efficacy is there!

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day."

See what the Gospel has done for heathen converts. How many Africaners and Kothabus it has lifted up from the depths of wickedness to the hights of salvation. This capability in man, in even the vicious and outcast, for recovery through grace in Christ, stamps poor human nature with an interest and value, and gives it a claim upon our sympathy and regard, that we have scarcely begun to realize. The most degraded, ignorant, and profane wretch that comes under our observation, may, for aught we know, become a subject of redeeming mercy, a trophy of sovereign grace, that shall be a resplendent gem in the Saviour's crown, and rise to a higher seat in heaven than we. Yes, he may ascend those hights which it is possible some of us will never reach. Therefore, honor all men, have a proper regard for human souls; for incarnate devils may be cast out, and "angels unawares," be such in reality at last. There is nothing too hard for God. "Him that cometh unto me," said Jesus, "I will in no wise cast out." "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Ay, this is a great salvation, realized in the destiny of the believer, and as viewed from the side of those who neglect it and perish. Oh! to sin, to reject Jesus, to die impenitent and hopeless, to lose the soul, to be damned forever—terrible doom for a ruined immortal to experience! Capacities and means for heavenly enjoyment, but all perverted.

How the course and condition of such excite our pity and not our contempt! Oh! we would honor or regard them with deepest solicitude; we would do them good; we would save their souls; for we and they must go alike to the grave, and stand in the same judgment at the bar of the Eternal.

Such I conceive to be some of the reasons for the duty enjoined in the text and required by the very spirit of the Gospel, which commands us, as we have opportunity, to do good to all men. If this duty and obligation were fulfilled, what blessed practical results would follow. This true estimate of men would be a powerful motive for their evangelization.

1. How would crimes against humanity cease? Pervaded by a sense of their intrinsic value and the honor that is their due, how would men hesitate and be restrained from the perpetration of those enormities against their fellow-creatures which now blacken the pages of history, and have made such havoc and desolation and sorrow in human abodes. Let such wicked doers see that their crimes are not only against God but against souls made in his image, against natures that are immortal, whose scars and polluting touch they may wear forever, the work of their iniquities and the evidence of their guilt and condemnation—let them hear the voice of God in the text, and would not a paralysis silence the tongue of slander, falsehood and calumny, and seize the uplifted hand of insolent oppression, of wanton injury, of rebellious or revengeful violence?

2. Carry out this Christian requirement, and how would injustice and dishonesty cease among men, and in what important respects would society be remodeled! What aid, and sympathy, and fraternal regard would be shown in human intercourse, in business, and social relations, instead of deceit and fraud, knavery and outrages of every kind. The Gospel inculcates the sentiment of the text to strike at, and uproot, and banish all such evils from human society. What changes it would produce! What senseless and unchristian distinctions it would annihilate! Some of the high would go down, and some of the low would come up. How would shackles fall, and chains drop, and barriers disappear, while here and there some who go free would feel the restraints of justice, according to a more righteous adjustment of human interests and relations, and a juster equality among men.

3. On this principle, how would all humane institutions be sustained and multiplied! What sympathy for the unfortunate! What help for the needy! What relief for the distressed! Who would be neglected? Who would unnecessarily suffer under the control and guidance of such a beneficent and Christian spirit? The complaint would no longer be heard: "No man cared for my soul."

4. If we fully understood and endeavored to act on this great

principle, what a higher, nobler estimate we should place upon a human soul, wherever it is found. Its value, how great! Its interests, how overwhelming! In a just regard for the souls of others, we should have a better idea of the unspeakable preciousness and high destiny, the perils or hopes of our own. The soul's conversion, its salvation, that of our own or of others, would rise to a matter of infinite concern, and we should better realize the force of the question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" and see the searching pertinence of that solemn inquiry: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Ah! we should then look upon men around us as so many souls standing on the verge of an eternal state. We should forget the material drapery, the perishable and fading form, and seem to see the immortal spirit in its relation to God and the world to come. The hurrying crowds that we meet in the street, in the thoroughfares of business and travel, would seem to us to be hastening along the way of life or of death, to eternal glory or everlasting shame. And to the one we should say: On, brothers, the heavenly portal awaits you; and to the others: Pause, friends, turn ye, for why will ye die? We should see in the long lines of our armies moving to the field of action for the defense of constitutional liberty, the solemn marching of so many souls to battles of sublimer significance, and issuing in victories or defeats measured and felt by the ages of eternity. And our wish, and prayer, and word would be: O patriot! fail not to be a good soldier of the cross under the Great Captain of our salvation! And we should see, as if looking from some hight with spirit-vision over the world, in the regions beyond the pale of Gospel light, vast populations of souls sweeping on in darkness and sin to the bar of God, and the doom of the lost. And our earnest desire and supplication would be, that over this dark field of view might fly the apocalyptic angel, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to those kindreds of earth.

5. And lastly, in bringing our duty up to the obligation of the text, how would efforts be multiplied for the diffusion of the Gospel—for the evangelization of the nations! The number of missionaries would increase. Funds for their support would be vastly augmented. We should catch the spirit of Jesus, who knowing what was in man, what an immortal nature, what capabilities of joy and sorrow, came "from the highest throne of glory to the cross of deepest woe," to seek and to save the lost. There would be an overwhelming force in the Redeemer's last command, and we should fly to its execution, using whatever agencies and instrumentalities were available and adapted to reach and save the souls of men. There is no honor we can confer upon men so high and so glorious, as to give them the Gospel of Christ. We thus give

them the means of deliverance from all evil and sorrow. We let down to their abodes of death the ladder by which they may ascend to life, and rise to the dignity of a royal priesthood. We lead them to the possession of a kingdom that can not be moved, and a crown that fadeth not away. Oh! there is nothing but the Gospel that can truly exalt men. Nothing else can break the bondage of sin and Satan—nothing else can give them the franchises of life and heaven. No degree of civilization, of social refinement, of intellectual culture, can save our race. There is no true progression or advancement but in individual evangelization, and conversion. In the midst of all other theories and appliances of human progress, we find the old sins and sorrows, the degeneracies and passions ever returning and asserting their sway, and endeavoring to maintain it in crime, and blood, and woe. The only remedy is in the Cross—in the empire of Christ in human hearts and lives. Men never received such honor as Jesus conferred upon the recipients of his grace. And we must sit at his feet and learn our duty. We must go with him to Bethlehem and Nazareth, to the Sea of Galilee, and the Mount of Transfiguration, to the Upper Room and the Garden, to Calvary and Olivet, and catch anew the inspiration of the Great Commission, and under it bear the message of life to dying men, realizing the honor of such a service in the light of that day when the Judge shall declare: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Oh! it is this missionary work of the Church that is to redeem the world, and usher in the day of millennial joy. The providence and grace of God will coöperate in answering her prayer: "Thy kingdom come!" Even the booming cannon shall do its appointed work, when God directs the ball for the breaking down of the barriers of iniquity and oppression, and contribute to the redeeming of Zion with judgment. But its sound shall at length cease, and under the Gospel the nations learn war no more. The trumpets of salvation shall proclaim the great jubilee—the delightful era when earth's millions shall follow the Redeemer, and death be the bright portal of nations marching to heaven. Golden age of the world, hasten on! Blessed morning of the first resurrection, dawn. The sigh of the captive and the cry of the perishing call for thy coming! Thousands of streaming eyes are watching and waiting for thy radiance to gild the mountain-tops of the distant horizon! And thou art approaching, to satisfy the sufferings of Jesus, to reward the prayers and toils of the Church, and put the crown of honor on the head of our ransomed race.

"Lo! another age is rising—in the coming years I see
Hopes and promises of blessing, light, and love and liberty;
All the good the past hath garnered, all the present yet hath won,
Fade before the glorious future, like the stars before the sun!

"Truth for every eye is shining, in the fullness of that day,
Joy and hope, descended angels, rest, no more to pass away;
Freedom comes, and lifts the captive from the dungeon of his woe,
And all streams of mortal being deeper, purer, sweeter flow.

"There 'the thunder of the captains,' and their shoutings die away,
Melting into love's sweet music, like the darkness into day;
And the chorus of the nations, as the rolling years increase,
Rises in harmonious numbers, peaceful, to the Prince of Peace."

SERMON XXVI.

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UNDING RIGHT AND WRONG BY GIVING THEM WRONG NAMES.

"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil."—Isaiah 5 : 20.

IAT is there in a name? Is it any thing more than a word? ord, perhaps, hastily uttered, and when another might have used just as easily. And then, is it not a mere sound?—an late and intelligible sound, to be sure; but one that is utter- en heard no more, and usually forgotten. And what differ- an it make what any thing is called? Is it not the same whatever name it bears, and can a word—a mere breath— e it at all, and make it either better or worse than it was be- As Shakspeare says:

"What's in a name?
A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

d yet the Bible pronounces its woe upon those who merely ertain things by wrong names. It curses such as call good and evil good, as if it were a grievous crime and deserving of eaviest punishment. Wherein, therefore, consists this sin? d what makes it such a crime?

e sin, we must suppose, relates to moral good and evil, or oral distinctions, as we call them, to right and wrong. It th duty that the Bible especially deals. It is preëminently of is good for man as a creature of God's, and subject to his law, of what would bring evil to him in that most important of elations, that the Scriptures treat; so that if it were unim- nt—or comparatively so—what names we give to other things, y not be so in regard to right and wrong, and all moral dis-

tinctions. And if "a rose would smell as sweet by any other name," goodness might not seem so lovely if we called it sin, nor sin appear half so odious if it bore the name and garb of virtue. These are distinctions that must not be confounded. Their names must not be interchanged. Right must not be called wrong, nor wrong right. This is to unsettle all the foundations of moral obligation. It is to sweep away all the landmarks of duty; or, rather, it is shifting all the buoys and beacons by which we navigate the sea of life, so that instead of warning us of danger, they shall rather draw up upon shoals and rocks. No wonder, therefore, that the Bible says: "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil."

Let us, therefore, treat of this subject: THE GUILT OF CONFOUNDING RIGHT AND WRONG, BY CHANGING THEIR NAMES.

Names are not mere words. They have a meaning, and a force of meaning, which make them the most efficient instruments we know of. A reproachful word—an opprobrious epithet applied to you, will wound you more severely than a blow. Let one man call another a "coward," or a "villain," and the insult so eats into his soul, that perhaps nothing can check this corrosion save the blood of the slanderer. Let a husband charge his virtuous wife with crime, and if he had accidentally felled her to the floor, or even done it in a fit of passion, he could not have inflicted such a terrible and mortal wound as this has upon her heart. It is only language, it is true; but this language has a meaning and a power in it such as brute force and material agencies can never possess. Free speech is more than a match for the fists and skill of the pugilist. Slander has slain more than the dagger ever did. The press and the discussions of the council-chamber control navies and armies.

How much meaning and force single words have in them! The name of a place suggests to us all that we know, or have conceived of, about that place. The name of a person represents to us all our knowledge and conceptions of that individual's character, and life, and achievements. Thus the solitary word 'Paul' stands for all that Apostle was, and suffered, and accomplished. It represents and suggests to us his rare genius, his quenchless zeal, his fervid piety, his ceaseless toils, his cheerful sufferings, his pre-eminent usefulness, and his death of martyrdom. It is all wrapped up in that single word. And when we speak of our Saviour, and his blessed name, what a fullness of meaning, and what a force of meaning that name has to every Christian heart! "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, or Saviour," said the angel that announced his birth, "for he shall save his people from their sins." And when his saints in their guilt and misery look to him, and in all their conflicts with sin and sorrow, trust in him; and in their final conflict with death, cling to him, and hope to stand accepted

of him in the judgment, and all through faith in his name—is it any wonder that "to them which believe, he is precious"? Is it any wonder that the name of Jesus, or Saviour, should have all this preciousness, when applied to him, though it is but a single word?

And it is not names merely that have great significance and force. The very qualifying words which we use so often and familiarly in ordinary speech, have more or less of this power. Thus when we talk about an upright man, we mean one who carries himself erect and nobly through scenes of peculiar temptation and peril, and who can not be induced to bow down and worship any idol, but only reveres the true God. Or when we speak of a transparent character, we mean one whose motives will bear the closest scrutiny, and whose heart you may hold up as it were to the sunlight, and let the truth shine through it, and yet find nothing to obstruct its passage. Words have all this wealth of meaning—they have all this power in them—and he who thinks because they are words—mere words, as we sometimes call them—that it is of no consequence how they are applied; mistakes entirely their nature and their force.

Words are the representatives of ideas. The word upright represents the ideas which we attach to such a character. The name of Paul stands for the man himself, for his character, and labors, and usefulness. The statement of a fact in language is the expression of our ideas of what exists, or has taken place. The statement of a truth expresses what we conceive to be, and if it is really truth, what is, a correct account of the matter. An abstract proposition expressed in language is something which, if true, corresponds with the reality of things. This is the nature of language. True, it is all words—syllables—breath; still, as the representative of ideas, thoughts, conceptions upon every subject, it is just as valuable as thoughts and ideas are. And if these ideas are just and true, it is worth just as much as truth is. Or, if they are false, it becomes just as injurious as error and falsehood are. And it is just as necessary that language should be used aright as it is that it should teach truth rather than falsehood and error. And when it is wrongly used and misapplied, it is just as great a calamity as it is to have falsehood and error taught. And he who misapplies language thus, disseminates falsehood and error, and is guilty of the crime, and deserves the curse of such: "Their word will eat, as doth a canker," like the teachings of Hymeneus and Philetus. And of such it may be said, as the Apostle said of the false preachers of his day: "If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."

Here then we begin to see what the sin of changing the names of right and wrong, and calling good evil, and evil good, consists in.

1. It confounds moral distinctions and perplexes one in regard to his duty. It makes that seem right which is wrong, and that seem wrong which is right. They are made to change names. It is as if Judas was introduced to you under the name of Paul, and Paul by the name of Judas. You might suspect something wrong; you probably would soon feel that your conceptions of this Prince of Apostles were hardly realized by that arch hypocrite, even though he bore his name; still it would be enough to confuse you, and so far as you gave him your confidence, and respect, and veneration, that would go to Judas, which rightfully belongs only to Paul. It would at least perplex you, and make you dissatisfied with one whom you had hitherto conceived of as the world's noblest and best saint. Or, take the word "religion" as it is misapplied in Catholic countries. With us it means piety, the fear and love of God, heartfelt reverence for his character, and sincere devotion to his Son. It has special reference to the heart, and he who has not a truly pious heart, we do not regard as having any religion. But religion with a Catholic is very much a matter of forms and ceremonies and ritual observances. He is said to be "religious," not who has sincere and hearty reverence for God, and penitence for his sins, and faith in the Saviour; but who is careful to observe the forms and practice the ceremonies, and conform to all the ritual of the Church. He is said to be a "religious person," not who acknowledges and feels his obligations to love God, and do good to his fellow-men; but who has taken upon him the vows, and is subject to the rules of one of the monastic orders. A "religious house," is not a Christian family, where husband and wife are "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless," like Zacharias and Elizabeth, and "training up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" but a family of monks or nuns, who are under vows of celibacy, and subject to the rules of St. Benedict, or St. Theresa. And is it any wonder that when this is called religion, and exhibited to the people under this name, so many in those countries should either despise it as all priestcraft and a fraud, or else fail to find either comfort or joy in it, notwithstanding their strictest observance of all the requirements of the Church? It must perplex, if it does not deceive them, to have things called by such wrong names, especially in matters pertaining to religion. It is religion when seen aright, that is appreciated and admired, if at all; and not when so misrepresented and reduced to outward forms and mechanical observances.

2. But it not only perplexes men—it deceives and misleads them; to have right and wrong confounded, and called by wrong names; to call formality piety, when there is no piety except of the heart, and they who worship God at all, must "worship him in spirit and in truth," is to mislead one. To call that Christianity,

and teach for "the doctrines of God, the commandments of men," is to deceive men. The Jews might as well have been told that some anti-Christ was the true Christ, and been taught to worship and serve him as such. When our Saviour appeared among the Jews, there had already appeared many others who had claimed to be the Messiah. They assumed the name, and professed to have all the prophecies of the Old Testament fulfilled in themselves. What if that name had been permanently attached to one of them, and he had been generally received as the world's Messiah, instead of Jesus of Nazareth; what a fearful deception had been practiced upon mankind! If Mohammed could have been palmed upon the world as the world's Saviour, instead of our Redeemer, what a fraud it had been! If Mohammedanism, with its sensual tastes and bloody spirit, had been accepted as true religion, instead of the pure and loving faith of the Gospel—how dark the prospects of mankind had become long before this! Make error pass current under the name of truth, and sin claim respect under the guise of purity and holiness; and men are deceived, and misled, and ruined, in the mass, and there is small hope of saving any of them.

We easily deceive ourselves with names. If we wish to believe any thing, we call it truth, whether it is so or not. If we wish to think well of any thing, we call it good, however bad it may be. We can not respect vice, if we try; nor can we believe in falsehood. But we can give them both better names, and so receive them into our respect and esteem. We never could receive an unmitigated villain into our confidence and friendship in his true character; but how easy it is to overlook his corrupt principles and palliate his vices, and admit that he possesses all the excellencies to which he lays claim, and under this assumed name of a man of worth, grant him admission to our hearts and homes. We never could embrace a gross system of error in its naked repulsiveness; but it is easy enough to conceal the grossest features of the system and persuade one's self that it has a desirableness and worth such as truth alone can possess. Call falsehood truth, and wrong right, and it is easy enough to make yourself think that you are only believing what is true, and doing what is right, when you are falling into the grossest error and the deepest sin. This is the secret of self-deception. Call "evil good," and it is easy enough to embrace the greatest error, or to commit the grossest crime.

And in this too, consists the art of deceiving others. Call bad things by good names, if you wish them to find favor. Call religious error the true doctrine and orthodoxy, if you wish to have it pass current. Call vices justifiable practices, or innocent indulgences, if you want them to be allowed. Transform Satan into an angel of light, if you would have him admired and adored. At

least call him an angel, and try to make people think he is one, and if you can persuade them that such is his true character, they may bow down and worship him, but not without. In this consists the skill of every successful errorist. He can dress up error in the garb of truth; he gives it the name of truth, and arrays it in the garments of truth, and so arranges that drapery about it, and gathers it in here, and lets it flow loosely there, as to hide this deformity, and make it seem to have that grace, until it passes under the name it bears. In this, too, consists the skill of every corrupter of public morals. He calls vice by some innocent name, and makes her talk of love and harmless enjoyment, and wreathes her face in roses and smiles, until she passes for the lovely maiden whose name she bears. And no wonder she finds admirers. But strip her of her finery, and show her to the community the hag she is, and she meets only with the detestation she deserves.

This putting up guide-boards along the journey of life, professing to show you the right way, and having them marked wrong, and just as wrong as they can be, and telling you this is "the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life," when it is in fact "the broad way that leadeth to destruction," is with those who have any faith in such directions, the surest way to destroy them. And to make out a chart for yourself, with which to prosecute the voyage of life, and because you wish to sail along those verdant shores, to call those shoals deep water, or when you prefer to put out to sea, to mark that ledge of sunken rocks as fathoms deep—is to set sail for destruction. To be safe, your chart must represent the sea as it is, and not as you would like to have it. And to guide others aright, and not lead them astray in their journeyings, the roads must correspond with the directions given, and truth, not falsehood, must point out the way.

It is doing mischief on a grand scale, and doing it most effectually, to confound right and wrong, and give them false names. It is calling irreligion piety, and having it revered and practiced as if it were such. It is regarding Mohammedanism, or any other false religion, as Christianity, and giving it such claims to our faith. It is calling Satan Christ, and loving and trusting in him as our Saviour. Well might the prophet pronounce a curse upon such —"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil."

And now we are prepared to see how right and wrong are confounded by changing their names, and this "woe" is incurred.

1. We slander one another by giving false names to each other's acts; we call that pride which is only dignity; we deem that parsimony which is nothing but economy; we say one is skeptical and perhaps infidel, because he is fond of investigation and discussion, and not willing to receive any thing as the teaching of the Bible, except as it is plainly taught there; we charge another

with being a bigot, when he only loves the truth of God, and dares not surrender it; we charge men perhaps with being hypocrites, when God knows that they are sincere and for the most part conscientious and exemplary Christians, though they have certain striking faults. In such cases we give others a false name. If the name was truly applied to them, they might deserve all the contempt and reproaches which it excites against them. But their good is called evil, and they are despised and made to suffer accordingly.

2. In like manner we deceive ourselves in respect to our own character and conduct. We call ourselves firm, when we are only obstinate. We think we are conscientious, when we are only willful. We call that a sense of justice in our hearts, which is the bitterest revenge. We consider ourselves, perhaps, as "doing good service" in opposing the views of others, and destroying their influence, when in reality we are actuated by malice, and just as much fighting against God's truth, and persecuting his saints, as ever Paul was. And we do it by giving our conduct and motives wrong names, and thus sanctifying what has nothing but sin in it, and what can never stand the disclosures and siftings of the final day.

3. Men relieve their consciences by giving to their actions false names. Their forgetfulness of God and guilty indifference to all his claims and all his commands, they style only thoughtlessness. Their wickedness and even gross vice they call only gayety. Their cheatings and their fraud they laugh over as only keenness and shrewdness. Their deceptions and lies and mean trickery, to carry their point, they speak of as nothing but good management, and as justified by the object that was accomplished by them. If they could see such conduct just as it is, in all its baseness and guilt, they would be ashamed of it and feel guilty. And call it by its right name, and they would see it in its true character; but by disguising it under a false name, it is admired and commended, instead of being despised and condemned. It is such false names that deceive conscience, and make it spare its reproaches and remorse, when we so much deserve them.

4. The standard of public morals is lowered, and the community is corrupted, by giving decent names to gross sins, (mild names.) In the grossest age of English morals, courtesy toward women, the arts of seduction, and power to fascinate and destroy, were termed "gallantry;" as if to do this successfully was to be high-bred and accomplished and gentlemanly, when it was nothing more nor less than systematic licentiousness and studied villainy. In the rural districts of England now, a child born out of wedlock is called a "love-child;" as if the offspring of lust and lawless passion were more the creature of affection than if born of honest and virtuous parents, instead of being the mere bastard that it is.

In Italy, when poisoning was the most common there, those who were killed in this way were not said to be murdered, but their death was spoken of as "assisted." And in France, the subtle poison by which impatient heirs removed those who stood in the way to their inheritance, was called the "powder of succession." In our day and country, a man who steals a few dollars' worth of property, or a few shillings from a merchant's till, is called a thief, and regarded as such; while he who robs the Government or a corporation of thousands and hundreds of thousands, is styled a defaulter, and perhaps continues to hold up his head among honest men. Take the subject which is convulsing our nation now, and it has a complete set of fair names under which it seeks to conceal its real character, and justify its conduct to the world. Slavery is "our domestic institution," and slaves are "our servants;" revolution is "secession," and traitors are "seceders;" the enforcement of law is "coercion," and the punishment of rebels "civil war" and the "subjugation of independent States." There is a bitter mockery about this whole subject, or rather there would be, if it was not so evidently honest and sincere. The support of slavery and the oppression of their fellow-men, is the "maintenance of their rights," and the extension of slavery is "extending the area of freedom;" invasion and rapine and robbery, is "peaceful colonization," and conquest is "annexation." This must be done, to have such things sanctioned or tolerated; for the moment you call such things by their right names, and as Christianity calls them, that moment all will view them essentially alike, and feel alike in regard to them. And there is no better way of reforming a corrupted public sentiment than by giving vices and crimes their true names. Call stealing, "stealing," and oppression, "oppression," as the Bible does, if you would bring men back to the Bible standard of duty.

Be not deceived, then, by names. Receive not that as right which calls itself such, unless it is really such; nor believe that to be truth which goes by that name, unless it is such in reality. Names are worth nothing if what they represent is worthless or injurious. All is not Christianity which goes under the name of it. All are not prophets who come in the name of the Lord. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

And do not deceive yourself by giving things wrong names. Do not deem yourself a Christian because you bear the Christian name. Do not think yourself truly pious because you pray and read your Bible and come to church. Do not think well of your professions, and confessions, and activities, and humilities, and charities, and raptures, unless you are quite sure that they are sincere and heartfelt, and springing from the love of Christ as their

root. Nor think yourself innocent of sin — and, perhaps, great sin — because you call your conduct by some fair name. Pride is sin, though you call it self-respect and dignity; covetousness is sin, though you call it economy; deception and fraud are sin, though you call them shrewdness and good management; stealing is sin, though called by a softer name, and you can do it lawfully, or it is justified by custom. If such things will not bear to be called by their right names and seen just as they are, and to have others see them just as God regards them, you may depend upon it, there is something wrong about them; and you are imposing upon yourself when you try to think they are right.

And do not attempt to practice such imposition upon others. It is bad enough to deceive yourself, but worse, if any thing, to deceive another. "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." To teach some humble and confiding soul that falsehood is truth, and that wrong is right; to take that feeble one by the hand, and offer to lead him to heaven and salvation, and set him in the broad way to destruction, when he thinks it is the narrow way to life, and send him forward to stumble on over rocks and pitfalls, and through darkness and danger, until he plunges at last into the bottomless abyss—there is no crime like this, and none deserves such a curse. If those denunciations of the Hebrew law were just, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmarks; and all the people shall say, Amen!" and, "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way; and all the people shall say, Amen!" a still heavier curse must light on that man who deceives his brother, to lead him into sin and on to ruin.

Learn, then, to call things by their right names—not that you should publicly, and in all places, and at all times speak of every thing and every body just as they are; not that you are to be publishing to the world every villain that you know of, or telling every body of all the misdeeds that you have discovered. This might be as needless and as cruel as it would be mischievous. Where duty does not call you to make such disclosures, Christian compassion would forbid it; but where duty requires it—duty to the community; duty to those who are ruining themselves by their self-deceptions; duty to truth and righteousness, and to the God of both—then set things in their right light, and hold them there, till all shall see them as they are, call them just what God calls them in his word. Show them to be the very sins which he condemns, and against which his law thunders its penalty. And make his voice speak so distinctly, if you can, and his law thun-

der so loudly, that nobody can fail to hear it or to understand it. And, especially, be honest with yourself, and call things by their right names, when you are looking at them as matters of personal duty. Let not your prejudices blind you, nor your passions mislead you, when you are called upon to choose the path that you will travel. Calling it the right way when it is the wrong, will not make it any the safer. Setting up a false guide-board, and calling it the right road, the shortest and the best, to the pleasant home you seek, will not bring you there, when it is all a deception and a lie, and sure to lead you into trouble, if you trust in it. But listen to the voice of God, and when you hear him say, "This is the way—walk ye in it," and will obey that voice, you may be sure you are safe. What if it is a narrow way, and leads over rough places and down through dark ravines; what if it is not half so pleasant and inviting as that broad way where so many walk—still it is the only road that leads to heaven and to God; and any other will be sure to lead you astray to your ruin. Walk in the right way, the true path, and it will finally bring you to that land of light and peace and perfectness to which He who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" is guiding you.

SERMON XXVII.

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THE BELIEVER'S JOYFUL LOVE TO AN UNSEEN SAVIOUR.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now you see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."—1 Peter 1 : 8, 9.

The Apostle Peter was one of that inner circle of friends—"Peter, James and John"—who were favored with our Lord's most intimate acquaintance and most constant company. They were with him when none others could remain; as on the Mount of Transfiguration, where they alone beheld his glory, and again in the garden, in that hour of bitterness and exceeding sorrow even unto death. This was a dear privilege; and that it was accounted so, is manifest from the affectionate and grateful mention of it made in the letters of these apostles. Indeed, the twelve are sometimes spoken of as those who had seen Christ—that was one of the qualifications of their office—and in our text, Peter intimates

that it was an abundant reason why in propriety they should, and why in reality they did love his sacred person. It is spoken of, as a distinct and remarkable feature in the experience of those dispersed Christians to whom he wrote, that having not seen Christ, they yet loved him. Was, then, the mere sight and company of Jesus enough to elicit love? Undoubtedly it should have been so. Whatever form he may have worn—whether of manly beauty and majestic presence, or of deformity and ugliness—the mild and loving and benignant spirit that inhabited it must surely have shone out, and drawn toward itself, by an attraction conveyed through sight alone, the warm affection of every ingenuous heart; while the wonderfully gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth, and the good deeds of kindness and of sympathy which his hands performed, must have made it almost impossible to deny him the homage of love. No wonder—does it not seem so to us?—that those who saw our blessed Saviour, loved him.

But, my dear hearers, if we suppose that the circumstances of those who surrounded the person of Christ, and watched his features, and heard the intonation of his voice, were really more favorable to the creation and exercise of that love to him which is the very essence of pure religion, than are ours, we are in error. Look at the facts. How was it that, of all the multitudes that hung upon his lips, and saw his miracles of mercy, and even beheld his tears, the great mass turned away again, some careless, some contemptuous, some filled with bitter hatred? How was it that, at the time he ascended in his human nature to that heaven whence he came, he did not number, as far as we can gather from the history, so many true disciples, as there are stars in the triumphal crown of an humble but faithful servant of his in the gospel ministry? There was no saving virtue in the sight of Christ. Judas saw him; the Jews who cried out, "Crucify him! away with him! crucify him!" saw him; but the one has gone to his own place, and if some of the others were converted and saved, it was after the crucified Saviour was removed out of their sight. And how was it, too, that the love even of the apostles grew more ardent and intense after he was taken up into the opening heavens from their very eyes, than it was when he walked with them on earth? If this does not show us that the sight of Jesus, as a man, like other men in the circumstances of his being, was unfavorable to the growth and exercise of that adoring love which we owe him as our divine Redeemer, it at least should teach us not to covet the apostles' privilege. No, my hearers, faith is above sight; and faith is ours.

There have been enemies to the cause of Christ, who, by plausible arguments, have attempted to prove that love to an unseen Saviour is impossible; so absurd a falsehood as hardly to require refutation. Sight is not of itself the foundation or cause of any

affection to be dignified by the name of love. We do not love that which merely strikes the eye—beauty of configuration or coloring; we only admire. The only way in which sight can have any thing to do with the inspiration of genuine heart-affection is by catching the expression of those inner qualities of the soul that are adapted to excite it. And this it does very imperfectly. It was not by sight that you learned the character of your friend so as to esteem and love him for its excellence: it was by conversation and communion with him, by correspondence, and especially by observation of his daily life and his conduct under peculiarly trying circumstances. And do we not know our blessed Saviour? Have we not ample facilities—in some respects more abundant than they had who saw him in the flesh—for becoming acquainted with his excellence? We have a fuller revelation of his will than they had; and one which seems perfectly adapted to give us a knowledge of his lovely character. It comes to us well attested, and with an imperative claim upon our attention and belief; while the great subject of its promise and prophecy, its description and its eulogy, is, Christ Jesus—the object of our love. From the delineations of the rapt Isaiah and the simple stories of the Gospel, we know him as he walked on earth, as far as men need know; it would not add a whit to our useful information to see him with these bodily eyes. From the inspired assurances of the Epistles and the gorgeous descriptions of the Revelation, we know him as he reigns and shines above, with his tender heart still full of human sympathies.

And besides this blessed book, we have other sources of knowledge. The works of nature—the creations of his hand—are ever telling of his wisdom, power, and goodness; are ever acquainting us with his glorious excellence, and exciting to his love. Oh! how dull we are to take the rich discoveries that nature makes of Christ—how blind to read this glowing eloquent volume of his knowledge and praise! But have we not learned something of him thus, and felt our affection warmed and deepened by the gentle and persuasive teachings of the earth and sky, the forest and flower? The proper study of external nature must enrich the mind with precious knowledge of the Saviour; and if our love be thus drawn out more pure and glowing, that love shall throw a new glory over the same scenes, and reïterate and double their instructive lessons.

Is there nothing in your experience, my brethren, that answers in some degree to the following of the heavenly Edwards? "God's excellence, his wisdom, his purity, his love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun and moon and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in

viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. As I was walking, and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet and gentle and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high and great and holy gentleness."

Thus Nature, with her thousand tongues, speaks to the soul that waits to hear, and opens the subject of the Saviour's matchless perfections. Have you learned him thus, my brethren, and loved him as you learned? What matter, then, though we see him not with our bodily eyes; may we not know him fully by his word and works, "whom, having not seen, we love?"

The history of the Church, which is the body of Christ, is another continuous revelation of his character, more perfect now, of course, than in any former age. Just as you learn the temper of your friend by marking the methods which he uses in governing his household and managing his business, you may read the heart of our Saviour, by interpreting his dealings with the Church. Its history is, in one view of it, but the record of his government; and his government is the true expression of his character.

But our most intimate and personal knowledge of the Redeemer is obtained by personal experience and by the revelation of the Holy Ghost to our hearts. Has he not given us pardon, my dear brethren, rescued us from the slavery of sin and Satan, and introduced us into his own glorious kingdom? In the night of our deepest sorrow and distress, has not he arisen upon our souls like the glad dawn? In the dark storm of wrath and fear that tossed us on its bewildering waves, was it not his voice that commanded, "Peace, be still"? Have we not, as it were, felt the throbbings of his faithful heart, and received from his very hand supplies of grace, comfort, and strength, just suited to our case? What if we have not seen him, therefore? We know his excellency, the power of his grace, the efficacy of his blood, the prevalence of his intercession; we have enjoyed his communion, sat with him at his own table and listened to his heavenly discourse. Above all, the Spirit hath taken of the things of Christ, and shown them unto us. We know not the manner of that blessed agent's operation; but we know that it is a most sweet and precious reality. Sometimes he takes a passage of Scripture descriptive of the Saviour, that has been dark, uninteresting, and commonplace before; opens it suddenly, as one would touch the secret spring of a casket, and lo! what a volume of meaning—how much it tells of Christ—how it places him before the mental eye in more than the brightness and distinctness of sensible presence! How often upon a bed of

anguish, and in the valley of the shadow of death itself, has the Spirit made such a clear and precious revelation of Jesus to the afflicted saint as made him forget all his pain, and think himself within the gate of heaven! There was no visible Saviour before his eyes; but his soul saw him, and was full of the knowledge of his love; the beatitudes of the upper Paradise, the glorious scenery of heaven seemed opening before him! Every true Christian thus knows the Saviour, and loves him, though unseen.

The absurd notion that one can not love an invisible Redeemer, puts out of the way entirely the idea of faith. Why, faith takes the place of sight—yea, more than fills that place—as a means of knowledge; it is the very substance of things hoped for, and the evidence, the demonstration of things not seen. And this faith immediately works by love. I suppose that the most tender and confidential love is only inspired by a sense of love; it must be reciprocal, to be perfect. Now the thing, distinctive and preëminent, which faith reveals concerning Christ, is his love for us. The believer is made to see that his Saviour entertains a strong and quenchless affection for him; that his humiliation, obedience, agony, and crucifixion, are all expressions of it; that it is therefore stronger than death. This it is that excites the answering glow in his breast: "We love him because he first loved us."

Happy for you, my brethren, if you can say as Peter did once, and with all the confidence he felt: "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Examine yourselves of this to-day. Have your hearts been going out towards your unseen Saviour, as you have heard mention made of his name, his person, and his love? Or if he should now appear in the midst of us, should you be obliged to hang your heads in conscious shame at the decline of your affection? Yet be not driven from his embrace. Go to him with what love you have; confess your fault ingenuously, and then whisper in his ear this prayer: Lord, shed abroad thy love in my heart. Let us not be utterly discouraged because our faith is so small; if it be as a grain of mustard-seed, it is a great thing; but see that it be so in all respects—not small only, but also living and growing.

But our text speaks of joy as well as love: "In whom though now you see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." They must be spoken of together, for they always exist together. Indeed, the connection is so necessary and evident that the words have come mutually to imply each other in our apprehension. Who ever thinks of a love which does not convey satisfaction and delight? And who ever imagines that genuine happiness can be enjoyed where the pure affections of the heart have no exercise? Joy is therefore one of the fruits of the Spirit, the attendant upon love. Though it be not the root or germ of religion, nor yet the sure evidence of it, it is the legi-

timate fruit. Wherever there exists true faith and love to Christ, there must be, to some extent or other, happiness and delight in him. And this is just in proportion to the purity and simplicity of our confidence and affection. As these graces flourish and increase, the Christian passes into a higher region of enjoyment; and when they reasonably fill his heart and command all his powers, bringing into subjection every earthly desire and principle, he breathes the clear, pure atmosphere, and walks the delightsome gardens and terraces of "joy unspeakable and full of glory." He who can say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his," has a well-spring of pleasure within his soul, whose waters, clear and exhaustless, are the same as those that flow along sparkling in the river of life above. What, my brother, is that most dear and precious treasure yours? Have you property in Christ? And not only so, but actual possession and tenure? Are you really receiving from his infinite fullness? Is it your blessed privilege, not only to have a right in him, but also to have the present enjoyment of him, to be taken into his covenant and communion? Is his swelling heart of love yours; and is the answering, ecstatic glow enkindled in your breast? Thrice-happy man! this must be joy unspeakable and full of glory. I'd rather have an hour's enjoyment of this hope, and love, and rapture, than a lifetime of earthly and sensual delights, or an age of merely intellectual and æsthetic pleasure! This is the privilege of every humblest believer; and if he now enjoys it not, it is only because he does not keep himself in the love of his Saviour: that is it which opens the soul to the experience of these joys. Where is the mourning disciple, that I may chide him for his gloom? What aileth thee, my brother, that thou art sad? Dost thou love an unseen Saviour, and possess his love? Why, then, walk in that love and joy; recall your privileges; count over your treasures; lift up the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees! All Christ is, is yours, and all he has; all he has done, and all that he is doing; all he has promised in the Gospel, all he has prepared in heaven—all are yours. Himself the richest and divinest treasure—in all the plenitude of his outgushing love and tenderness—himself is yours; yours to keep, guide, protect, strengthen, comfort, and save you. Be not faithless, therefore, but believing; be not despondent, but glad and joyous. Rejoice, for your redemption is both sure and near. Said Jesus: "In this rejoice, not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." And where is he who accuses religion of being in its nature a gloomy thing? O my friend! thou art most miserably wrong: Satan is befooling thee. Is it a gloomy thing to have the company, and experience the love of so tender and sympathizing a friend as Christ—one altogether lovely in his character, faithful to his attachments, able to enter into all your

most secret feelings, and to relieve and comfort you in all your circumstances? Our love to him can never be so deep and strong that it shall not be more than fully, perfectly returned; and pure love reciprocated constitutes the highest felicity; it is a drop from the water of life that flows unceasingly above. Is it a gloomy thing to have in the omnipotent Immanuel perfect security from the second death, from fatal harm, from fiendish enemies, from every thing that can destroy our real good? Why, it is absurd. If you truly believed that Christ died for you; that you have an interest in his love; that he is pledged for your complete salvation; that he is able to rescue you from every danger, and bear you conqueror through—would you not rejoice and be exceeding glad? Your joy would be complex, ecstatic, and intense. There would be the joy of returned affection; the joy of fixed, immovable security; the joy of triumphant victory; the joy of rapt expectation: for it doth not yet appear what we shall be; the joy unspeakable and full of glory—yea, glorified, covered with the very glory of heaven! This is what fills and beatifies the soul, enabling it to take pleasure even in trials and persecutions, that the power of Christ may rest upon it; to exult even at the approach of the king of terrors; to rise from the river of death, shake the black waters from its glancing plume, and dart upward to the abode of God! Religion a gloomy thing! Bring hither your boasted worldly delights, accumulate all earth-born joys, and see how they will look beside the pleasures of religion. Tell me now, of which of these can you say, it is a "joy unspeakable and full of glory"? Ah! the very phrase is a touchstone: you can not appropriate it; it would look strange in any other book than this; you can not utter it in connection with any other subject than the love of Christ. But do you say, this is all very well for the theory; let us come to the practice; let us compare the facts? And do you urge that Christians do not seem to enjoy themselves much more than other men; that they have their troubles like other men? Of outward ills we do not speak; these do befall us every one; and of his inward joys you must allow the Christian himself to speak. You do not know his holy pleasures, but he has tried your carnal delights. Now what says he? One hour's communion with an unseen Saviour, he will tell you, is more soul-satisfying than all the joys of earth. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Heart-sores and afflictions, he will admit he has; but they do not spring from his religion, only from its decline; they are compensated a hundred-fold by positive and present satisfaction; and beyond all, his highest, purest pleasures are all in reserve, unspeakable and full of glory. Now, how is it with you? You are ever chasing happiness and never finding her; your choicest pleasures pall upon the sense; they die not only, but they sting as they

expire, and leave you empty, miserable, pursuing yet. And then, my dear friend, while we admit that no Christian here is so happy as he might be, ought to be, you often misread his steady, sober, almost sad and solemn deportment; that often is an index of the sweetest and most settled peace. The love of Christ affords a deep and permanent and calm enjoyment—an unutterable tranquillity, far above transient pleasure. Very different this—and in the same degree superior to it—very different this from the noisy rapture and boisterous excitement which you sometimes express. Pure, soul-filling happiness is a calm, almost a sober thing. Like the deep and powerful river that glides majestic, swift and still along its polished bed, the peace that Christ gives flows on in full volume through the heart. It is the shallow stream that brawls and gurgles. Loud laughter betokens a light joy, and often an empty heart. Oh! it is sad to think how much of this world's gayety and merriment is forced, hollow, miserable, mad—like the scream of a maniac amid the tombs! Do not, then, misread the Christian's quiet mien. If he lives on his religion as he should, he has hidden deep in his heart, and often gushing forth in secret acts of kindness and genuine benevolence, a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory; which is not bought with gold, nor enticed by honors, nor allured by pleasure, but which flows freely from the love and communion of an unseen Saviour. And all this felicity, my dear friends, may be yours by simple faith in Christ and new obedience. Will ye not cease, then, from the broken cisterns ye have been vainly digging now so long, and come to this fountain of joy? For every sinful pleasure foregone, I promise you a hundred purer and richer; for every attractive, but vicious friend disowned, I promise you the communion of saints—yea, of angels and our blessed Lord himself. And if, on fair experiment, you find religion indeed a gloomy thing, then go back to the beggarly element of the world. If you fear that heaven would be a dark and dreary place, will you try the raptures of hell?

What! does the Christian not only believe and love and rejoice, but now receive the end of his faith, even salvation? Yes, my brethren, we are saved if we believe in Christ. We have not only the infallible assurance of complete salvation, but in all its essential elements it is already begun. We now sit together in heavenly places. It was to a band of believers on earth that the Apostle said: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all; and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant; and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Why, there were, in the Hebrew Church, weeping, sorrowing, struggling

disciples, just as there are among you, my brethren; but yet how Paul addresses them: Well, we are all one family in C Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of We have an equal right to the privileges and immunit heaven; but some have them in partial, others in complete ment. Many of Jerusalem's citizens are yet on this side Some have crossed the flood, and some are crossing now; bu are all citizens. We do, therefore, even now receive the our faith—not only in its promise and assurance, but in its e and partial possession. O my brethren! there are moments, moments, when we do not seem to believe so much as actua see and know and feel: then, indeed, we seem to receive th of our faith, to catch the harmony of heaven, and add our to its full, triumphant swell!

But, to guard this subject, I have to remark, in conclusion the Christian's joy, though unspeakable and full of glory, is travagant, momentary ecstasy, to which he works himself effort and excitement. It is the simple, natural effect of Christ and confiding in him. It will be just as permanen steady as is the vision of the Saviour. When some sin inter between the soul and him, the joy will at once decline; whe shadow is gone, it will beam forth again. This, then, is wha tinguishes it from enthusiasm. It is produced spontaneous right and scriptural views of the truth as it is in Jesus. A assured, dear brethren, that if our faith and love and joy b genuine, deep seated experience of which I have spoken, the evidence themselves in steady and consistent action. By fruits, therefore, after all, ye shall know them.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." —Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace." —Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XXVIII.

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IN MEMORIAM OF REV. JOAB BRACE, D.D.*

"Shall he live again?"—Job 14: 14.

In the twilight of the world, before the birth of Moses, and before any part of the Bible was written, as is supposed, there lived a Sage in the East, who had been stripped of all his worldly possessions, who was mocked by his friends, tempted to suicide by his wife, bereaved of all his children, who seemed to be too far wasted ever to rise again, who seemed to be standing on the confines of eternity, looking into the open grave, and anxiously asking if he can live again? Will he lie down there, and be

* Preached at Newington, Conn., April 24th, 1861, at the funeral of Dr. Brace, to the Church and Congregation where he had been the Pastor for fifty-six years.

buried, gone, forgotten, perished forever like a beast, or will he live again? What is that dark doom hanging over men?

He speaks as if he was sitting down on a cliff, and looking off upon a dark, mysterious river that rolls at the foot of the cliff. The clouds cover it, darkness broods over it, and cold mists hang around it. And he sees that men, of all ages, as they come near, slip into that river. The old man stoops over, and seems to be looking for it, but ere he is aware, he stumbles, and is in it. The strong man with a firm tread, the young man lithe and elastic in step, the maiden as she trips along in her freshness, ere they have time to draw back, have fallen in. The father leads his little son by the hand, and the child's hand lets go, and he has sunk. The mother comes with her arms closely embracing her beautiful babe, but it slips from her very arms, and drops into that river! They have no time to shriek ere they are gone. The friends stoop and peer into the thick mists that hang over the river, but can see nothing. There are no murmurs to these silent waters. There is no lifting up to that thick cloud. They send back no messages. They lift no voice. The Sage only sees that they go out of sight. Will they ever live again? Do they cross that river and gain the shore beyond? Oh! the question is not, will my camels, my oxen, my asses, my property ever come back to me—not, whether this leprosy that makes me loathe myself, shall be gone, and I have health return—not, are my children decently buried—not, will these friends now reproaching me, ever alter their opinion of me; but it is: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Is there any resurrection from that river? The tree that is cut down may have a resurrection in its new sprouts; the seed may have a resurrection; the earth may have a resurrection in the spring; the worm may live again in the butterfly; but "if a man die, shall he live again?"

You, who in providence are gathered here, in the house of God at this time—some aged, and who have long lived in the shadow of the tomb—some marked for an early grave, all shortly to sink into that dark, silent stream, will you ever live again? Will these all live again! The aged patriarch and honored minister of Christ, whose dust lies before me, will he ever rise again?

As the traveler passes over the Apennine mountains, and his eye stretches off over the olive-yards, and the sunny plains, searching for the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea in the distance, he can conceive that all that plain was once the bed of the sea; but when he looks down and sees the sea-shells, born far down in the deep waters, embedded in the rock at his feet, and on the very summit of the mountain, he wonders what awful convulsion of nature, what mighty power it was, that lifted up the very floor of the sea, and made it the top of the mountain! What demon of the earth once put his back under the Apennines, and

thus heaved them up? When you see the worm creeping up the bush and weaving her shroud, and dying, and yet a mysterious power bringing her through to a resurrection—when you read the history of the poor boy who shot up through poverty and ignorance and obscurity, till he wore a crown, and commanded an empire—when you read the story of a nation rising up from a single man, grooving, and deepening the channel of its history—when you see the astronomer mapping the heavens, and marking out the paths of comets, and the places of suns, weighing the planets, and balancing the universe—when you gaze at that blank scroll now held by the Angel of Time, and on which the history of your country is yet to be written, then, I say, the traveler on the mountain, and the mind before me, is absorbed on great questions and in profound meditation; but a thousand such questions would not weigh a feather compared with the greater question in my text: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

I. What makes it seem improbable that he will?

All men feel that death is the result of sin. They do not suppose that death would ever enter Eden, or mar the blessedness of heaven, if sin were kept out. It is sin that came, bringing the flood as a destroyer, and sin hath dug every grave since. The executioner is daily at his work. I go to the graveyard, and it is full of little cells in which the prisoners are shut up. They were stripped of all ere they were confined there. The purple and the fine linen are exchanged for the winding-sheet. Here you love your friends; at the grave you silently turn away from them. Here you are proud of your friends; there you say to corruption: "Thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Here you walk in your pride and adorning; there a shroud is all you want. Here the eye flashes, the tongue is eloquent, the cheek glows, and the hands are skillful. There the eye is quenched, the tongue is silent, the cheek is cold and white, and the hands have lost their cunning. The coffin returns no answer to your sigh; the hand returns no pressure; the friend is dead, and you must bury him out of sight. You do not want him to remain in your house. And all must thus die. Perhaps under your pew is a sleeper; perhaps in your garden your flowers bloom over the dead. The seven hundred and fifty millions who have died within the last thirty years, are but a drop in the bucket compared with the uncounted multitudes who have passed away. No one ever returns, no messenger comes from them, no form revives. The cold winds of winter that whistle over the grave, and the frosts that shut them up, are not the key that keeps the grave closed. Wise men have looked into the grave, and tried to peer into eternity; but they heard no voice, and felt no breath breathing upon the bones, and causing them to

live. They could not tell whether the soul could live without the body, much less, that the body would ever return to life. The volume of eternity was sealed with seven seals, and they could not break the seals. They saw nothing beyond the grave; and the idea that a man who died should live again, was almost too much to hope for! The teacher of Alexander the Great, when he come to die, saw not one ray of hope, and in his agony put up this remarkable prayer: "Defiled I came into this world, anxious I have lived in, terrified I leave it; O thou who art the cause of causes! pity me." These great men of earth, who now loom up in the past, were able to gather most beautiful garlands from the fields of poetry and philosophy, and to search every nook and corner of earth, but could not tell whether, if a man die, he shall live again! The Pharisee lived on tradition, and the more learned Sadducee denied that there was either angel or spirit, and the learned at Athens turned away with unutterable disgust from Paul when he preached "Jesus and the resurrection." Human reason sees the house taken down, and every timber dissolved, and every particle turned into dust. Would the house be demolished and ground into the very dust, if it were ever again to be inhabited? Will God visit a body so lost that we can not find it; so scattered that we can not gather it; so loathsome that we can not endure it? How improbable, then, does it seem, that the lifeless man shall ever come up out of that grave; that he shall again stand up, with an ear that can hear, with an eye that can see, with a tongue that can speak, with hands that can execute, with feet that can walk! No wonder, when Lazarus came out of the tomb, they were so amazed, that they had to be told—even his sisters—to unbind the awful form, and let him be free! Can the dead live again?

II. The resurrection of the body seems probable, and that for two reasons:

1. There is an undefined impression on the minds of all men that the dead will live again.

The heathen, who had no light on this subject, were very anxious to bury their dead, so that families might sleep side by side. Every great family had a huge tomb, in which they were gathered from generation to generation. In the twilight of the revelation, Abraham purchased a family burying-place, though wandering among strangers. The language of Jacob is the language of the human heart. "I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place. And he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron, the Hittite, for a possession of a burying-place: there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they

buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife, and there I buried Leah." The savage has been known to take the corpse of his wife, and carry it on his shoulders, a hundred miles through the forest, in order to lay it among the bones of his family. What is that undefined hope—that half-formed belief—that at this family gathering-place, there is yet to be some mighty change, so that they shall live again? What voice is it that whispers to the heart, that perhaps some day, at some distant period, there shall come some unknown power, capable of lifting up the sleepers, and restoring the perished ones to life? We can not explain this hope; we can not account for this expectation, unless it be, that these are straggling rays of light which have shot out from revelation, and which can not now be traced to their source. The very man who scorns his Bible, and scouts at its commands, has belief enough to wish for a place where all his family can be buried. But—

2. The changes which we see take place around us, show the Resurrection to be highly probable.

You see a pile of sand dug out of the cold hills. It can be poured, and shoveled. A man takes it and puts it in the furnace, and it comes out, not the heavy, dark substance, called sand, but the beautiful piece of glass ready to be used as a mirror, or as a telescope, with which to measure the heavens. A great change wrought by man! Can not God work changes equally great, and far greater?

You see the little acorn trodden by the ox into the ground; it has lain there till nearly decayed, and yet God will raise, not the acorn, but the oak from that decaying little thing. The power of the resurrection is there!

The autumn leaves us; and as he goes he strips the leaves off the trees; his cold breath chills the grass and the flowers, and they wither and die. Desolation and dreariness cover the face of the earth. The birds utter short and sad notes as they gather together to leave us. Winter thrusts his spear into our rivers and lakes, and they stiffen and freeze. The ground is frozen, and water can not reach the roots of plants; and yet in a few months how changed is every thing! The spring returns, and nature starts up from her grave, and the turtle calls, and the leaf rustles, and the grass grows green, and the flowers open and blush, and form, and motion, and color, and contrast, and variety, all lend their aid to the stock of common joy. The power of the resurrection is there!

Not the least sign of life does the worm in her cell show, where she is changed into a watery substance; not the least promise of any future. The winds rock the little tomb hung upon the limb of a bush, the frosts turn it into solid ice; but the germ of life is there, and she shall hear Him call, and she will answer him, and break out a beautiful insect, brilliant as the rainbow, joyous upo

the wing, whose home is in the pure air, whose food is the honey of flowers, whose wing bears her aloft over bush and brier. Here is the power of the resurrection. And if God can so change the worm from its ugliness, can he not change our vile body, and does it not look as if we might expect it, taught from the book of nature? We naturally ask if a being, so curiously and wonderfully made, is to have the spirit driven out of her home forever? In this house of clay we have learned all we know. The eye has let in the forms of creation to the soul; can we think of closing it forever? The ear has listened to the voice of friendship and of love; by it we have feasted on the eloquent voice and the sweet sounds of music; will her chambers be shut up and silent forever? These hands have been servants—never weary, never unwilling; must they stiffen in death eternal? This heart has leaped with joy, and has melted in sympathy, and thrilled with emotion; who can bear to have it silent in eternal forgetfulness? That body! how you nurse it when sick, soothe it when in pain, wait on it when weary, prop it up when threatening to decay. But, though the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the plague that wasteth at noonday, shall for a long time pass over it, yet it must die, and go back to dust; but the hope, so universal and so strong, that the dead shall live again, and the changes in so many things around us, show that God is able to do it, and that without stepping far aside from his ordinary working, make it very probable. But—

III. The Bible makes it certain that if a man die he shall live again.

Life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel. That decides the point that the body and the soul can both be reünited, and live together in eternity. Enoch, and Elijah, and Christ, and the saints, who arose at his resurrection, are in heaven, clothed in bodies.

But there is one irrefragable proof of the resurrection, which the child can understand.

Paul had planted churches in Corinth. After he had left them corrupt teachers came in, who denied that there is any resurrection, except the resurrection of the soul from sin. To confute this Paul produces this argument: He takes it as a well-known fact, that Christ said (foretold) that he should die, that he should rise from the dead, and that this should be a pledge that all the dead shall rise. Nobody attempted to prove that Christ had not died; and Paul first proves that Christ had risen from the dead. He says that Christ had certain witnesses who had been with him, seen him, known his person, his voice, and his countenance. After he was dead and buried, he appeared unto Peter, then to the twelve Apostles together, then to more than five hundred disci-

les all at once; and, last of all, he appeared unto Paul himself. Most of these five hundred witnesses were alive when Paul wrote is argument, and all testified that Christ had risen from the dead; ay, they did this when prisons and scourgings had to be endured, n order to maintain the point. Now, says he, if Christ did not ise from the dead, then these five hundred were, of all men, the ost miserable, because they were beaten and persecuted in this fe for a lie, and in the life to come would go to the judgment, nder the awful guilt of making God a liar, testifying that he aised up Christ from the dead, when it was all false. Christ, ien, it is proved, if any thing can be proved by witnesses, did se from the dead. God gave him the power to rise. "I have ower to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again," ays the Saviour. One step more. Christ's rising from the dead as the pledge that he would raise up all the dead. "The hour ometh and now is, when all that are in their graves shall hear ie voice of the Son of Man, and they shall come forth, they that ave done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have one evil to the resurrection of damnation." Our Job, who asks ie question, if a man die, shall he live again, saw this truth, and ries: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand pon the earth in the latter day. He shall call, and I will answer im. I shall in my flesh see God, whom I shall see for myself, nd not another."

David believed it, and declared that "his flesh should rest in iope." Daniel believed it: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Paul believed it: "I hope toward God, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust." "God hath raised up the Lord Jesus Christ, and will also raise us up by his own power." "But some men will begin to cavil, and say, with what body do they come? God giveth a body as it pleaseth him. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." . . John believed it: "I saw a great white throne, and I saw the dead, great and small, stand before God."

If any doctrine is clearly and fully revealed in the word of God, it is the doctrine of the resurrection—that if a man die, he shall live again. I can no more doubt it than I can doubt that there is a wonder-working God in existence. Oh! how differently am I, as a minister of the Gospel, permitted to address you, than if our Heavenly Father had thrown no light on this subject in his holy word! I may have the gold of earth; but when I go to my

grave I can not carry it with me. I may have honors here, but they go not beyond the grave. I may have beauty here, but it turns to corruption at death; but oh! myself, my whole self! soul and body, and my friends whom I love, all that is really of any worth, has been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. I know that the debt has all been paid. I am not doomed to the grave to pay the ransom of my soul. I go not down into its dark chambers as a punishment, for, if I am Christ's, my sins have been blotted out. But I must die, and molder in the dust, that I may leave all that is vile, all that is polluting, all the virus of sin which makes this a vile body, and come up again, with a body like unto Christ's own glorious body, that I may be clothed upon with life eternal, without spot or wrinkle on the garment of salvation. The resurrection of life! The dead in Christ shall rise first! How silent and still the earth! the winds are hushed, the waters cease to heave, and are like a sea of glass, the air is balmy and sweet, the birds of heaven have ceased their notes, and the clouds are all gone, and the heavens and the earth seem to stand waiting. The earth, the hills, and the valleys, are full of the dead. There is heard no noise in these graves. They are all dead men. Then comes a soft, plaintive voice of a trumpet that floats round the whole earth like a soft vail thrown over beauty; and the voice of the trumpet waxes louder and louder, till it reaches one awful note! Then the dust begins every where to move, the graves to open, and living forms to come forth, the first-fruits, the elect of the Lord! They come from the hills, and from the valleys, from the caverns, and from the ocean, the lake, and the river. Abraham and his family from the old tomb at Macpelah, Moses from his unknown grave, and the dead, small and great. Ah! the righteous! is the end come, and their hopes all complete? How feel they? How felt Abraham when he looked off on the burning cities of the plain, and "lo! the smoke went up as the smoke of a great furnace;" how his heart praised God that he was not there among the wicked! How felt Noah when, from the window of his ark, he looked out on the mighty waters, covering hill and mountain, the grave of a lost world, and thanked God that he was not among the wicked! and when the ark grated upon the dry land, and the door was once more opened, and the old Patriarch could go out from his prison, and look once more upon the fair heavens and the beautiful earth, how his soul rose up to God, and how the eyes streamed with tears of gladness and of gratitude! So will the righteous feel when the door of the grave, that long prison, is thrown open, and they come forth to a life that shall never end; to a body that will never sin, nor suffer, nor decay; to be reünited to a body that will be the temple of the Lord, never to go out of it again. "Blessed is he who hath part in the first resurrection." "They also that have done evil shall come forth to the resurrection of damnation!"

When the righteous have been raised and acquitted, caught up to meet the Lord in the air, justified, and glorified, and have entered into the joy of their Lord, then will the rest of the dead arise, clothed with shame and everlasting contempt. See that man just emerging from his grave. See his form, his face, his disappointment, his despair. Hear him speak, the wretched one!

"Oh! is it come to this! Is it all over! settled! heaven gone! Christ gone! pious friends gone! all gone! Is it come to this, that I am lost, a lost, ruined creature forever! no going back into my grave! no rocks or mountains to fall on me and cover me! no heaven offered! no Saviour offered! no change for the better—to all eternity! To be clothed with shame and everlasting contempt! is it come to this! come to this! that my soul is lost, and I have come forth to the resurrection of damnation! O wretched man that I am!"

With what inexpressible sadness should we be gathered together to-day, to bury an aged patriarch, who has spent a long life in acquiring experience, in doing good, in disciplining his own spirit, if all this is to be lost, and if he can not live again! Is all his experience and discipline, woven into his very soul, to be lost forever? Have we heard that clear, ringing voice, and seen that lofty brow, and looked into that piercing eye, and watched that solemn countenance for the last time? No, brethren! We can almost hear those sealed lips say: "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands."

According to the custom of the times, under the advice of his pastor, he began the study of theology in his junior year, and continued it till the fall of 1804, when, at Enfield, Ct., he was licensed to preach the Gospel. He preached his first sermon at Ellington. In October of the same fall he came to Newington as a candidate, and at the end of two months, without having preached any where else, he received a call to settle in this place, with only two dissenting voices. He was ordained here the next month, January 16th, 1805, Dr. Perkins preaching on the occasion. He was married to Lucy Collins, of West-Hartford, January 21st, 1805. In regard to his college life, and his religious experience, and his views in his youth, I can not do better than to give you his own words, which I find among his papers. They were written a few years ago, when at the age of almost eighty the remembrances of the past came back fresh and bright, in all their strength. I quote his words:

"I was born in West-Hartford June 13th, 1781. My father was Zenas Brace, and my mother, Mary Skinner. My father died 1791, at sixty-two, and my mother 1808, at sixty-nine. My father was not in the full communion of the Church; but his prayer in the family

made me feel reverence, as he mentioned 'the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' My mother was a woman of conscientiousness and prayer, and she made me fear God and reverence the Sabbath. I thought, when I said, 'Our Father,' etc., that I was speaking to the Invisible One. My heart was totally depraved, but I was restrained from open sin. I had a dread of God, his thunder, his signs in the heavens, and the judgment. Fear kept me from wicked company, and from the ways of evil. In March, 1799, I began to feel conviction of sin. I attended an evening meeting with Dr. Strong in Hartford, and felt that I must look to another world. Many old and young were awakened to a concern for the soul, and there sprung up a great revival. The first sermon I heard with application was from Dr. Perkins: "Remember now thy Creator," etc. I resolved on a life of Christian faith and prayer. I heard Rev. Samuel Blatchford preach Tuesday, June 18th, 1799, on 'There is therefore now no condemnation,' etc. I thought the new birth passed upon me, and that the Spirit of God had changed my soul. I abandoned all youthful pleasures, amusements and company, and took up a life of religious reading, Christian meetings, and dedication to God in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. I believe not a day has passed, from that time to this, without my praying to God in the name of Christ, and I have made it my care to live every hour in the fear of God. I betook myself to the Bible. My reading began with Baxter, Bunyan, and Edwards. July 21st, 1799, I was admitted to the church in West-Hartford. I felt that I was reconciled to God through the blood of his Son, and I was happy in giving myself to God in the everlasting covenant. According to the advice of Doddridge, I made a written form of giving myself to the Father, Son, and Spirit, for life and for eternal life. I gave my soul to God in the Gospel for eternal communion, and presented my body to him a living sacrifice. I asked him to give me a heart to live according to his will, to depend on God for prosperity, to make him my support in adversity, and in Jesus Christ to receive him as my trust and my portion forever. Without any difficulty I received the doctrines of grace, and I esteemed it a privilege and honor to consecrate myself to a Christian life. I received the Bible as the inspiration of God; I adored the Trinity as the one living and true God; I rested on the blood of Jesus Christ as the only atonement for sin; I received the eternal purpose of God as working all things after the counsel of his own will; I felt the power of the Holy Ghost in the regeneration of the soul; I felt that my services had no merit, and acknowledged that my whole reliance was on the righteousness of Jesus Christ for justification.

"I can not remember when I could not read. I went to school from three years old to twenty-two years. I can not remember

when I had not a conscience of the Sabbath-day. In the latter part of 1799 there sprung up in my mind, rather unaccountably, a desire for a public education. I wanted to be prepared for the Christian ministry. In November I began to be a school-teacher. An aged friend advised me to study for college. Dr. Perkins had several students, and he encouraged me. My mother consented. This was a joyful era to me. I loved Latin better than play or food. By a wonderful providence I found Latin and Greek books in the family of Mr. John Whitman, which I enjoyed free of expense. I prayed that God would carry me through and make me a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

"In October, 1800, I went to live in Yale College. On this change of life and association, I was afraid of company and temptation, and therefore I set myself upon the strictest life of prayer, watchfulness, and self-observation. I became secluded, unsocial, and somewhat over-scrupulous. I was so resolved on escaping conformity to the follies of the world, that I endangered the proper cheerfulness of the Christian life, and vexed myself with the apparent levity which poured itself all around me. I resolved to walk with God every hour of every day, and on the Sabbath to shut myself out entirely, and not speak a word to any body if I could help it. I have always been disturbed at the follies of mankind, and have exposed my feelings to the opposite sins of severity and censoriousness: so difficult it is to walk uprightly! While I was in college I wrote largely, and almost every day, of my thoughts, duties, and trials; but I have committed those notes to the fire. I had a scrupulous and anxious mind, which was continually struggling for purity and freedom. I meant to be on the golden mean. I quote one sentence from Monday, September 7th, 1801: 'Be more earnest and solemn, at every period, in preparing for the Sacramental communion. The Christian life is a straight and narrow yet pleasant path. On the one hand, we must be careful that we do not settle down into a cold and lifeless state, and be ashamed of the cause which we profess to defend and make our own; and on the other we must avoid a false zeal and a proud temper of mind, in manifesting our attachment to the cause of religion: not be hypocritical nor enthusiastical; not light and airy nor sad and gloomy; steady, sober, cheerful, able to command ourselves from lusts and sinful appetites, from flights of joy and from fits of melancholy, overcoming every evil disposition and movement within us, and living to the glory of our Master.' I had taken the impression of one's going to college as throwing himself into imminent perils and temptations, and therefore had resolved to seclude myself as much as possible from every exposure. I intended to avoid every idle word and every trifling thing. I had felt the power of Baxter's chapter of a heavenly life, and I was striving to live without sin, in temper, word, and

deed. The more strict my observation, the more evident the workings of evil passions and temptations. I had no thought of working up a righteousness for my justification, but I meant to be in the presence of God all the day long. I sometimes misjudged of things, and brought upon myself sore trials; but I have to say that I was happy in the college course. I loved and revered Dr. Dwight. I enjoyed the great revival of religion, 1802, in which so many of the students became ministers. I found great advantages every way from my four years in college. My great and continual fear of company and temptation dampened the joys of Christian life, and made my whole course somewhat dejected. 'How reasonable it is that I should live a serious, sober, steady life; and yet how light I am! Lord, teach me my duty, and enable me to do it. Make me feel my sins in a due manner, and make me hate sin with perfect hatred. Let me see it in such a light as thou seest it, and may it appear to me the worst thing in all the universe.' I was much impressed, in my college course, with the uncertainty of life, every year and every day, although my health was entirely good. How little I foresaw what God had laid out for me! I loved life; I wanted to enjoy prosperity, to be settled in the world, to have a competency, to live a life of usefulness and happiness."

He received the honorary title of D.D. from Williams College in 1854. On the 16th of January, 1855, he preached his Fiftieth Anniversary Sermon and resigned the active duties of his charge, still retaining the pastoral relation. Well do we remember the day and scene, an occasion seldom surpassed in interest and solemnity. That half-century sermon conveys to you more of the simple, real character of the man, than can be found of any other man in the same compass, within the limits of my knowledge. Since that time Dr. Brace has been living at Pittsfield with his children, in the enjoyment of good health, often engaged in preaching in the region, cheerful and alive to all that is good. In his new residence he gained the respect and love of the people to a wonderful degree, and which he cordially reciprocated. He spent most of his time for the last six years in studying the Scriptures, meditation and prayer. His love for the Word of God exceeded that of any man I ever knew. He daily read it in different languages, in *five* of which he was nearly perfect. He has sometimes read the Bible through in seventy days, and that not superficially, but with the most earnest attention. He began the study of Hebrew at forty-five, and for the last thirty-five years has had a familiarity with that language seldom equaled. During his last sickness, when the mind was clouded on other subjects, the Scriptures lay in his soul like a well of pure, deep waters, every few moments gushing up with unrivaled beauty. He would even

then mention a verse in English, and then put it into Greek, and next into Hebrew, with entire accuracy. Mention the first Hebrew word in a verse, and he would instantly give you the whole verse. In prayer he brought in the Scriptures so appropriately and beautifully, that it seemed like weaving a cloth of gold, without the coldness of the brilliant metal; and I have often been astonished to hear him take such passages as the Hebrew names in the Chronicles of Judah, and use them in prayer most naturally and instructively. You seemed to feel that the very thorn-bushes were loaded with fruit, and wondered that you had never seen the fruit before. He received the Word of God with all the confidence of a child, and bowed before it with a deep, holy reverence. Where others see rocks shooting up and the waters of doubt surging and boiling around them, he sailed in waters which were lifted up by piety above every such rock.

I look upon Dr. Brace as one of the best specimens (we have but few such left) of a Puritan minister, and the pastor of a Puritan people for fifty-six years. He began his ministry when a little more than twenty-three years old. He never knew, never desired but one thing—to be a good minister of Jesus Christ. To him his people committed the church, their schools; and the church and the schools were what he made them. He knew every soul of his flock for five generations, and the greater portion from their infancy. He was their counselor in trouble, their friend and pastor in sickness. He often wrote their wills. He was their model in the education of their families. He was ever with them, a pillar that never moved, however hard they might lean against it. This Puritan minister was a learned man, never superficial in any thing he undertook to study. His sermons were very unlike some which we hear of in these days, and which contain almost every thing except the plain message of mercy to sinners. He studied theology but a short time before he began to preach; but he studied it most faithfully, almost sixty years afterwards! His day was before theological seminaries. In these institutions we expected to raise up able and expert warriors—a sort of spiritual cadet system of training. Our design in them was to give to our churches abler pastors. I do not feel sure that this has been the result. It seems to me that the object which God had in their origin, was to prepare men to go out to the heathen world and make new translations of the Bible. This has been the result, and this is one of the greatest benefits of our Theological seminaries. The Bible has been translated into fourteen heathen languages by students trained at Andover; and one hundred and thirty-four foreign missionaries, and three hundred home missionaries, have gone out from this single seminary.

His sermons were plain, unadorned, simple, scriptural, and doctrinal. He seldom used a figure or an illustration in his sermons,

though in conversation he would often use figures of almost matchless strength and beauty. The fountain of his thoughts gushed up, not in jets and sparkles and rainbows, but in pure waters of the river of life. It was to me an unaccountable fact, that when his pen was in his hand, his mind worked in a drier atmosphere than when speaking without writing. Hence in the multitudes of his little school-house meetings, he often poured out his richest thoughts and his most beautiful conceptions. His sermons were distinguished for being brief, condensed, practical, and unexceptional. But when you think of his devotional exercises, his prayers, so original, so scriptural, so comprehensive, you are thinking of one of his rare gifts. We seldom, if ever, heard his equal in prayer. We have heard others pray as earnestly, as tenderly, and as fluently; but we never saw the man who was his equal in lifting an audience up to the very throne of God, and holding them there till they felt the dews of heaven falling fast and cool upon them. His prayers seemed like the tread of the heavy battalion moving on to assured victory. No small part of his instruction which his people received, was through his devotional exercises. Occupying a small, beautiful field of labor, he found it in the rough when he came, and left it a garden when he withdrew from it. The pastor of a small flock is their model. They think like him; they pray like him. They grow up, reverencing his character from their very infancy. On the wide prairie there may be many enlarged prospects, and many brilliant flowers; but if you want a garden, you must fence off a small corner. This Puritan pastor had a long ministry. Over five generations has he poured his love and his prayers. The impress of one great, balanced, good mind upon these successive generations, is worth that of a dozen who come and go, and touch the springs of moral character slightly. It has always seemed to me that the work which Paul did during the three years which he spent at Ephesus, was among the most valuable of his life. And I am strongly impressed, and the more so the longer I live, that the short ministries, and the frequent changes of our day, is one of the greatest calamities that could befall our churches. The man who has made a deep impression upon five generations—an impression which will go down to future generations, and like the echoes among the mountains, be repeated over and over again, till lost to the ear—has done a great work. And a beautiful provision of the Great Head of the Church it is, that men are unlike in their gifts and talents. Had Solomon been a warrior like David, the nation might have become mere marauders. Had Peter had no boldness, we had not known the power of courage. Had not John possessed his own loveliness, we had not the silver light of his character. One man is a Boanerges, and his thunder echoes far and wide; another is an humble, untiring pastor, who is content to lead his

flock to pastures that are green, and to waters that are still. Dr. Brace was the latter. He was remarkable for method and order. I doubt whether a day has passed for many years, concerning which he could not tell the weather, the temperature, and every event that came within his reach. His brief diary would tell the name of every man who ever preached in his pulpit or spoke in his meetings; the subject and the text on which he preached, and often the impression which was made.

Those who have known him well, know that he was one of the most conscientious of men.

He made conscience of every thing great and small. He would often ask if he had any duty, if he had done his duty, as to this or that. This conscientiousness embraced his dealings, the Sabbath, his studies, his dress, and even his sleep. His Sabbath began on Saturday night, at sunset. And who ever saw him do a thing or say a thing unsuited to the Sabbath after that hour? Even in his last sickness, when partially delirious, he was told that a friend called to see him: he at once expressed a surprise that the friend "did not remember it was Saturday night, and after dark!" On stormy Sabbaths, when none came to his church, at the hours of worship, he called his family together, and went through the regular services just as if the whole congregation were present.

His character was one of great simplicity. In his dealings with men, he never seemed to know or feel that there was a possibility of his being defrauded! Once when he had a letter, pretending that a box had come for him at Boston, and by which he was duped out of several dollars, he seemed to look at it with the same astonishment that a child would to see the string of his top turn into a snake. A man who at four-score could go into a company of children and gain their confidence and love, must have a child-like character. For years his Bible-class was a model, a sort of theological seminary, from which few graduated without being hopefully pious; and none without great personal benefit and a good understanding of the Scriptures. And after all his own children had gone out from home into the world, or had passed away to the dead, it was affecting to see him and his companion sitting down at the close of every Sabbath, and repeating in course, the Assembly's Catechism, just as they did when children; and then each repeating a hymn, just as they had taught their children!

His estimate of the office of the ministry was higher than that of any man I ever knew. No man ever need love to preach more than he; and I am sure none ever enjoyed the preaching of others more. Whenever he heard a sermon, he felt that it was a message from God. He would then talk about it, pray about it, write about it, and perhaps several times during the week, allude to it. He felt that there is no office in the wide world to be compared

to that of the ministry; and he reverenced it, not because this would honor himself, but because it was the appointment of Christ. He was also a man of strong religious faith. In early life, religion was wrought into his soul by experience. He was a believing son of a believing mother. He told me lately that he had never been troubled with a single doubt as to the inspiration of the Bible, or the reality of religion.

Such confidence had he in the Abrahamic covenant, and that he and his were in that covenant, that he told me, many years ago, that he had never had a doubt that his children would become pious; and he admitted every one into his own church before any one died.

During his last sickness I asked him if Christ and his kingdom seemed to be realities to him. In a moment, with his bright eye flashing, he replied: "I have no more doubt about them than I have in the visible universe—in the existence of the sun, moon, and stars. For sixty-two years," added he, "I have lived in the full faith of the Gospel, and can not have a doubt of it. And then, as to personal interest in it, I do not know but I am equally without doubts. But I ever have to say, God be merciful to me a sinner!"

When I first knew your pastor, he was in the glory of his days —nearly six feet high, straight, finely built, strong and vigorous. His hair was curling and beautiful. His teeth even and very white. His eye, large, black, and brilliant as a diamond. His forehead was lofty and commanding. His lips somewhat compressed, and the whole impress of his character was, that he was a man decided and hard to be moved, capable of great mental labor, quick of apprehension, and devoted to his one work. To see him, in the mellow ripeness of years, so calm, so bright, so cheerful and so loving, you would have no idea of the rough, stern, and hard materials out of which that character was formed. To see him denying himself almost in clothing and in comforts, that he might annually give more in charity to spread the Gospel, than many whole churches, you would not think that he did this contrary to strong natural tendencies.

Religion was the work of life, and it pervaded, transformed, purified, altered, adorned, and beautified the whole man. On his forty-ninth birthday, he writes: "In reviewing my own history, how full the evidence of the omniscience and omnipresence of God! How wonderful his hand, in leading me through all the steps by which I have come to the present moment! When I began, how perfectly dark every thing was, as to my life, my occupation, my connections, my place and circumstances! Now I see the wonder-working hand which led me to a public education, to the sacred ministry, which has given me six children and two grand-children, which has provided me a comfortable dwelling, garden; the

'hich has preserved all my children, which has surrounded
h books, which has enabled me to educate my children thus
ich has given me friends and multiplied my privileges and
ients beyond all that I can reckon. I walk into the garden;
hing seems to be waiting upon me, and saying: 'We have
rom the hand of God to do you good.' I go into the yard,
domestic animals salute me, asking for food at my hand,
omising to serve me in their turn. I look around among
es, and they say: 'Here we stand in our strength and hight,
verdure and fruit, the monuments of divine kindness upon
lanting and care.' I am filled with wonder and humiliation.
:hat my sins have been innumerable, and that I have been
thy of the least favor at the hand of God. I feel a new
rely interest for the salvation of my people, and a revived
ion to live for the service of Christ and the salvation of

brethren and friends, those who have known this good man,
ieerfully accord that his life was one of brightness. The
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estify to his warm, deep, undying love for this people, and
st earnest prayers for them as long as he lived, and also of
'erence and high estimation in which they esteemed him.
re both honored in this mutual love. His last sickness was
terrible sufferings; the pains which others suffer all the
irough life, seemed to be condensed and laid upon him
Much of the time his mind was overpowered by disease,
ways in agonizing pain, but even then his spirit was beauti-
l childlike. Not an expression escaped him inappropriate,
ch you would wish altered. Much of the time was spent,
n these circumstances, in quoting the Scriptures and in
, and every thought was in the line of religion. He want-
yer in his room even longer than he could command his
its to follow it fully. And when, at last, in the silent,
l chamber, the messenger came, in the arms of his children
athed out his soul as softly as the rose shuts her leaves at
For many minutes we knew not in which world to think
!

have brought the worn-out pilgrim to his early loved home,
p with you and your children. It was his direction to be
it here. You will see him in this pulpit, walking that aisle,
ig at the communion-table, no more. You will hear that
voice no more. You will see the aged patriarch worship,
g on the top of his staff, no more. When you again see
ie mortal will have put on immortality, corruption will have
incorruption, old age will be exchanged for eternal youth;
e same character, only enlarged, only made perfect, only
n the image of Christ, will meet you! By the grace of

God, he has lived four-score years in public life, and has gone down to the grave without an enemy in the world, without a spot on his character, without a seam in his garment, and will be laid gently down in his resting-place, by loving hands, amid the blessings and tears of many who revered him as a father.

O Father dear, dear! we, thy children, will try to take up thy mantle, and walk in thy steps, and feel that thy warm breath is upon us; while we seek to follow thy example!

SERMON XXIX.

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CHRIST WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS.

"AND one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."—ZECH. 13: 6.

WHATEVER may have been the prophetic reference of these words, they are strikingly illustrative of the treatment of Christ.

It is not merely a beautiful but an affecting thought, that Christ identifies himself with his people. He is with them to the end of the world. He is in them, and they in him. The Church is the body of Christ. "Inasmuch," he says, "as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

In like manner Christ identifies himself with his own cause on earth. Whoever touches it, touches the apple of his eye. Its interests are his interests; its triumphs are his triumphs. He is glorified by its purity, he is dishonored by its shame.

We see, then, how it is that he can be wounded still on earth. He is no longer present, indeed, in his bodily form. The nails are no more driven through those hands of flesh; the Roman spear is no longer thrust into that bleeding side; the agony of the wooden cross can never again be repeated: and yet Christ's spiritual body—his Church, his cause—can be exposed to suffer. These can be wounded anew. These can be crucified afresh. They can be made to bleed and agonize under the cruel thrusts of open enemies or false friends, and he suffers with them.

Need I say that this is the case? Who does not know it? Who does not see the deed done? Sometimes in heedlessness,

ometimes in the haste of passion, sometimes by deliberate purpose, Christ's spiritual body is doomed to suffer, not only from the blows of open enemies, but of professed friends. Whenever it is exposed to reproach by inconsistent conduct; whenever it is left uncared for by a lukewarm zeal; whenever the ways of Zion mourn because few come to her solemn feasts, Christ is wounded in the house of his friends. I do not believe that a true friend could deliberately do it. A foe might, a Judas might; a hypocrite—a wolf in sheep's clothing—might; but the deliberation of the act would preclude friendship. In any case it would be at best only a pretended, a false friendship. It is avarice or ambition, or despotic will, or self-indulgence, cloaking itself with religion. It is murder kissing, that it may stab; treachery praying, that it may more plausibly bear false witness; avarice exhorting, that it may draw custom. If there is any thing outside of Judas' "own place" that is horrible, it is this. How much of it there is in the world, God only knows. We wait for the judgment-day to unmask hypocrites. Human insufficiency must pass them over to the hands of God.

But, wittingly or unwittingly, through a culpable negligence or haste, Christ is wounded in his cause, or in his spiritual body, in the house of his friends.

1. He is wounded when Christians grow cold in zeal, slack in duty, or forgetful of their solemn vows. They show indifference, and indifference strikes like a dagger into the loving heart. They show ingratitude; and among men, no wounds sting, and bleed, and rankle, like those of ingratitude. They betray selfishness, and selfishness is anti-Christ, and smites at that self-denying love which led Christ to die. They ought to improve under Christ's tuition—grow in virtue, devotion, and grace. They wound the Saviour as the careless pupil does his teacher, by stupidity, unconcern, and lack of progress. And what a life-long wound this is, when Christians make no advance, have but a name to live, challenge the tears of angels over their folly, and show that insensibility to their solemn vows which becomes the worldling and not the Christian.

2. Christ is wounded in the house of his friends, when his cause is injured by the unbecoming conduct of his followers. Scandal in the Church is scandal heaped upon his name. Let worldly men follow the code of the market, the caucus, the stump; but Christians have another rule. They are not to live as others do. The world expects, and rightly expects, more of them, and, although often unwarrantably, it judges the cause by the men. Religion is stabbed by the vanity, pride, ostentation, envy, luxury, selfishness, dishonesty, meanness, uncharitableness, deception, trickery, of those that wear its garb. The world does not distinguish between the man and his uniform; and so, by the fault of

one, that glorious cause, which aims to regenerate a world, or bring from its sad wreck many sons and daughters home to glory, is darkened and defaced. Does not this open the wounds of Christ afresh?

3. Christ is wounded in the house of his friends, when indifference is shown by them to the success of the instrumentalities by which his cause is promoted. These instrumentalities are vital with Christ, as though his blood flowed through them, and his voice spake by them, and his heart beat in them. He is in the word, the sermon, the prayer, the praise. They are his eye, piercing the souls of backsliding Peters; his breath, withering the "vipers" of the temple — lawyers, scribes, and Pharisees; his fingers, touching the sick of the palsy or the blinded eye of the soul; his hands, stretched out in blessing to the little children whom he calls around him. They are not sanctuary husks, dry forms, the mere shells of devotion. They are instinct with the power of the Gospel, and the very life of Jesus. He bleeds, as it were, when they are maimed or robbed of their power by lack of your coöperation, when, by unnecessary or cold-hearted absence, his friends leave them thinned in attendance or chilled in fervor. Yes! Christ so identifies himself with his own ordinances and means of grace, that he suffers when they suffer, is slighted when they are slighted, wounded when they are wounded. Angels might see Christ crucified afresh by your neglect of his sanctuary and ordinances; might see the equivalent of the soldier's blood-stained spear, dropped by your hands, a swift witness against you, in your vacant seats; thorns and sponges of vinegar in your empty pews. Deem not this mere fancy. Our services in preaching, prayer, praise, and conference, are the merest mockery if Christ is not in them, and in that case, the sooner they are dispensed with the better; but if he is in them, your treatment of them is your treatment of him. Your influence, by your presence or absence, your sympathy or alienation, tells on Christ's cause: cheers or disheartens your brethren, speaks to sinners for weal or woe; and if that influence or example helps to thin the sanctuary or the praying-circle, then do you stifle, as it were, the breath of intercession; you wound or contribute to strike down the hand that, in the name of Jesus, breaks the bread of life to dying souls. Are you guilty? In the writings of the great English dramatist, there is a scene where the culprit is suddenly confronted with the specter of his bleeding victim, and, horror-stricken, he puts forth the lying plea: "Thou canst not say I did it." If Christ should turn and look on you with an eye like that which smote through Peter's soul, and should hold up before you his pierced hands, and show you the print of the nails driven perhaps by your cold-hearted neglect, would not the very falsehood of the plea your heart may be suggesting now carry out to its conclusion a darker parallel?

4. Christ is wounded in the house of his friends by inattention to the Gospel, with its messages of duty, its invitations and exhortations. True, they are presented in what the Apostle styles "the foolishness of preaching;" the treasure is committed to earthen vessels; but it is treasure still. Christ himself speaks, although through lips of clay. Yet some listen just as though it were but a man talking, just as though they were hearing a stump speech; and so they yawn, or dose, or sleep, or turn away the head. I must confess, that in this phase of the matter I have not much occasion of complaint. You hear the word, and that is right; but you may all hear, and yet be inattentive in the most important sense. You may hear, and then go away to dissipate attention; you may look at Christ, and then turn your back upon him and his message. This is wounding, not the preacher, but him. Would you not feel wounded, if, after you had gone and carried food and medicine to a sick man, he should receive you with thanks, but only wait till you had left, to throw all out of the window? So men may hear the Gospel, and even thank the preacher for the manner in which it is served up, and yet make no use of it after all.

5. Christ is wounded in the house of his friends by their lack of sympathy and coöperation within their sphere, with the institutions of charitable beneficence for the spread of the Gospel. True, these institutions are devised by human wisdom, as each branch of the Church studies out the methods by which it can best perform that portion of the great task which is committed to its hands. But when once instituted—like human government called into being by a providential necessity, through human agency, and thenceforth made a divine ordinance—these channels of spiritual effort, Christian charity, and missionary zeal, become thenceforth the veins and arteries of Christ's spiritual body, the Church. It is for us to sustain them, to pour through them the full tide of our sympathies, till they beat strong and healthy with the life-blood of a true devotion. I know we may be crippled in our power to give; but we can command the widow's mite, and we have the best of all gifts to bestow: our hearts and our prayers. We can at least remove the obstructions of our own indifference, which either chokes these arteries or makes poor and meager the tide that pours through them.

6. Christ is wounded in the house of his friends, when Christians, instead of keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, treat one another with superciliousness or bitterness; when their intercourse is not marked by that gentleness and forbearance which the Gospel requires. Here looks may be daggers, and words blows. The laceration of Christian feeling by the wantonness of passion, is, between members of the same body, a self-mutilation, a wounding of the body of Christ. It is as if the

hand should wring the nose or pluck out the eye; as if it should tear the flesh with its nails. So the lack of Christian sociability, an indulgence of an exclusive spirit, is a wounding of Christ's members, and thus of Christ himself. A heedless or needless offense to the feelings of a Christian brother—all unkindness, harshness, railing, and evil-speaking, pass over, as it were, from the injured one to Christ himself. He is stabbed through his members. He is lacerated by the blows that fall upon his disciples. "Inasmuch," he says, "as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Now, I appeal to you whether Christ be not, in view of these considerations, wounded in the house of his friends? Are there not those who, by inconsistent conduct, by neglect of the ordinances of the sanctuary, by worldliness, by passion, by unbrotherly feeling and act, dishonor their profession, disregard their solemn vows, and do injury to the cause of Christ? Is he not wounded, then, in the very house of his friends? Is it not a fact, that all the assaults of infidelity, all the rage of profanity, all the recklessness of vice and crime, do far less to check the power of the Gospel than the scandals or offenses of professed disciples? Here are the stumbling-blocks; here are the piles of cotton-bales that obstruct the battery of the Gospel, the broadsides of the pulpit, and shield the sinner's conscience. He that creeps into Christ's bosom can strike a blow such as no one else can; and He feels it, for his cause feels it, his members feel it, the Church feels it in palsied energy and enfeebled devotion.

But is it not something sadly aggravated? When the child lifts his hand to strike her that bore him and nursed him at her breast; when the son requites a father's counsels by a mockery or vice that breaks his heart and brings his gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave, even the world cries out: "For shame!" And when a pardoned rebel abuses the forbearance of a ruler, and steals into his confidence to smite him down, as William of Orange was smitten by the assassin, the execration of ages is heaped upon the culprit's head. But where is princely forbearance, or fatherly anxiety, or mother's love, to be compared with the tenderness and affection of Him by whose blood we are redeemed? He has loved you, and oh! with what a love. Read it in his manger-cradle, in his homeless wanderings. Read it in Gethsemane, and the bloody sweat, and the agony of the cross. Read it in the emblems of his broken body, in the sweet words of hope and blessing that fell from his lips for you, in his unwearied mediation and intercession for apostate rebels. Read it in the forbearance that has kept you back from death, that has called you here to-day, and once more allows you to look upon that cross to which belongs the glory of our salvation. And how shall that love be requited? By wounds? By wounds in the house of his friends? Forbid it,

heaven! Oh! for one more prayer like that which once fell from dying lips: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

I know that I speak too coldly. Feeling is chilled as you pour it off into words. But I would put myself, at the risk of wounds, between my Master and the blows that are aimed at him. Angels might account it a privilege to stand there. And now, though I should be forced to say, "Strike, but hear," I would unvail to your view a Saviour crucified afresh. Come, look and see what you have done. Will you do more? Will you inflict fresh wounds? You welcomed him to your hearts; will you drive him out despoiled? You surrendered your soul to him as its Redeemer; will you betray that Redeemer to his foes? You declared that you would live to him; will you write "perjured" upon your solemn vows?

SERMON XXX.*

THE POWER OF PREJUDICE.

"AND Nathanael said unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" —JOHN 1: 46.

THIS inquiry was in reply to an assertion of Philip, that they had "found *him*, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," Jesus of Nazareth. The whole Jewish nation had long been looking for and expecting the Messiah, the Saviour of the world. They understood from the prophecies, that he was to descend from the royal house of David. As David was the chosen of the Lord and honored with his peculiar favor, and had reigned over the house of Israel, it had become the prevailing opinion among the Jews, that when he "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write" should appear, he would come clothed with regal authority worthy of the ancient house of David, and would redeem Israel. Nor was this mistaken idea of the character of his kingdom wholly eradicated from the minds of his disciples, until after his resurrection; for as the two disciples journeyed from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and were talking of the scenes that had transpired in Jerusalem, when Jesus joined them, in giving him an account of the crucifixion and the manner of his resurrection, they said: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed

* A discourse furnished without the name of the author.

Israel." Hence, all eyes were turned toward Jerusalem as the place from whence the Messiah should come, and where he should appear, whither the tribes were required to bring their offerings to the Lord. So general was this expectation, that we can readily excuse Nathanael for his incredulity, his unwillingness to give up this long-cherished opinion of the learned and the wise of his nation, that Christ would come with great worldly pomp and power, and his advent be hailed with extraordinary public demonstration. But such an opinion could not justify his expression of contempt for the people of another place of less pretensions; thus passing a sentence of condemnation upon all its inhabitants. There was, at least in the family of Joseph, some good in Nazareth. Besides Jesus, who was then unknown to the world, there were Joseph and Mary and their children, who, we are warranted in believing, feared and worshiped the true God. There was some reason for Nathanael doubting the correctness of what Philip had asserted, for there was no prophecy intimating that Christ should come from Nazareth.

But concerning the little town of Bethlehem, where Christ was born, it was said by the prophet Micah: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been of old from everlasting." When, therefore, Philip said to Nathanael, We have found the long-expected Messiah, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, he was not prepared to believe; it was contrary to the expectation of the nation, for Nazareth was a place of low repute, its inhabitants immoral, while Nathanael, himself a Galilean, had so low an opinion of the Nazarenes, that he supposed there could be no good thing in all Nazareth. In this obscure place, of such low repute, our Lord spent most of the first thirty years of his life, from which circumstance he received the name, Jesus of Nazareth.

The subject derived from this portion of Scripture, and which I shall endeavor to illustrate, is the power of prejudice.

By prejudice, is meant that determination of the mind that is formed without a knowledge or careful examination of all the facts and circumstances that bear upon the point in issue, which are necessary to a just and an impartial decision; and this decision may be as unjust in favor of one as against him. We may commit as great an error, in judging too favorably of an individual, as in being too censorious or biased against him. Prejudice operates in both directions. It can as readily blind us to the faults of a friend as to the virtues of one toward whom we feel unfriendly, and perhaps is to be condemned as much in the one case as in the other. The world is not so much inclined to judge too favorably, as it is to condemn unsparingly. We are exhorted to judge righteous judgment, and in order to do this, the mind should be held as a

carefully adjusted balance, open to the influence of truth—to be controlled in its decisions by facts, and not by prejudice. In view of the general character of the Nazarenes, the commonly received opinion among the Jews concerning the coming and character of Christ, Nathanael could not believe what Philip had affirmed. His conduct in this particular was by no means strange or unusual. He had not seen the person of whom Philip had spoken, nor heard his doctrines, nor any thing concerning him, by which to form such an opinion as he had expressed, only that he came from Nazareth. Possibly he may at some time have heard of this Jesus as being a very extraordinary young man—distinguished for the purity of his life and devotedness to the will of God; or he may have heard him spoken of as a prophet, or of the occurrence at Jerusalem in the temple, when he was found by his parents in the midst of the doctors asking them questions, which may have excited attention at the time; but now twenty years had elapsed since that event, and it had passed from the public mind, so that Nathanael decided at once against the claims of Jesus being the person predicted by Moses and the prophets, simply from the general character of the inhabitants of the obscure city from whence he came. A proper regard for his own reputation, as well as justice to his friend and to Jesus, would have led him to suspend his opinion until he could ascertain on what evidence this claim was founded, or at least waited until he could hear the Saviour himself. But he at once pronounced against what had been asserted, and showed that his mind was under the influence of a strong bias or prejudice. Had Philip said to him, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," Jesus of Jerusalem, the Son of the high-priest, the son or lineal descendant of David—a person coming from a place so distinguished for affected piety and devotion to God, though they had slain the prophets of the Lord that had been sent unto them and garnished the sepulchers of those slain by their fathers, a city at that period full of worldliness and hypocrisy, Nathanael would not have doubted, or asked for further evidence. It would have accorded with his general views of the appearance and character of the Messiah.

The reply of Philip to Nathanael was the expression of wisdom and prudence. When Nathanael expressed his doubt of the truth of what his friend had declared, he simply replied: "Come and see." He did not attempt to reason the matter with Nathanael, for the question was settled in his mind, that no good thing could possibly come from Nazareth, consequently no good man would dwell among such a people. Philip did not ask his friend to rely upon what he had told him, but urged him to come and hear and see for himself. Come, hear, and then judge—judge him by his doctrines, by what he does, and not by the place from whence he comes. Be not hasty in condemning the opinions of those who have care-

fully examined what Moses and the prophets have written concerning the Messiah and their reference to this extraordinary personage: now come and see, for we believe this is he in whom the prophecies are fulfilled.

We have a forcible illustration of the power of prejudice, in the reception with which the Saviour met after he entered upon his public ministry. On one occasion when he visited his reputed parents in that same Nazareth, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath, as his custom was, and read from the prophet Isaiah, and said to the people, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," and as he proceeded to preach, the multitudes were astonished at his doctrine and at the mighty works that he did. His fame had gone throughout all the coasts. The people had heard of the miracles he did, while some present had witnessed his healing of the sick, cleansing the lepers, making the blind to see and the lame to walk, and being drawn together by what they had seen and heard, he preached to them with great earnestness; but did they believe what they heard; did they receive the truth from his lips? No, far from it. Some of them recognized in him the son of the humble carpenter; they had known him in his early life; they knew his obscure origin, and moved with jealousy, they asked contemptuously: "Is not this the carpenter?" They called him the carpenter's son in derision. They knew his family, and they were too proud to be taught by him, and stirring up the people against him, for presuming to teach them, they sought to take his life by casting him down from the brow of the hill on which their city was built. They found no fault with his doctrines, but their prejudice was excited against the poor carpenter. Had he come to them as the son of the high-priest, they would have admired his wisdom and have been charmed with his eloquence, for he spake as never man spake. But their minds were biased by prejudice, so that while they could not but be astonished at what he did, they rejected and despised him, and sought to do him violence, because he was the son of a carpenter!

The conduct of the Jewish rulers toward the Apostles shows the controlling and corrupting power of prejudice. They hated the very name of Jesus. Though his resurrection from the dead had been attested by a great number of witnesses, and notwithstanding several thousand had been converted under the preaching of the Apostles in which Christ crucified and raised from the dead was the great theme, still they would not believe the evidence of their own senses. They would not allow the Apostles even to heal diseases in the hated name of Jesus of Nazareth. They imprisoned the Apostles and scourged them cruelly for preaching to the people, that Jesus whom the rulers had crucified and slain was the expected Messiah.

The mind is so constituted, that a slight bias or prejudice, like

the small dust of the balance will give it a preponderance to one side or the other. It is so in judging the motives of men. We often violate that rule of charity that "thinketh no evil," and decide a case before we have heard all that can be said in reference to it, and form our opinion with but a partial knowledge of all the facts. It is in this way men of the world make up their minds in reference to the importance and truth of evangelical religion. They listen eagerly to all that may be said by the enemies of religion, but shut their ears to what may be said in its favor, and close their eyes to the light of truth, though it shine with all the brightness of a sunbeam from every page of the word of God. The carnal heart is opposed to the doctrines and precepts of revealed truth, and hence to such no good thing can come from Nazareth. But what do such know of the spirit of evangelical piety? What do they know of the power of that religion which they so arrogantly arraign and condemn? They have never experienced its energizing power or its peace-giving influence; they have never carefully and impartially examined the claims of religion to their respect and belief. They have made up their verdict as to the truth and importance of religion upon what has been urged by its avowed enemies and as oft refuted by its friends. To all such, no good thing can come from Nazareth. If they can point to one who professes to have experienced the love of God shed abroad in his heart, whose conduct does not correspond with his high pretensions, they not only pronounce him a hypocrite, but they include all others who profess to fear God, in the same category. Happy would it be for such if they would suspend their uncharitable judgment, and come and see—put themselves right—in a proper condition to judge correctly and impartially before they condemn all.

But this is stating the case in terms too general to be of any practical benefit to us directly. We are all, more or less, exposed to the malign influence of prejudice in the every-day affairs of life. We allow it to affect our social intercourse and even our conduct toward each other as members of the family of Christ. This evil is not confined to those without the Church. It serves to weaken the bonds that should bind the members of the household of faith in the closest relationship as members of one great family, having a common Father and common interests. But alas! too often the spirit of jealousy or envy begets a prejudice in the mind of one member toward another, and then no good thing can come out of Nazareth. Under the influence of prejudice, it is no unusual thing to set down as wrong in one against whom such feelings are entertained, what would not be noticed in another where no such feelings exist. We may be biased in favor of an individual so as not to discover his faults, and be unwilling to admit that he can do wrong; while, in reference to the same persons, there are those who find nothing right; but all is wrong; no mat-

ter how pure their motives, or correct their deportment, no good can come out of Nazareth. It is not necessary that we openly condemn or proclaim from the house-tops what we discover in a friend to be wrong, in order to clear ourselves of an improper bias in his favor; neither is it required that we think or speak equally well of all to avoid the charge of being prejudiced; for then we must either be insensible to the proper distinction between right and wrong, or be indifferent to such distinction, when we do perceive it. It is our duty not only to abhor evil in all, but to shun even the appearance of evil, while we are to cultivate that charity that "thinketh no evil." The true spirit of the Gospel demands an honest, open-handed, pure-minded course, which is in wide contrast with the low, cunning, secret, intriguing spirit that characterizes men of low, sordid selfishness. That Christian frankness and candor which are the opposite of low, base prejudice, consist not in fairness of speech; for smiling may be the aspect, and smooth the words of those whose prejudiced minds may be the most ready to think evil of us. An honest, open-hearted frankness may lack the smoothness of external polish; but there is that which is of more value—a kind and ingenuous heart—a disposition to put the fairest construction upon what may seem to be improper or inconsistent. He who is free from the corroding influence of a prejudiced mind, will be without affectation in his manners, and most cordial and sincere in his professions of friendship. He will readily make allowance for the foibles and infirmities of mankind, the blending of evil with good, which is found in every human character. He is not looking to find one faultless; and yet he is unwilling to believe that there are any in the ordinary walks of life who are wholly destitute of every commendable quality. In the midst of many defects the unprejudiced mind will discover some amiable traits of character. Hence, he is not ready to lend a listening ear to evil reports and dark surmises and insinuations, that among the censorious circulate with such currency. He will not judge hastily, nor condemn, until he has full proof of guilt. Neither will he sacrifice a friend for a fault; for with the purest gold there is yet some alloy. Where there is just ground for doubts, he remains undecided, and leans to the most charitable construction which the act will bear. But a mind, swayed by prejudice, will accept of no apology which an accused person may offer, or admit of any extenuating circumstances that equity or charity may suggest. Such can see distinctly the mote in a brother's eye, but seem unconscious of the beam in their own; they judge others, not according to the principles by which they would wish others to judge them, but according to the suggestions of their own prejudiced minds. Such an influence as controls a prejudiced mind checks every kindly impulse, hardens the heart, and estranges man from his fellow-[redacted] sever the bonds of social

endearment, and to make each individual an isolated being. It is thus that mutual confidence is destroyed, and moral influence impaired. By giving place to prejudice, we diminish our social enjoyments, by suffering our minds to be affected by the evil surmises and tales of scandal against a neighbor or a brother in the church, while we intensify that evil influence by neglecting or refusing to give a reason for such conduct. Often has the peace of the church been disturbed, the pastor's relation periled, plans of usefulness defeated by some trivial misunderstanding, that at first arose from suspicion, and ripened into a settled prejudice without cause. Bad as the world is, some good can yet come from Nazareth.

The indulgence of such an unhallowed spirit by a Christian, is the canker that will soon eat out what little of real piety there may have been in the heart. It is one of the works of the flesh, that is constantly warring against that charity "that suffereth long, and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." Prejudice will eventually ripen into hatred; that stands in opposition to love, which is one of the first and highest manifestations of the fruits of a renewed heart. Through the influence of prejudice, the judgment is perverted, the determination of the will mistaken for the approbation of conscience, while the light within is turned to darkness, and then surmises of wrong ripen into certainty, and he comes to regard the objects of his ill-will as positively bad men. Under the influence of such a spirit, he is greatly deceived as to his own character and motives, and flatters himself that in publishing the failings of others, and undermining their Christian influence, he is doing God's service. While he becomes a slave to his evil passions, they become sources of constant annoyance, of misery, to him. Believing others to be his enemies, he adopts a course of conduct that is sure to make them such.

I may be pardoned, if, in this connection, I refer to the influence of prejudice on the piety of Christians. It is almost impossible for such imperfect creatures to travel together far on the journey of life without having occasion for the exercise of the largest charity toward each other, especially as brethren in the Church. We soon find that, though born of the same Spirit, and servants of the same Master, and engaged in the same blessed cause, nevertheless, we are far from being perfect; we are by no means fitted for the perfect harmony of heaven. There is much about us that is earthy; there is a diversity of tastes and habits, occasioned not altogether by difference in temperament, but difference in our education and conduct in early life. Hence, as fellow-travelers, we are to watch over each other, and in so doing we shall find occasion for great forbearance and kindness, cherishing whatever is good and overlooking what may be wrong. If one

feels it his duty to admonish another, the brother admonished has no occasion to harbor ill-will toward the faithful brother, o to count him as an enemy. With the spirit of prejudice rankling in his bosom, he can not have the spirit of Christ—he can not pray acceptably for himself or others. Such feelings are not unfrequently indulged toward a pastor, whose special duty it is to watch over the individuals of his flock, and who, in the discharge of that duty, may have had occasion to reprove for some wrong act; or it may be but a suspicion that the pastor does not think so highly of him as of another. Now, with such a state of mind, no good thing, in his view, can come from Nazareth. Under such a bias, preaching will do him no good; the truth becomes personal, and he regards it as directed at him, and resolves that he will not submit to the reproof, nor be profited by the truth. Very different was the spirit of the Psalmist, who said: "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head." The best remedy for a prejudiced mind is the cultivation of that grace which "thinketh no evil," that inclines its possessor to put the most favorable construction upon the motives and conduct of others. We need more of that spirit that rejoices in the triumphs of truth, that rejoices in good done, by whomsoever it may be.

Those who allow their minds to be biased by prejudice are themselves the greatest sufferers, and most deserving of pity. If this hindrance to growth in grace, so destructive to a spirit of prayer, of communion with God and peace of mind, would but give place to that spirit of charity which is the brightest ornament to the Christian character, what a wonderful change would it produce in the conduct of many professing godliness, and how greatly would the moral influence of the Church be increased! how much ill-natured joy at the faults and misbaps of others would it repress; how much would be done toward removing the obstacles that now hinder the influence of truth, and lead Christians to mourn in secret rather than rejoice over the faults of others. This would be a very different world, if there were none to rejoice in iniquity; and the Church would be much more efficient for good, if there were none in its bosom but those who rejoice in the truth. We had better expose ourselves to an occasional disadvantage by judging too favorably of our fellow-men, than to make ourselves unhappy by always suspecting them or judging unjustly, for some good can come from Nazareth. It is bettter to be sometimes imposed upon, than never to trust. He who is free from prejudice will view the character of others in the most favorable light. He is like one dwelling amidst those beautiful scenes of nature on which the eye rests with pleasure; while he who allows himself to be swayed by prejudice, can never tell how far his bias may lead him, nor what injustice he may be left to do to others. The

that rises from the sea no bigger than the hand, may expand
covers the whole field of vision, and pour its storm of re-
tive justice upon his defenseless head. It is exceedingly
dous to suffer prejudice to influence our conduct toward
s, because we can never fix any limit to the indulgence of
ly passions. Like noxious weeds, if not eradicated, it will
d and overcome all the finer feelings and generous impulses
r natures. The Jews were so prejudiced against the Saviour,
at last it culminated in murderous hatred. At first it was on
nt of his humble parentage; and then because he associated
what they considered the lower classes in society, and sat at
with them, and relieved the needy; until at last they openly
rred a murderer should be set at liberty instead of Him
a they confessed had "done all things well," and, to compass
murderous purpose, said: "His blood be on us and on our
ren."

conclusion, let me say, that since we are exposed to the in-
ce of prejudice, how important that we know ourselves
e we presume to sit in judgment on others! We should be
to condemn when we do not fully understand all the circum-
es or the motives that influence those we judge. The
gence of prejudice is a most efficient cause of departure from
It is in itself an evidence of a backslidden state. It opens
the gate and invites the foul demon, the enemy of peace, to
in and take possession of the citadel. It will prove the
a that gnaws at the root of the tree whose withered foliage
oon give signs of premature decay.

be free from all unhallowed prejudice, we must cultivate the
s of the spirit, a feeling of tenderness toward all who need
xercise of our charity. When our eye is single, when the
beats in sympathy with Christ, then may we hope to judge
rtially, yet kindly and in love. A heart under the influence
ejudice, will, from the necessity of the case, be an unforgiv-
eart, because in the view of such no good can be found in
reth; and to commend or approve, in such circumstances,
d be an indorsement or approval of sin. It is strange, that
e all need so much forbearance from others, they are so re-
nt to award that to their fellow-men of which they are in the
est need themselves. Whenever we are tempted to be severe
r judgment, let us not forget that the hour is nigh when we
be seen and known as we are, when all deception will
h; and then how differently our characters will appear from
we now suppose them to be. If ever we arrive at heaven,
hall doubtless find many there whom our prejudice had
ded from all participation in that glorious inheritance; while
s, whom in our blindness and partiality we exalted to heaven,
failed altogether of the grace of life. But the greatest won-

der to us will be, that, with all our imperfections and departures from God, the grace of God could raise us to such exalted stations, as sons of God and heirs of eternal life. Passion, prejudice, envy, and hatred, will undoubtedly exclude many from the rest of heaven, for no evil passion ever rankles in the bosom of the redeemed in glory.

"Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss."

There are no private or selfish interests in heaven; there should be none in the Church on the earth. Each should strive "to purify himself," as Christ is pure, and to make the Church below a fair type of heaven. And however much we may feel that we have occasion to dislike a brother or to be biased against him, let us bear in mind that some "good can come from Nazareth;" that if we discover much that we can not approve, there will be a wider scope to us for cultivating the spirit of charity and the grace of forbearance. If we can not endure with each other where all need forbearance, what confidence or hope can we have that God will forgive us our trespasses? Instead of allowing a prejudice to affect our minds toward any fellow-being, let us labor to repair over against our own house, to purify ourselves of all those moral blemishes of which we complain in others; and "let him that is without sin cast the first stone," remembering, that as we measure to others it shall be measured to us again.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." —Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace." —Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XXXI.*

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OUR NATIONAL SIN.

"THE sin which doth so easily beset us."—HEBREWS 12: 1.

particular sin here referred to is apostasy, of which the
converts to Christianity were especially in danger, and
which the writer of this epistle especially warns them.
day I shall detach the few words chosen for our text from
nection in which they stand, and apply them, without
preface, to the solemn occasion which has now called us
r.

in its essence, is self-assertion; the finite setting up for it-

hed on the day of the National Fast, September 26th, 1861, in the South Re-
atch Church, New-York.

self against the Infinite, the creature against the Creator. Its forms are various: such as sensuality, or the lust of pleasure; avarice, or the lust of gain; and ambition, or the lust of power. But its essence is always one and the same. Underneath these and all other possible forms, there lurks a single malignant principle, which may be best described as self-assertion.

Of sin, in this its essential character of finite rebellion against the Infinite, we may say it belongs to man as man. It is no mere fortuity, which may or may not occur. "To err is human." By nature, there is none loyal to his Maker; no, not one. Contempt for the divine authority may therefore be pronounced to be the easily besetting sin of our race, as such. In one form or another, we are rebels, all of us.

But for each individual, besides this generic depravity, which is in him like poisoned blood, there is also some specific infirmity peculiarly his own; some one form of spiritual disloyalty, toward which he gravitates with a special momentum; some one sin out of all the catalogue of human offenses, which he commits with the most fatal facility and frequency. It may not be known to the world. It may not be known even to himself, by reason of moral blindness. It may be known only to God. But, in either case, it is his easily besetting sin, stamping its burning seal upon his inmost character, even though it may set no mark of shame upon his brow.

As thus of individuals, so likewise of nations. Nations are not mere masses and aggregates of population; they are organisms. Each is endowed with a sort of moral personality, and has a determinate character of its own. Individuals may be born and die, generations may come and go; but the national pulse beats on without arrest, and the millions of the present find their destiny arbitrated by the millions of the past. The whole, in this case, is something more, and other, than simply the sum total of all its parts. It is an indivisible, organic whole, planting itself astride the generations and the centuries, and standing face to face with a wakeful Providence, whose retributions are none the less righteous, and often all the more impressive and salutary, because they do not come at once. So France is suffering to-day for having exiled her industrious Huguenots nearly two hundred years ago.

Thus may each nation be disfigured and crippled by its easily besetting sin; its history disclosing to every sagacious observer some one type or aspect of the manifold depravity of our common nature, which dominates over all the rest, setting its seal upon the national character, and suggesting the sort of retribution the most fitting, and therefore the most likely, to be launched, in God's own time, upon its guilty head; as Greece sinned in her idolatry of art, and sank, emasculated and nervous, first beneath the Macedonian phalanx, and finally beneath the iron legions of Rome;

as Rome herself sinned in her inordinate lust of dominion, multiplying her slaves as she squandered the lives of her citizens in incessant war, till the Teutonic barbarians came down and crushed her like an avalanche.

The circumstances of our assembling to-day require no extended recital, being as well known to all as they are or can be to any of us. So grave an occasion has never before befallen us in the whole course of our national existence. We are in the midst of what all history declares to be the bitterest of public calamities. A gigantic armed rebellion is on foot, bent upon accomplishing a permanent dismemberment of the Republic. Should we consent to this dismemberment, it would settle nothing. Two clusters of States, such as the proposed dismemberment would give us, can not possibly divide our territory amicably between them. The very structure of the continent forbids it. All the antecedents of our history forbid it. All the passions of our nature forbid it. The ink upon a treaty of peace so utterly preposterous would hardly be dry before the hot embers of this civil strife, now so flagrant, would be flaming afresh. The only way out of this frightful war is straight on through it, with gleaming steel and bellowing cannon, till the rebellion against the Government is crushed, and so crushed as never to be repeated. Such is the well nigh unanimous conviction of the twenty millions of people still loyal to the Union; a conviction shared also by multitudes, by other millions, perhaps, in the disloyal States, whose voices are now stifled by a reign of terror almost unparalleled in history. Such is our present distress. We are inexorably shut up to the horrors of civil war as the only possible condition of a righteous and lasting peace. It does no good now to inquire whose immediate fault this is; whether it has come about, as some would have us believe, through the culpable intermeddling of our Northern abolitionists, or is the work of disappointed Southern politicians, as the Vice-President of the seceding Confederacy himself declared not many months ago. It does no good now to inquire whether the present catastrophe might or might not have been averted. Here it is upon us, in all its stupendous proportions; and there is no deliverance for us but by the sword.

It is a huge calamity, from whose stunning, staggering stroke it will take us long to recover. Thousands of brave hearts must cease to beat, while the voices of other thousands, widowed and orphaned, send up their piteous wail; miles upon miles of fertile territory must be ravaged; and millions upon millions of precious treasure sacrificed, before this war is ended. In the midst of such troubles, thoughtful men recognize instinctively the presence of a Higher Power, presiding over the fortunes, and about to determine the issues, of this gigantic struggle. It is well that the voice of our President, echoing the voice of both Houses of Con-

gress, is to-day calling the whole nation to its knees in humble fasting and prayer. The hand of God is very heavy upon us. His hottest judgments are abroad in the land. We have no inspired prophet among us, infallibly to interpret these judgments. Whether leveled against our sins in the past, or sent as a paternal chastening, to insure us a nobler future, or charged with the double office of punishment and discipline, who will presume to say? Nations, we know, are sometimes simply punished, even to their extinction, for their crimes. Sometimes they appear to be hardly more than gently chastened for their obvious and immediate good. But oftener, by far, they suffer a deserved punishment, which it lies with themselves to accept, if they will, as a timely and wholesome discipline. How it may be with us, we shall know full soon. In our case, as in every other, it will be found that

> "God is his own interpreter,
> And he will make it plain."

But whatever may be the divine purpose concerning us, our own duty in this sharp and painful crisis of our national life is clear. The trumpet of God's providence, now breaking on us out of the lurid war-cloud, is a startling challenge to thoughtfulness and prayer. The whole nation finds itself suddenly confronting the awful Arbiter of nations. There is no escaping the grand arraignment. The nation must now review its career, as under the eye of an eternal and inflexible justice. While no man, not inspired, may dare to say against what particular offense any particular judgment is hurled, there is no offense which any man may venture to shield or palliate. Any one of our offenses, for which conscience reproaches us, may justly enough evoke against us the divine displeasure. Now, then, is the time for us to bend our heads, in penitential shame, over each and every offense which has marked our national career. Nor is this all. The nation must now reckon with itself in respect to its inmost life, and come to a right understanding of its moral state. If the ideas which have inspired the national life, and the purposes which have guided the national career, and the enterprises which have molded the national character, are beneath the nobleness of our origin and the dignity of our errand in history, now is the time for us to discover it. If, by reason of glaring faults or serious defects of character, we are misimproving our unexampled opportunities; if, by bringing liberal institutions to needless reproach, we are embarrassing the friends of such institutions in other lands, and so are impeding the general progress of the race; now is the time for a thorough self-knowledge, for repentance and amendment. Brayed as we are in this terrible mortar of Providence, it is of the last moment that we so confess and renounce our folly as to have it depart from us.

For myself, holding as I do the office of a public teacher, a constraint of conscience is upon me which I dare not resist, requiring me to attempt what will be confessed to be a much needed analysis of our national infirmities and defects, as they now stand revealed to us under the light of these flaming judgments of God. Assuming that this nation, like every other, has its easily besetting sin, some one type of evil peculiarly its own, my task now is, if possible, to determine what it is. The delicacy of the task, imagined or real, shall cause me no disquietude. Honest plainness of speech, inspired by the fear of God, and by a love for our common country, which only deepens under disaster, can surely offend no honest hearer, if he be either a Christian or a patriot. The inherent difficulty of the task is quite another matter. It is not easy for a man to understand exactly his own nation or his own age. A philosophic foreigner like De Tocqueville will sometimes see more in a month than any native had ever seen. And yet it seems to me that the rawness of our national character has given it a boldness of outline, which precludes the possibility of any very serious misjudgment.

Were I required to express, in a single word, what strikes me as the grand characteristic of our American civilization, that one word would be, Materialism — employing the word in its etymological and largest sense. Not materialism as a speculation in philosophy, but materialism as the passion and the presiding genius of our life.

A slight historic survey, which need not detain us long, will suffice to set this matter in its proper light, and show us precisely where we stand. The middle ages, hirsute and turbulent as in some respects they may have been, were yet singularly thoughtful and spiritual ages. In politics, they laid the foundations of modern Europe. In art, they reared Gothic cathedrals and hung their walls with Madonnas. In science, they have bequeathed us prodigies of metaphysical and theological acuteness and power. But in agriculture and manufactures, they were rude and clumsy. They had almost no commerce, and no physical science. Men were consequently poor; wore coarse garments; lived on earthen floors; ate from wooden trenchers; had, in short, scarcely one of our modern luxuries, and but very few even of our modern comforts. We now build our barns better than most of those medieval saints and heroes built their houses. Such was the Europe of the middle ages.

But in the fifteenth century, the whole aspect of society underwent a sudden and signal change. There came on a crop of wonderful discoveries and inventions which put the world upon a new stadium of its career, discoveries and inventions for several of which we are indebted to the monks of the Papal Church. Printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the doubling of the

Cape of Good Hope, the discovery of America, and the revival of classical learning consequent upon the fall of Constantinople into the hands of the Turks in 1453 — these are the things we name as of chiefest significance in modern history. Printing cheapened books immensely, and so sent knowledge down in due time into the peasant's cottage. Gunpowder revolutionized the art of war, bringing in artillery to decide the fortunes of battles and the fate of empires. The mariner's compass gave daring to timid sailors, whitening dangerous seas with swelling canvas. The new passage to the East-Indies shifted the theater of commerce from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. The discovery of America gave not merely a new continent to geography, but a new life to the world; while the revival of classical learning waked up the slumbering fires of genius like a new inspiration. Close upon the heels of this remarkable cluster of inventions and discoveries trod the great leaders of the long procession of our modern workers and heroes: Erasmus, Luther, and Melancthon, followed at due intervals by Gustavus Adolphus, and Lord Bacon, and Oliver Cromwell, and George Washington, and the two Napoleons; in whose train are votaries of natural science, inventors of useful machines, steamboats, and telegraphs, such as Whitney, Fulton, Morse, merchant princes rolling in wealth, newspapers, socialistic reformers, and many-minded revolutionizers of society and governments without number and without end.

These names, events, and features of our modern civilization, as you readily perceive, are mostly Protestant. The Roman Catholic part of Christendom has been jealous of all this stir and thrift. If France and Belgium are industrious and thrifty without being Protestant, it is in part, and in large part, because they were both of them quickened by the Reformation, receiving an impulse which could not be lost. It can not be denied that Roman Catholic Europe, left to itself, is mostly poor and torpid; Protestant Europe, rich and enterprising. Commerce and the mechanic arts, though not begotten of Protestantism, were quickly adopted by it, baptized at its altars, and made to fight its battles for the dominion of the world.

This continent now underneath our feet, though discovered by Roman Catholics, first colonized and desperately struggled for by them, soon passed into Protestant hands; and, of all Protestant countries, this is the most intensely Protestant. The adventurous energy which came of the Lutheran Reformation, subsidizing the inventions and discoveries which shortly preceded it, has found here its amplest and most congenial theater. Every thing about the continent, and about its history, has served to stimulate to the utmost the material development of its occupants. Its vast and virgin territory, which had been for centuries gathering fatness;

ts bays, and lakes, and rivers, offering its harvests a ready exit to market; its varied and boundless mineral resources; its population, a cunning amalgam of the boldest blood of the best races of Europe; its free institutions, electrifying the character of every immigrant—these things have all told upon us with tremendous power, impelling us, as no people were ever before impelled, toward a rank and rampant materialism.

I am no extravagant eulogist of the middle ages. I do not stand up here to depreciate the achievements of modern times. I admit, without reluctance, that great improvements have passed upon the whole face and the whole structure of human society. We must certainly believe in progress, as we believe in Providence, whose wheels roll ever forward and not backward. We may certainly allow that the world is manifestly nearer its millennium than it was six hundred years ago; and yet, let us not fail to observe, that this entire mass of improvements, which distinguish the modern age, is distinctively material rather than spiritual. The mind of the middle ages, loyal to the Organon of Aristotle, as then interpreted and applied, was introspective and metaphysical; its social and public life unthrifty, but chivalric; its piety ascetic and cloistered, but meditative and climbing. The mind of the modern age, loyal to the Organon of Bacon, and swayed still more by his example, gazes and travels ever outward amongst the phenomena of time and sense. Use is its watchword. It levels forests, builds factories, bridles rivers, tunnels mountains, bridges oceans, and sends the mysterious whispers of its intelligence like lightning around the globe. In science, the branches most honored have been astronomy, geology, chemistry, and the like, since these help us most in commerce, agriculture, and the mechanic arts. Our social life is noisy, flaunting, and feverish. Even our religion is more of the hands and the head, than of the heart. Men would rather carry the Gospel amongst the gray ruins of Asia or into the wilds of Africa, than into the unexplored territory of their own souls. They would rather assault some outward institution than a bosom sin. They would rather serve God by doing good, than by being good.

And so the genius of our age, especially in Protestant lands, and preëminently in our own, is distinctively mechanical, objective, and practical. An age by no means to be utterly decried. On many accounts, an age to be admired and applauded rather. We give it credit for seeking to realize, as it never has been realized, the noble idea of man's dominion over nature; wrestling to subdue to itself all material elements and forces and all brute instincts, making them docile and subservient to human uses. It has added largely to the sum total of human comfort and happiness; emancipating the race from many grievous burdens and afflictions, formerly endured; and holding forth the promise of

still wider conquests, and still more splendid benefactions, in the ages to come. These are the good points and cheering aspects of our case.

But there are other points and aspects, as already intimated, which are not so good and cheering. It is distinctively an industrial and not a spiritual civilization which is thus multiplying its triumphs and its trophies. A material enterprise like that which now galvanizes the world, issues, of course, in wealth. The leading nations, especially the Protestant nations of the earth, have all been immensely enriched within the last two or three hundred years; and, as a natural result, there has arisen an immensely enhanced regard for riches. Those who have wealth are more courted and honored and envied, while those who have it not are more mad after it. Solid and homely comforts, it is true, are vastly more abundant. The fowl, which Henry the Fourth desired for the peasant's pot on Sunday, has found its way thither almost every day in the week. From comforts, the masses have pushed on fast and far toward luxuries which enervate. Men have become dainty, self-indulgent, and selfish. A passion for display comes in — display in dress, in equipage, and in the entire economy of the household. Large expenditures are rendered necessary, and these lead too often to embarrassments, out of which there is no exit but by atrocious forgeries and frauds. Thus on all sides there is an impatient chafing against the straight and sober boundaries of virtue. This madness invades all ranks and orders of society. It seizes upon the farmer behind his plow, making him unhappy over his slow returns. It makes the mechanic restive under his incessant and heavy toil. It tempts the merchant to engage in desperate ventures in the hope of extemporizing a fortune. It degrades the physician, who should be an honor to science and an angel of mercy, into a drudge for fees. It turns the lawyer aside from high endeavors after a strictly professional reputation, to be a mere broker of estates and stocks. Instead of statesmen, proud of being poor in their country's service, it sends us politicians, who are hunters of place for the sake of pelf. It assails even the sacred office of the Gospel ministry, thinning its ranks, and scaring candidates away from its gates by raising the cry of poverty. The finer kinds of reputation, friendship, duty, honor, the things which, in more chivalric ages, used to be esteemed and died for, are now under a cloud. The insane passion for gain has been overriding all. There never, probably, was a time since the world began, when, throughout all classes and conditions of men, the sense of property was so acute as now; when fortunes were so intensely coveted, and indigence so intensely feared. In short, the age, in its dominant ideas and activities, is preëminently a commercial age. All higher ideas are, of course, imperiled. Science, art, religion — all must suffer. "With all thy gettings,

get wisdom," is the reading of the ancient Scriptures. But, according to the modern gospel of Mammon, the injunction is: "By all means get money; honestly, if you can; dishonestly, if you must."

What is thus true of all Protestant Christendom, is, as I have said before, preëminently true of us. England is bad enough, with her greedy fingers out all over the globe. We are worse. Here, on this magnificent continent, hid away for ages behind the western horizon, and sternly interdicted to Europe till Europe had cradled the Reformation, a continent washed on either side of it by the chief oceans of the globe, these oceans now swarming with our ships; our broad acres groaning beneath the burden of their harvests; our mountains stuffed with coal and iron and gold; our institutions about us as free as the breezes of the sky—here we are, a nation of sturdy workers; athletic, eager, adventurous Nimrods of a boundless material invasion and conquest. Nimrods, did I say? Titans, rather; for not content to subdue the earth, we are also storming the heavens.

It requires no special insight to catalogue our national offenses. They are known and read of all men: the offenses committed by us in our organic capacity; with those other individual offenses, of such general prevalence as to be fairly chargeable on us as a people. Foremost amongst our organic offenses, some would reckon the apparent, though doubtless undesigned, atheism of our national Constitution, which is silent in regard to the divine authority and providence. This silence is certainly unfortunate, but can not be allowed to militate against the universally admitted fact, that our institutions rest upon a Christian basis. Our highest legal authorities have again and again pronounced us a Christian people. But most unchristian, surely, has been that territorial rapacity which, from generation to generation, has been so sternly crowding the red man toward the setting sun; which has sent our conquering arms into the Halls of the Montezumas; and which has menaced Spain with the seizure of her wealthiest colony. Most unchristian is that cruel greed of gain which has doomed the black man to a vassalage, abhorrent to the laws of nature and offensive to the genius of our religion. These are palpable, organic offenses, laying the heavy burden of their guilt more or less upon the nation as a whole. But they are all only branches of a single tree, whose noxious roots have been fed by the common soil of the continent. In all sections alike there rages a madness for material good, crowning cotton as its king in the South, crowning corn in the North; a madness which has debauched the general conscience of the nation, so as nearly to have wrecked our fortunes, and blasted all our hopes as a republic. Now, indeed, we are at length aroused, flinging our treasures and our lives into the deadly breach; but who can recall

without a shudder the sordid, selfish apathy which, not many months ago, stood by with folded arms, anxious only for the cargo, while our noble ship of state, with torn flag, and abandoned by traitorous officers, was driving straight upon the rocks! For this apathy, which has so nearly ruined us, an apathy engendered of our gross materialism, let us hang our heads to-day in honest, bitter shame. And in all the time to come may it haunt our guilty memory as a stupendous warning against similar delinquencies. Made wiser by these perils, which we have barely escaped, by these disasters which are now upon us, may our country henceforth be more to us than its vulgar soil; may it be to us a sacred trust, a theater of devout and righteous enterprise, a heritage of freedom, and an asylum to the oppressed of every kindred and of every clime.

Of individual sins, so widely prevalent as justly to be considered national, let us also be mindful. Prominent among these is that profaneness of speech, so common in all parts of the land, which exceeds the profaneness of every other nation on the globe. No where else on God's footstool does the awful name of God encounter such flagrant irreverence as here with us. If the Ruler of all the earth be indeed jealous of his honor, as the Scriptures declare him to be, well may we tremble to think of this wanton and shocking profaneness, incessantly rolling up, in such heavy volume, into his listening ears. As a nation, we profane also his Sabbaths; less, it is true, than some of the nations of Europe, but vastly more than becomes us, whether we consider the better example of our fathers, or the wholesome laws which stand unrepealed upon our statute-books. Filial insubordination must also be reckoned as one of our crying sins. Family government, that divinely appointed type and germ of all civil authority and order, is shamefully slack amongst us. We are slow to rise up before the hoary head and honor the aged man. Hence our sadly irreverent attitude toward all rightful authority; our shallow and godless theory of civil government as simply a human compact; and our loose, low notions of the sacredness of public law. We are inclined to think of constitutions as only so much parchment, and of statutes as only enactments, representing the opinions of accidental majorities. These, we admit, are faults incident always to republican institutions. But with us they have had a rankness of growth, and have attained proportions, which can be explained only by reference to the peculiar conditions of our national life. Gathered out of all nations, and planted here on this fresh continent, so teeming with stimulants to material enterprise and aggrandizement, we have sucked up poison out of the fatness of our territory, till now at length we are in that state which is nigh unto cursing.

And now the judgments of God are upon us. His red artil-

lery has started down the slope of the heavens; nay, has already opened its thunders against our rebellious and boastful ranks. It is not for me to say which one of our offenses is the special target of this dreadful artillery. Let no one section of our common country angrily upbraid another for its vices or its crimes. We are offenders, all of us, North and South, East and West. Material good, an overweening sense of which threatens extinction to every nobler sentiment, has been the grand Dagon of a universal idolatry. Mad has been our pursuit of gain; cruel our indifference to the rights and happiness of oppressed and inferior races within our borders; inexcusable the arrogance of our attitude toward other nations; shameful our reckless surrender of political power into the hands of corrupt and greedy demagogues; heinous our irreverence toward God, toward parental, and toward all civil authority, ordained of God. These are our offenses, any one of which may justly have waked up against us the divine displeasure.

Of these offenses let us now heartily repent, with our hands upon our mouths and our mouths in the dust. And let us prove the sincerity of our repentance by the patience with which we endure this present bitter chastening of Providence. It may be that we have not yet tasted the dregs of this cup of wrath. In the dreadful struggle into which we have entered for the maintenance of our national integrity and the reëstablishment of the national authority, other disasters, heavier than have yet befallen us, may still be in store for us. If they come, let our courage, inspired by our Christian faith, be such as not to be staggered by them. If in our extremity, battling desperately for the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, a new purpose is forced upon us, and a new watchword is commended to our lips, even the emancipation of the enslaved, let us accept it with alacrity as the behest of God. Our wisdom may not have counseled it; but the wisdom of man is sometimes foolishness with God.

Our nationality, I am confident, is destined to survive this conflict, emerging from the smoke of battles more radiant and powerful than ever. But not as a godless, boastful, corrupt, and cruel nationality, can it thus emerge. He who sits as King in Zion, be assured, will vindicate his own mastership of the continent. Along the sky, which overarches it, the Hand that grasps our destinies is unrolling the scroll of the Ten Commandments; and if we stand here victorious, puissant, and prosperous, it must be in loyal, cheerful subjection to these Commandments. Our idolatry of material good, with all its brood of sins now wasting our moral stamina, must be exorcised; and our one ambition, our one lifelong struggle, must be, to establish and maintain embodied here, in its grandest proportions, the true idea of a Christian State.

SOUTH REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH,
Corner 5th Avenue and 21st Street,
September 29th, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: The undersigned, members of the South Reformed Dutch Church, respectfully request the privilege of being permitted to print, in pamphlet form, your admirable discourse on "Our National Sin," delivered on the 26th inst., the day appointed by the Chief Magistrate of the United States for fasting and prayer.

We have the honor to remain, in Christian and patriotic affection,

Yours, very cordially,
JNO. SLOSSON,
C. MURDOCK,
D. A. WILLIAMSON,
THOMAS C. DOREMUS,
G. M. CLEARMAN,
SAMUEL C. BROWN,
JOHN EWEN,
R. OGDEN DOREMUS.

To the Rev. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D D.

NEW-YORK, October 1st, 1861.

GENTLEMEN: My Fast-day discourse, though written hastily, and written only to be preached, is now submitted most cheerfully to your disposal, in the hope that it may render some slight service in a cause of such immediate and vital importance to us all.

Yours very truly,
ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

Judge JOHN SLOSSON, and others,
Members of the South Dutch Church.

SERMON XXXII.*

BY J. HAWES, D.D.

NORTH AND SOUTH; OR, FOUR QUESTIONS CONSIDERED:

WHAT HAVE WE DONE? WHAT HAVE WE TO DO? WHAT HAVE WE TO HOPE? WHAT HAVE WE TO FEAR?

I NEVER expected to see a time like this, when every day, and at all times of the day, we see soldiers in arms, and hear the sound of martial exercises along our streets, and about the avenues of our city. I never expected to be called to preach on an occasion like the present, a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, appointed by the President of the United States, in conformity with the recommendation of both Houses of Congress, and seconded

* Preached in the First Church in Hartford, Ct., on the day of the National Fast Sept. 26th, 1861.

by the Chief Magistrate of our own State, on account of war, civil war having broken out in our country, and which is spreading devastation and ruin over the land. I never rose to address an audience, when I was so much at a loss what to say, in order to meet the demands of the occasion, and at the same time not to offend against the dignity and sacredness of my office as a minister of Christ. As I look round on this assembly, and think of the circumstances in which we meet here to-day, a solemn awe comes over my mind, and I tremble lest I shall prove unfaithful to my trust, or fail to meet the reasonable expectations of those whom I address. May God guide the service, and make it profitable to us all.

I find a text suited to my purpose in 1 Sam. 17 : 29 : "And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

The case was this:

The Philistines, whose country bordered on the south and west of Judea, made war upon the people of Israel, and gathered their armies at Schochoh, which belonged to Judah. Saul and the men of Israel gathered together their hosts and pitched by the valley of Elah, over against the Philistines. On this occasion, an aged Israelite, who had eight sons, sent three of them into the army, while David, the youngest, was retained at home to keep his father's sheep at Bethlehem. The father, naturally anxious for the three sons in the army, sent David with provisions for them, and bade him inquire how his brethren fared, and to take their pledge. Leaving the sheep with a keeper, David rose up early in the morning, and hastened to execute his mission of sympathy and kindness. He reached the camp as the host was going forth to fight, and ran into the army and saluted his brethren. Here it was that he contemplated the approaching storm, which threatened to overwhelm his country. Here he saw the battle in array with fierce invaders, led on by a champion whose stature and prowess were only equaled by his pride and blasphemy. He heard no terms proposed but absolute submission and slavery. The whole bearing and look, and defiant menace of the proud man, Goliath of Gath, were appalling, and Israel fled at his presence as he marched forth at the head of armed hosts, bidding defiance to the hosts of Israel. A holy indignation rose in the bosom of the young shepherd, and he panted to enter into the conflict that he might take away the reproach from his countrymen, and show that there was courage which was ready to meet the challenge of the champion, with all his pride and impious boasting. But what could he do? He was there as a private man, and not as a soldier. Yet he could not restrain the flame that glowed within and impelled him to the battle. So he modestly inquired, what shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine and taketh away the reproach from Israel? For who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should

defy the armies of the living God? Eliab, his eldest brother, heard when he spake thus, and his anger was enkindled against him; and he said: Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And David said: What have I now done? Is there not a cause? As if he had said: Have I done any thing wrong, or any thing which I had not a just cause for doing? Came I not down at the command of my father? Is it not right that I should feel indignation at the blasphemies and boastings which I have heard, and should have an earnest desire to bear a part in withstanding the enemies of my country and of my God, in their impiety and rage? The reply of David was just. It proceeded from a true love of his country, and showed a willingness to do what he could to repel the foe then encamped on its borders and warring for its overthrow.

The text suggests my subject, and in pursuing it, I shall attempt an answer to four questions:

What have we done? what have we to do? what have we to hope? and what have we to fear? Let us consider:

1. What have we done? I mean, we at the North; we in the free States; what have we done to provoke the wrath of the South, and bring on the terrible war which has burst upon us, like thunder from a clear sky? But a few months since, we were a united and happy people. All the great interests of the country were in a high state of prosperity, and the prospect of a long bright future in reserve for us was perhaps never more promising. Now we are a divided people, the Union is rent asunder; fourteen of the States have rushed away from the Constitution, and having formed themselves into a Confederacy, are carrying on a war against the remaining States, and threatening the overthrow of our Government. Terrible guilt attaches to one party or the other, engaged in this conflict. To which does it belong, to the North, or the South: to the slave States, or the free? I have long and earnestly sought to know the truth on this subject; to discover what articles of indictment the South could bring against us to justify the course she has seen fit to adopt in this unnatural and terrible conflict. And I must confess that after the most careful inquiry, I have been unable to discover any one cause for the war that can for a moment stand the test of truth or sound reason; and I am constrained still to ask: What have we done? We have violated no principle of the Constitution; we have resisted no law of Congress; we have invaded none of the rights of the South; we have despoiled none of her citizens of their property; we have done violence to none of them while visiting at the North, or residing among us on business; we have driven none of them from our midst as exiles; we have tarred and

gathered none of them, and we have seized and put to death one of them in violation of all forms of law, and with no charge of crime, but that of thinking and speaking as free men and Christians. We stand clear of each and of all these offenses; and I know not that they have been alleged against us by any Southern man of competent knowledge and candor to judge in the case. But all these offenses, these outrages, it is well known, have been repeatedly committed against us by and at the South, and under circumstances of peculiar and irritating aggravation. And yet we have peaceably and patiently borne all; have borne insults and provocations and wrongs, inflicted upon our worthy citizens, which, if inflicted by any foreign power, would have been deemed a just cause of war. What then have we done? Have we passed personal-liberty bills? That is true. But they were not designed to nullify or violate any law of Congress, or to prevent the reclamation of any slave who could be legally proved to have escaped from his master; and I have seen it stated on good authority, that no master ever did fail of regaining his fugitive slave through the operation of these terrible liberty-bills, of which so much has been said. These bills were enacted, some of them many years ago, as a safeguard to our own colored people, to prevent their being kidnapped, and carried off to be sold in a Southern market; and they have all, I believe, so far as they have any bearing on the matter in controversy, been repealed.

Is it alleged that we have agitated the subject of slavery—have insisted on the right of discussing it from the pulpit and the press, and of exposing its wrongs and its villainies? That is true; but is the insisting on this right a just cause for treason and war? or is it a right to be abandoned by free men at the dictation of the slave-power? Is it alleged, again, that we have refused to allow to slavery a right to extend itself over all and every part of our free territory, and have insisted that it should be confined, henceforth, within its own legal and constitutional boundaries? That, also, is true. But what wrong is done to the South by this? We claim no right over slavery in the States where it now exists by local or State laws, and we have no wish to invade the laws or resist the authority which are spread over it on its own soil. But when the claim is set up that it has a right to travel side by side with freedom, and to establish itself wherever free territory is to be found in our whole domain, we resist the claim as unjust and wicked; we say it has no foundation in the Constitution, nor in the known sentiments of the framers of that instrument, nor in the law of nature, and certainly not in the law of God and the principles of his Gospel. Standing on this ground, we say of slavery, lifting up its imperious voice and demanding more territory and a wider domain over which to spread its misery and its crimes: Hitherto thou mayest come, but no further; and here thy proud waves shall be staid. And is not this right?

Is it alleged, again, that we have attempted to wield the powers of the Federal Government to the prejudice of the South? But wherein have we done this? The powers of the Government have been essentially in the hands of the South for the last thirty years, and scarcely a demand has she made since the beginning of our Government, relating to her peculiar institution, which has not been conceded by the North.* At the formation of the Constitution, she insisted that the slave-trade should be continued twenty years, and it was allowed; she insisted that three fifths of her slaves should be added to her free population as represented in Congress, and that protection, to a certain extent, should be extended over this species of live-stock; and all this was conceded to her. In 1793, she wanted a fugitive slave law passed, and Congress passed such a law. In 1820, she wanted the Missouri Compromise, and it was given her. In 1854, she wanted the Missouri Compromise repealed, and it was done. She next asked for a judicial decision of the Territorial question in her favor, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in contravention of the whole current of our legislation, so decided. State after State, I know not how many, have been brought into the Union with the mark and the curse of slavery upon them, to satisfy her demands; and I find it stated, on competent authority, that in various ways, to promote the interests of the very States now leading this rebellion, the people of the United States, acting through Congress, have paid over $617,000,000.† Indeed, I do not recollect more than one instance—that of Kansas—in which the South has failed to obtain the concessions from Government in favor of slavery which she asked for. And for all these concessions we now have the miserable return of an organized rebellion and a wicked attempt to break up the Government. Nothing, in fact, could satisfy the South. Her demands became more and more imperious and unreasonable, till it was found that they must be resisted or the whole country come under the rule of an unprincipled slave oligarchy. The question then returns: What have we done? Nothing, surely, to provoke this horrible fratricidal war, nor to hasten it on. We conceded and compromised; we bore and forebore till the country was pushed to the very brink of ruin. And it is my full belief, that had the Government remained in the hands of the South another four years, the day of redemption would have been passed, and our subjection to the slave-power would have been inevitable. The people saw this—the free people of the North and West—and roused by a sense of danger, they united, and in a perfectly constitutional way, elected a President of their own principles, and of course to the disapprobation and dislike of the South. This tells the whole story. The free North

* See Everett's Oration, p. 38. † Senator Latham's Speech, July 20th, 1861.

chosen a man to administer the government for the next four
s, in the spirit and on the principles on which it was founded
ur fathers. This is the whole head and front of our offending.
e the war. No act of injustice, oppression, or wrong, on our
can be pleaded by the South in justification of her secession
rebellion. Long before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, or a
e act had been done by him or the incoming administration,
whole plan of secession was matured, and the fatal blow ready
e struck; the signal was given; war was commenced; State
State rushed out of the Union and joined in a conspiracy, a
llion against constitutional authority. The programme, formed
before, was carried out in mad haste; a new government
formed; forts, arsenals, navy-yards, ships, mints, and all kinds
Jnited States property, lying within the seceding States, were
d and used to strengthen and carry on the rebellion, till at
th the nation's flag was smitten down and trailed in the dust,
the cry went up throughout the South: On to Washington,
possession of the capital, and the victory is ours! Up to this
t, our government waited patiently, waited too long, as we
ow feel, but waited in hope that the madness which ruled the
r would subside, and reason once more resume its sway. But
n all hope of pacification by forbearance and patient waiting
ed away, and it was seen that rebellion must be put down by
strong arm of power, or destroy the country, there was wit-
ed the uprising of a mighty people, rushing to arms at the
of the President, gathering around our capital, and along the
ders of the rebel States, ready to shed their blood and sacrifice
r all, to defend their country and maintain its government
its laws.

o the case stands to-day. An army of from two hundred and
to three hundred thousand men, stationed in different sec-
s of the country, ready to be set in battle-array against, per-
s, an equal number from the seceding States. The scene is
nd; it is awful. The end is not yet; the future is vailed from
sight; we must wait the issue, trusting in that God who rules
ighteousness over all.

I. We pass to our second question: What have we to do?
at does duty, right, demand of us, in the circumstances in
ch our country, and we as individuals, are placed? And,

. We must have a right understanding of the nature, cause,
object of the conflict now going on in the country. As to
nature, it is not, properly speaking, a war. War is a struggle
veen two sovereign nations appealing to arms for the settle-
t of their difficulties. But the South is not a sovereign na-
, not acknowledged to be such by a single government on
h. They are a conspiracy; a treasonable banding together of
rtion of the one nation of the United States to break up the

Union, and destroy the government. The whole plan, in its inception, development, and progress, is properly characterized as a rebellion, a wicked insurrection against constitutional authority; and the effort now being made by loyal men, to put it down by force of arms, is not, I repeat, in any proper sense, war, any more than it is war when a city police puts forth its power to quell a riot or a mob, or to defend innocent citizens against the assaults of thieves and robbers. The most scrupulous advocate of peace might go into this contest without violating one of his peace principles, just as he might defend himself or his family against a house-breaker or a murderer. It is not war when criminals are seized and punished, or when pirates and traitors are put down and brought to justice by an armed force. It is simply an act of self-defense, a vindication of right by the punishment of crime. So the contest that is now going on in this country; it is simply a struggle for self-defense, a putting forth of the armed power of the country to defend its nationality, to maintain its existence, indeed, against rebels combined for its overthrow.

As to the right of secession, as claimed by the South, it has not the shadow of a reason for its support. Secession! Secession from the Republic; secession from the one Constitution, binding the Republic together as one nation, one people, and one for all time! Secession is an absurdity wholly opposed to the spirit and form of our government, contrary to the known sentiments of the fathers of the Republic, the great statesmen who framed the Constitution and enacted the fundamental laws of the nation, and it seems never to have been thought of as a possibility, till it was hatched in the brain of Mr. Calhoun, of South-Carolina, and since taken up and propagated by uneasy, ambitious, reckless spirits at the South.

With regard to the cause of this gigantic rebellion, I have before said, that its immediate cause was the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency. The whole spirit and policy of the South, in entering on the late presidential election, meant this: "If we can succeed in electing our candidate, as we have in fifteen that have preceded it, well and good; but if we fail, we intend to prostrate the government and break up the Union; peaceably if we can, otherwise at the point of the sword."* They failed, and immediately they set themselves to carry out their predetermined purpose. They rushed like madmen for the destruction of the Union, just because they were defeated in the election, and were made to feel that the power of the government, which they had wielded for so long a period, essentially for sixty years, had passed out of their hands, not probably to return again. This was more than Southern chivalry could bear. So the appeal was made to arms, and we have been constrained to meet them on that ground.

* Everett's New-York Oration, July 4th, 1861.

l what is the object we aim at in the position we have taken? ot conquest; it is not subjugation; it is not to spread car- nd bloodshed over the States in revolt; but only to stay the f violence they have raised against us; to bring them back r allegiance, and maintain the government of the country they have wickedly conspired to overthrow, and thus pre- he Constitution and the laws which we and they have alike to support.

said that the object of the war is to destroy slavery, by ; free the four millions of human beings now held in bond- the South? I deny that this was or is the object of the though I can not but pray earnestly, as I confidently hope, the good providence of God the overthrow of slavery will consequence, the ultimate result of the conflict. But this ot, nor is it now, its avowed or its real object. That is to in our government; to defend our republican institutions; down rebellion and restore the country, the whole country, state of peace, prosperity, and strength which it has so long d, to the wonder and admiration of the nations. This is e object for which we send forth our armies, pour out our es, and sacrifice our sons and our brethren on the bloody And this object is worth all that it will or can cost us. ar in which we are engaged is not for ourselves alone, or sterity; but for the world and for all time. The question possibility of maintaining free institutions is now on trial the nations; the problem of free government is now to be ; and if we fail, if the grand experiment inaugurated by thers, and so long and so successfully carried forward in our shall now fail, and our country sink into a state of anarchy, livided into separate sovereign States, contiguous, jealous, xposed to make war on each other, I for one should feel he sun of freedom had gone back on the dial of time for tions and for centuries, and might never rise again. It was y a great French statesman, M. Fould, to an American not long ago, after the rebellion broke out: "Your Re- is dead. And it is probably the last the world will ever You will have a reign of terrorism, and after that two or nonarchies." All this is likely to be verified if this revolu- ceed.

, then, is one thing we have to do—to understand well the , the cause, and the object of the contest in which we are d, and the momentous interests involved in the issue.

nother thing we have to do is to strive for a union of all . This is not a time to carry out our personal preferences, stick to and maintain our party attachments. It is a time calls for the union of all true men in the one great issue is now pending before the country. Let there be none to d for old party lines, and none to attempt to form new

parties, and, least of all, to cry peace, compromise, adjustment, while the roar of cannon is in our ears, or the sword at our breasts. Lord Nelson caused to be signaled from the topmast of his ship, just as he was going into the battle of Trafalgar, these memorable words: "England expects every man to do his duty." A like signal I seem to see inscribed on our country's flag, in this time of her peril, "America expects every citizen to do his duty." It has been well said, by a true statesman: "We may differ as to many things in the past; we may differ as to many things in the future; but we must now act for the present. And for the present there is but one course for us all to pursue. Our misguided brethren at the South have left us no alternative but to fight. Our capital must be defended; our flag must be sustained. The authority of the government must be vindicated. The great experiment must be fully and fairly tried of restoring the Union upon its old constitutional basis." And whatever is necessary for the accomplishment of these ends must be promptly and thoroughly done. Let there be, then, no hanging back; no drawing off into little squads or parties; no secret counsels and plots devised in conclave to embarrass our government or lead any to withhold from it their hearty coöperation and support.

In the last speech made by Mr. Douglas to his party, at Chicago, but a short time before his death, he uttered these memorable words: "Whoever is not prepared to sacrifice party organizations and platforms on the altar of his country, does not deserve the support of honest people. We must cease discussing party issues, make no allusion to old party tests, have no criminations or recriminations, indulge in no taunts one against another as to what has been the cause of these troubles." This is sound advice, and should be followed by all, of every political party.

After what has now been said, it is scarcely necessary to add, that another thing we have to do is, to stand by the Constitution and maintain our government and our nationality at all hazards. That sacred instrument, the bond of our Union and the basis of our prosperity and happiness, cost our fathers too much blood and treasure to be surrendered, without a struggle, to the hand of violence now raised to destroy it. And our government, based on the Constitution, and our nationality growing out of it, they must be defended whatever it may cost. Our very life, as a nation, depends on this. It is no time to talk of peace, of concession, compromise, reädjustment, while rebellion maintains its posture of defiance and insists upon having what it demands, or fighting us unto the death. Peace is a charming word; I love the very sound of it, and the blessings it carries in its bosom are inestimable. But peace sought and obtained by cowing down to the South and conceding to her demands would be infinite dishonor; it could result, at the best, only in a temporary suspension of hostilities, shortly to break out again in a spirit of violence and hate greater

than ever. No; let the question be settled now, and settled for all time, whether our Constitution and government shall stand, and we remain a free nation, or whether we shall sink into anarchy and confusion, to be adjusted in the end by the reign of despotism, or some other reign of oppression and wrong, like that which enters into the new Confederacy of the South, which, according to the declaration of its Vice-President, Mr. Stephens, rests on slavery as its corner-stone—on the great truth, as he calls it, that the inferior is to be held in subordination to the superior race. Shall we succumb to a power like this—a power that bases itself on slavery as its chief foundation, and whose great aim is to perpetuate and extend the system as widely as possible? No, never, never! Let us, then, one and all, without distinction of party, gather around the citadel of our Constitution and our free forms of government, and resolve that, come weal or woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand up and defend them with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Another thing we have to do, and that is freely and manfully to meet and bear the burdens that may come upon us in carrying this conflict through to a triumphant issue. The cost will be—it has already been—great but not too great for the object to be attained. It cost our fathers seven years of war to achieve our independence and establish the government which we are now called to defend; and the burdens which they cheerfully and magnanimously bore in that long and bloody conflict were greater, far, far greater, compared with their number and their ability, than can be expected to come upon us, even should the present war last twice seven years. The men and the resources of the free States are abundant to meet every exigency that can reasonably be expected to arise. Our late war with Mexico cost us $217,175,575; but this sum, vast as it appears, was paid with no perceptible inconvenience or pressure upon the people at large. So it will be with the present war. It will for a time embarrass business and depress commerce and trade; and the usual sources of income enjoyed by many will be diminished, or perhaps entirely cut off. What then? Why, there will be a necessity for curtailment of personal and family expenses, and the practice of self-denial and greater economy and industry, it may be; and something of this kind, far from injuring, might prove a great blessing to many in our land. But come what may, in this or any other form, there should be no shrinking from the expenses necessary to carry on the war; no grumbling on account of taxes, or the accumulation of national debt. Where all is at stake, as in the present case, we may well spare a part of what we have for the sake of saving the rest. It is not we alone who are to suffer if we fail; but our children and our children's children to the latest posterity, and the cause of liberty and free government throughout the world. And then, when peace is restored on right and honorable principles,

prosperity will quickly return, and new enterprise and thrift spring up on every side, and all departments of business will be waked into new life and be crowned with new success.

Yet another thing we have to do, more important than any or than all that I have yet mentioned, and that is, we have to recognize our relations to God as the great Ruler of the world; to feel our dependence on him for success in this necessary but terrible conflict; and humbly confessing our sins and the sins of the nation against him, our rightful Lord and Sovereign, to implore the interposition of his gracious power in our behalf, that right may prevail and peace and order and happiness be speedily restored to our divided, warring, and bleeding country.

On the duty here indicated, all-important as it is, I have no time to enlarge. There can be no doubt that the fearful judgment that has come upon us as a nation is for our sins. They have risen up to heaven and have long cried for the displeasure of the Most High to be poured down upon us. I need not attempt to particularize. Our great sin as a nation has been forgetfulness of God, disregard of his authority, contempt of his laws, pride, boasting of our strength and our greatness, and setting up for independence of him as the great Ruler and Judge of the world. Ungodliness, casting off the fear of Jehovah, ignoring his supremacy, and practically setting aside his right to reign over us—these are sins that lie with fearful weight upon us as a people, and they are properly the source of the terrible crimes and frauds, and vices and oppressions, and villainies and wrongs, which have, especially of late years, so rapidly increased and spread in all parts of the land. When I think of these things, and remember that God is just, I have great misgiving as to the scenes that are opening upon us. The Lord has a controversy with us. His voice crieth in the land, and it becomes us to hear the rod and him who hath appointed it. There is a God. Oh! that our nation knew it—there is a God of holiness, justice and truth, who ruleth over the world, and the nation and the people that will not obey him he will utterly destroy. Let us not rely too confidently on our superior numbers, nor on our vast resources of money and means, and our indomitable energy and prowess. All these will avail us little if the Lord be risen against us, or has come forth for the punishment of our sins. He reigns in righteousness over nations as over men, and if they will not see his hand nor hear his voice when he comes forth kindly to warn and admonish them, he will speak in louder tones and stretch forth a more fearful arm for their punishment, and it may be for their destruction. The signs of the times are dark and ominous. The country is in a perilous condition. She is like a ship in a stormy sea, enveloped in dense fog, with rocks and shoals around her, and no pilot on board who knows the way of escape, or how to bring her safely into port. She may escape unharmed, or she may be broken in

pieces and become a wreck amid the storms and waves that are fiercely beating around her. Man sees not the issue. Man has no wisdom and no power adequate to the exigencies of a time like this. God only can still the raging of the sea in its angry upheavings, and bring the deliverance we need, and to him it becomes us all to lift up our voice of prayer, and cry in true sincerity and earnestness of spirit: "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach."

Having thus spoken of what we have done, and of what we have to do, I pass next to speak of what we have to hope. And here, looking at the horoscope of time, and scanning, as best I can, the future, hope, I am happy to say, hope is very greatly in the ascendant. True, we know little of what is before us. The books of providence is to us a sealed book, and time is its only interpreter. Still there are signs of the times which we do well to consider, and certain great fixed principles in the divine government, by the aid of which we may study the scene now passing in our country, and from them we can not fail, I think, to gather hope, bright hope, for our country's future.

Let me just dot a few particulars which have much weight in my own mind. And,

1. We have much to hope from the goodness of the cause in which we are engaged. That is not for aggression, for conquest, for blood; but for the maintenance of our free government—the best that ever the world saw; for the defense of liberty and righteous law, and the suppression of treason and rebellion. If ever there was a good cause, a righteous cause, summoning to its support the best energies of men, that is one which has called for the uprising of a mighty people in our land, and sent them forth by hundreds of thousands to rally under our country's banner, and defend it against the wicked assaults of those who have banded together to smite it to the ground. The conflict, as I have before said, is not one of our seeking, nor one of our provoking; it has been forced upon us by the bad counsels and wicked measures of a set of unprincipled, ambitious politicians at the South, misguiding and deceiving the people, and plunging them into a needless, ruinous war. We stand on the defensive. We mean to repel their attacks; to put down the wicked rebellion they have inaugurated, and restore peace and harmony to the country, as soon as it can be done on right principles, and with a due regard to the safety and honor of our government and the prosperity of our free institutions. This, then, is a righteous cause, and as God favors the right, we may gather hope from this, that he will bear us through the contest, and crown our arms with victory.

2. We have much to hope from the fact that the civilized world is on our side. What nation on earth has commended the rebellion of the South, or what portion of the Christian world has

expressed the least sympathy with her in the war she is waging? This war, on her part, is essentially a pro-slavery war. It was undertaken and is carried on for the purpose of extending the domain and perpetuating the institution of slavery. Now slavery is a doomed institution. The whole Christian and civilized world is against it; and, standing on the ground we have taken in this war, we also are against it, and are resolved that it shall not go beyond its present prescribed limits; and maintaining this ground, we are sure of the sympathies and good wishes of all the true friends of freedom and religion throughout the world. And if the time should come, when we shall need their aid to bring this conflict to a successful close, that aid, we may rest assured, will not be withheld, but will be forthcoming at our asking.

3. We have much to hope from the remarkable union of the North in sustaining the cause which has forced us on to the battle-field. Was there ever such a sight under heaven, as was witnessed, when the booming of the cannon that were fired on Sumter rolled over the land; the uprising of twenty millions of freemen, ready to repel the assault, and crush the rebellion thus begun? It was a grand, a sublime sight, indicating, it has seemed to me, an impulse, an inspiration from above, waking up the people to a sense of their danger and of their rights, and uniting them in one firm determination to defend them. Parties there were before, and differences of opinion as to matters of policy and the causes of the contest. But the blow struck by the South, in the hour of her madness, surprisingly cast these differences into the background, and united all parties, with scarcely an exception worthy to be named, into one party — the party for the Union and the government. So, essentially, it stands to-day throughout the North. The croaking and the whining we hear on this side and that, indicate clearly whence they come; and really the number who make these underground, unpleasant sounds, would seem to be so small as scarcely to be worth naming in the face of the one great united party, who are resolved to stand by the Constitution, and defend the country in this time of its peril. This augurs well, and gives us good ground to hope for the future.

4. We have much to hope from the Union sentiment which exists at the South. It has been said by one who has the best means of knowing—Senator Holt, of Kentucky—that he believed the Union men of the South to be in the majority in every seceded State, except, perhaps, South-Carolina. If this is the truth, or any thing near the truth, as many signs prove that it is, then have we much to hope from the very quarter whence our trouble comes. At present, the Union sentiment of the South finds itself in the midst of a reign of terror, and is held in silence, as it were, by a military despotism. But give it an opportunity to speak and make itself felt, with assurance of protection and aid from our national government, and treason, it is believed, would cower

away out of sight; rebellion would throw down its arms, and a power would rise up to restore peace and order throughout the seceding States; would place the government of those States in loyal hands, and bring them back, happy to be restored to their place in the Union.

5. We have much to hope from the great moral forces which are on our side. The plan of God is always progressive. The wheels of his providence always move forward, and never backward. We live in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and the forces to which I refer have, during that long period, been gradually but surely developing themselves, gaining strength and extending their influence in the world. Do you ask what these forces are? They are science, literature, religion, and civilization taken in its broadest Christian sense. Now, to what do these forces tend? On what great interests do they most directly bear? Is there one of them that acts in favor of the position taken by the South—that of establishing a confederacy, and building up an aristocratical government based on slavery as its corner-stone, and for the purpose of extending and perpetuating the domain of slavery? Are the science, the literature, the religion, the civilization of our day in favor of a plan like this? Are they not rather directly opposed to it, branding slavery as a relic of barbarism, and utterly inconsistent with free institutions and all true progress of society? This appears to me just as certain as any problem in mathematics; and a government based on slavery, or in any way dependent upon it, or aiming to extend and perpetuate it as a leading object of its policy, has an element of rottenness in its very heart, and must sooner or later fall into decay and ruin.

But look at the forces I have referred to, in their bearing on the cause we are engaged to support; and how plain is it that their combined influence is in favor of that cause; science in favor of it, literature in favor of it, religion in favor of it, all true civilization in favor of it! That cause, what is it? It is the cause of freedom, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of the elective franchise, the diffusion of general education, the support of free institutions and of true republican government. This is the cause, so comprehensive and so various, which the South, by its rebellion, is bringing into peril, and we of the North have risen up to defend. And shall we fail in what we have undertaken? Is there not hope, strong hope of success; seeing all the great forces now at work in advancing society and hastening on the great plan of God to its final consummation, are throwing their combined influence in our favor, and working for our victory? That victory may not be to-day nor to-morrow; it may even be long delayed, nor come without much cost of blood and treasure in contending with our maddened foe; but come it will, as sure as truth and righteousness, and knowledge, and civilization, and freedom, shall prevail over ignorance, barbarism, tyranny

and crime. We can wait for the issue, if need be; wait in patience, good courage and hope, seeing we are moving on in the line of causes, fixed as the throne of God, and sure of triumph as his own eternal kingdom of truth and righteousness.

6. We have much to hope from our past history. God has often appeared for us in times past, and delivered us from great and threatening evils. And we may be sure that he did not preserve this land of ours till so late a period in the world's history, and then plant here the tree of liberty, of knowledge and religion, finally to be overrun with despotism, with slavery, with ignorance and barbarism. No; the tree he planted here, he will defend; the institutions established here by our pious forefathers, under his fostering care, will be preserved; and the Constitution and government, which were secured for us by the great and good men who fought the battles of the revolution, and which have blessed this land, as no other land ever was blessed, for more than three fourths of a century, will continue, we may confidenly hope, to bless those who are to live after us, for long generations to come.

7. We may hope that the conflict in which we are engaged will not be long. This seems to be the opinion of those who have the best means to judge. And we may better adopt it than the opposite. It can not be, that so insane a war, and for so insane an object, shall last year after year, spreading its horrors and its carnage over this fair land. The madness of the hour will, I trust, ere long, spend itself, and wiser counsels prevail. But whether the contest be long or short, let it be fought through, till an honorable peace can be had, based on principles of right, not soon to be shaken again. Let there be no peace by separation; that is impossible without the utter overthrow of our government, and plunging the whole country into a state of anarchy, perpetual strife and war. And let there be no peace by compromise, by concession, by yielding to the unreasonable demands of the South; but peace when they have laid down their arms; peace on and under the Constitution; peace on the great and only sure principles of peace, righteousness, truth and equal protection to the persons and rights of all. Then, out of the conflict, and as a consequence of it, we may hope that our institutions and government will come forth stronger, healthier, better, and more established than ever. This, I anticipate, will be one result of the war. We shall have a stronger and more efficient government, and administered more according to the principles of justice, equity and right.

8. Finally, we may hope, as another result of this war, that slavery will receive its death-blow, and at no distant day, disappear from our land. How this is to be done, I do not pretend to know. The overthrow of slavery was not, as I have before said, the original object of the war; nor is it now its proposed or avowed object. Nor should I desire to have this object held forth

now as a thing directly to be aimed at. This it seems to me would be unwise and impolitic in the present state of the controversy, would create division among those who are now united in defending the Union, and tend to complicate the whole subject of emancipation in new and insuperable difficulties. Still I have a strong conviction, and certainly a most earnest hope, that emancipation will come as a consequence of this war. I do not exactly know how; God has the whole matter in his hands, and he, I think I see plainly, is in his wise and good providence, setting various causes in motion which will in the end, we may be sure, and at no distant day, root out slavery from our land, break every yoke, and let every one held in bondage go free. I fully believe with Count de Gasparin, an eminent French author and statesman, who has recently published a most interesting volume on the present state of our country—I fully believe with him, that the abolition of slavery will be one principal conquest of the nineteenth century. So may it be. And I will just add that the course pursued by the South, within the last few months, in exciting and carrying on this miserable rebellion, has done more to hasten the end of slavery, her nursling and her pride, than has been done by all the agitation and denunciatory counsels of ultra abolitionists for many years.

I here close what I have to say, though much more might be said, as to what we have to hope, and hasten to add a few words in regard to what we have to fear. After what has been said, you will readily infer that I see no serious cause for apprehension. True, we see not the future, and know not what course affairs may take in our country. The phrase, chances of war, is full of meaning. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It sometimes happens in national conflicts that the best cause suffers defeat and the strongest arm fails of victory. It may be so for a time with us. But if true to ourselves, there can be no reasonable ground of doubt that we shall come out of this war triumphant and our country be saved from dismemberment, established on a firmer foundation than ever.

Many have had fears lest Great Britain or France, especially Great Britain, might interfere to aid the South by weakening the blockade and otherwise affording her support. But whatever causes there may have been for apprehensions of this kind, they seem very much to have passed away. England will not enter into this quarrel; certainly not at present. It may be admitted that the nobility, the aristocracy of the kingdom, entertain no cordial love for us or our form of government. They would willingly, at least many of their ruling ones, see our power broken, our growth checked, and our Union dashed on the rocks. The South have counted much on this, and have hoped long before this to be recognized as an established government, and to be received into relations of amity, and of trade and commerce. But hitherto

she has been disappointed; she has gotten no countenance in her rebellion, and no encouragement from either France or England. And so it will be, we may hope, in the future. Whatever may be said of a portion of the English community, the great mass of the people, there can be no doubt, are true in their feelings of friendship toward us, and the motives must be very much stronger than they now are, before the rulers of the people will run so great a risk as that of provoking a war with us by interfering to afford aid and comfort to the South in its present posture of rebellion.

Our greatest cause of fear is, probably, the danger of becoming divided among ourselves. At present we are to a great extent united. The feeling is very general, and the determination is very firm, that the government must be maintained, and the rebellion must be put down at all hazards. This is as it should be, and God grant that both the feeling and the determination may continue in unabated strength and constant increase, till the consummation so devoutly to be desired be fully attained. But should the war be prolonged and the taxes become heavy, and disasters multiply, as possibly they may, it would not be strange if the cry peace, peace, which we now occasionally hear, whispering from hidden conclaves and secret retreats, should wax louder and become more bold and urgent, till at length a party should rise up sufficiently strong to make itself felt; and then the demand would be, let us have peace, peace at any rate, even by submission to the South, acceding to her demands, and giving her the scepter, if need be, to rule over us. This is our danger. Here lies our principal ground of fear. And yet I do not anticipate any great trouble from this quarter. I can not believe that the number will ever become large or formidable of such as would be willing to ask peace from the South while in armed rebellion against our government, or on conditions that would prostrate our free institutions and aid her in building up an empire whose foundations rest on slavery, as Vice-President Stephens says, as its chief corner-stone. I would commend to such, if any such are present, and to all others like them, throughout the land, could my voice reach them, the words of Mr Douglas in his last speech, before referred to: "Whoever is not prepared to sacrifice party organizations and platforms on the altar of his country, does not deserve the support of honest people."

I conclude with the remark that the greatest fear of all is, that we shall not, as a people, feel, in any measure as we ought, our dependence on God; shall not truly repent of our sins against him, nor seek his favor with that sincere humility and earnestness in prayer which are necessary to obtain his interposition in our behalf to deliver us from the evils we already feel, and avert from us the still greater which threaten to come upon us. This points us to the duty to which we are especially called to-day. And

is just cause for it. We are a sinful people; a peo-
th iniquity; guilty before God, I am ready to think,
other people on earth, and that because we have sin-
greater light and have abused greater privileges. On
justice we have nothing to hope, but every thing to
e almighty and righteous Ruler of the world. And
present is not the beginning of judgments which
ie the land, until the people shall know and acknow-
ere is a God who ruleth in the earth, is a question
he can determine. Our duty is plain. It is to search
ways; to humble ourselves before God for our indi-
nal sins, and the sins of our nation; penitently to im-
rcy to pardon, and his grace to interpose and save us.
able to bring the deliverance we need in this time of
's peril. His favor is absolutely essential to carry us
terrible conflict which is now raging in our land,
peace and harmony to our distracted and suffering

hen, let us go with all humility and godly sorrow,
him such fervent, believing supplication, both for
d our dear country, as will come up with acceptance
throne of the great Ruler and Judge of the world,
him to remember us and his ancient mercy to our
turn again and save us. It is in this way only that
rm aright the duties of this occasion, or be prepared
any proper manner, the unfoldings of that dark,
drama that is now being acted in our country.

D.D. HARTFORD, Sept. 28th, 1861.

We, the subscribers, having heard the discourse delivered by you on the
onal Fast, are desirous to see it in print, for our own benefit as well as
of those who were not present at its delivery. We therefore request a
tion.

Yours very respectfully,

W. W. ELLSWORTH, H. A. PERKINS,
JAMES B. HOSMER, JAS. G. BATTERSON,
STEPHEN SPENCER, ALBERT DAY,
WM. W. TURNER, A. M. SMITH,
OLCOTT ALLEN, WARREN G. JONES,
JOHN BEACH, Rev. S. B. PAGE, Cleveland, O.
S. S. CHAMBERLIN, CALVIN DAY,
TH. S. WILLIAMS, H. BLANCHARD,
SAMUEL S. WARD, S. M. CAPRON,
LEONARD CHURCH, D. F. ROBINSON.
THOMAS SMITH,

ELLSWORTH, AND OTHERS: HARTFORD, Sep. 30th, 1861.

The discourse you request for publication, I readily commit to your
hope that it may do good.

Yours respectfully,

J. HAWES.

THE NATIONAL FAST.

THIS great day of historic interest, made so by the proclamation of the President of the United States, appointing a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to be observed by twenty millions of people, has no precedent in the annals of mankind, for a cause and occasion so remarkable and humiliating as this.

It was a spectacle of moral grandeur such as the world has seldom or never seen, and seldom, if ever, in this country or any other, has a national fast-day been more generally observed by the people, in the obvious spirit and meaning of such an appointment. We make this brief record on these pages, in connection with the discourses of our present number, as a part of the history of this work.—ED. N. PREACHER.

SERMON XXXIII.

BY REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REPENTANCE FOR NATIONAL SINS.*

"YEA, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee. With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early: for when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."—ISAIAH 26: 8, 9.

"And Jesus answering, said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—ST. LUKE 13: 2, 3.

THE preacher commenced by observing that sin was always the object of God's displeasure, and that displeasure would surely be manifested in retributive adjudications and judgments of our Lord, in order to teach righteousness to the human race. We had read of the apostate angels, and of Lucifer and his host. Yet it is only in the developments of our own race, the life of the human species, that we were sure to learn all the truths appertaining to the complete working of the divine judgment. There were certain classes of sins that were sure to bring their own retribution in this life — intemperance, sensual indulgence, excess of appetite, etc.—entailed their own natural consequences and retributions; but there were other sins besides those, the judgments of which referred to another life. As to a nation, the punishment was different. A nation could not be judged, and sentenced, and pun-

* It is proper to say that this is only a brief and imperfect sketch of this excellent discourse, which we take from the New-York *Times*, to fill out our present number.—EDITOR.

d at the judgment-day; men were judged, not as families, nor States, nor as organizations of any kind, but as individuals. h nations it was something more. They have an organic life ger than that of a single individual who represents them or belongs to them. Pharaoh dies, yet Egypt continues, and sia has an existence, although Darius and Cyrus are dead. Now, onal acts were those which were performed by a nation's an or representative, as well as those which were performed the great majority of the people, and we have instances in the pture where a nation was made to suffer for the acts of its ner king, or the sinful conduct of its people. After showing distinction between the judgment on an individual and God's gment on a nation, the reverend gentleman remarked that the of a nation was long, and a brief space of it only transpired er our personal observation; we witness but one act in the na, and the nation may be punished long after we have gone our account. A nation is not destroyed in an instant, as a n beheaded by one stroke of the hatchet; it may be in a usand years that the judgment of God descends upon her, and is punished for her sins in a revolution, an invasion, etc. We e only to look at ancient and modern history for an exemplition of that. There is but one power that destroys a nation, l that is sin; and we could easily see the difference in the conion of nations which practiced righteousness and those which nmitted sinful acts. Look at the difference that existed between ristian Britain and Mohammedan Turkey. Britain had all the ments of secular prosperity, strength, salubrity, security of life d commerce, and also enterprise and energy, whilst Turkey reained still. This was a subject that might be elaborated upon, roughout all the annals of the world, and the same deduction awn. We have numerous works on political economy, but ey might all be condensed into the simple word, "sin," which s one of the most ruinous, wasteful, and extravagant causes of nation's downfall. The preacher then referred to the several s which debased a nation and its people — luxury, longing for alth, extravagance, etc. — and traced the downfall of nations these causes. As "a nation sows so she would reap," was a e saying, and applicable to all the instances we read of in hisry. The reverend gentleman here eloquently expatiated upon e necessity of caution in interpreting the judgments of God, d in this connection referred to several portions of the Scriptures show the danger of doing so. He then alluded to our country, d the causes of the present lamentable state of affairs; and eaking of the sinfulness of the age, he said we could not call e United States an idolatrous country, because a certain number our Chinese population practiced idolatry; but the Chinese we uld christen by that name, because idolatry was a prevalent

custom in their country. Alluding to the sin of slavery, the preacher said that even if this was removed, yet we would not be without a great sin, and that was antagonism to God. It was not the cotton-plant that made a nation, or accumulating wealth either. The prosperity of a nation did not consist in its form of government or the wisdom of its laws — it was in its repentance, and the renewing of the human will to keep the laws of our divine Master. Where was the power short of that which is divine, and which only a merciful God can exercise, that can work such a change in human nature as will be the basis of a happy, prosperous, and permanent social organization? At the present time he considered there was a deep meaning in the words of the text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He hoped they would all repent, and teach their children to obey God's commandments. It was the only salvation for the country, and he impressed it upon them that sin was our worst enemy, and should be crushed.

After a lengthened and eloquent appeal to the congregation to be unceasing in their prayers to our Lord, to avert the calamity of civil war, and to obey his commandments, and walk in his ways, the preacher concluded by assuring the congregation that God would never forsake us if we only approached him with a repentant and meek spirit.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." —Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace." —Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XXXIV.*

BY RICHARD S. STORRS, JR., D.D.,

OF BROOKLYN, NEW-YORK.

"THINGS WHICH ARE NOT:" GOD'S CHOSEN INSTRUMENTS FOR ADVANCING HIS KINGDOM.

and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."—1 Cor. 1: 28, ıst clause.)

ıs clause contains a complete thought, and suggests to us a e rich enough, large enough, to engage and reward our even- meditation. It is proper, therefore, to single it out from the s with which it stands associated, and to make it the subject r discourse. And yet, in so separating it, we must not sacri- he peculiar significance and the added impressiveness which ives from its position, or the light which is cast on it by its anions. It is the last of a series of clauses, of which each

*ached at Cleveland, Ohio, October 1, 1861, before the American Board of Com- ers for Foreign Missions, at their Fifty-Second Annual Meeting.

that precedes it prepares the way for it, and by natural progress leads the mind toward it. And it is only when we view it at the head of this series, as summing up and surpassing the previous clauses, that we precisely discern and wholly appreciate its scope and meaning.

"For ye see your calling, brethren," says the Apostle; "how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." The foolish and the weak, the base and the despised things—it is only natural that from the last and lowest of these, the things which are noticed only to be contemned, the Apostle should step to the things which are not; that is, which have either no existence, except in germ or mere possibility, or certainly no existence that is recognized by mankind; which arrest no thought, excite no fear, and are not prominent enough to be scorned. And these things, he says, the Lord hath chosen—these things which seem still weaker than the weakest, and whose very being appears but a dream of the imaginative enthusiast—THESE things hath he chosen, to bring to naught the THINGS THAT ARE; the great institutions, establishments, forces, which mark or mold the constitution of society. He hath chosen them for this purpose, to the end that his name may be magnified by their agency, and his glory be revealed in their ultimate triumph. He is able to bring them to success and to victory, to human thought non-existent as they are, because his foolishness is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men. And when it is done, no flesh shall be able to glory in his presence.

How complete is the climax to which we are brought, as we thus view the passage! How sharply discriminated from those that attend it, is the thought which is contained in these last words! And how fruitful and wide is the field which it opens to our survey! It is a thought, too, peculiar to the Gospel; and which for that reason the better befits an occasion wholly devoted, as this is, to conference concerning its further advancement.

That the "Things which are," at any time, in human society, however venerable, however strong, are always liable to be displaced by others, which were not in existence, or were not of recognized importance and power, when the former were established, but which subsequently and often suddenly are brought to development and mastery; that thus the aspects of society and history are continually changing, and each successive form of civilization is likely in its turn to give place to another, into whose life its own may be absorbed, but under whose differences

t is buried: these are facts familiar as any fact of nature; which mpress immediately the most careless observer; to question which, vith so many annals before us, crowded with thick reports of hange, were like denying the atmosphere itself. That the novement which thus is constantly going on, through the centuies, around the world, is on the whole a movement for the beter; that the "Things which are not," so far as men's earlier nowledge is concerned, which exist but in embryo, and are nly to be developed by a keener observation, or a more proound and exhaustive experience, are yet usually superior to the hings which precede them, and more replete with a vitalizing nergy; that thus each industrious and thoughtful community is ikely to surpass in its later years the attainments of its earlier, nd the race itself to be gradually enriched, invigorated, and levated, as the centuries proceed: these also are facts which nodern history clearly illustrates, and which, without any indisreet optimism, we may gratefully accept. But that these things f which the age that is at any time knows not and dreams not, —these powers which exist in it only in germ, and which make o appeal either to its hopes or its sensitive fears—that these, while hidden so remotely from man, are all the time present to he mind of the Most High; that they are indeed his preördained nstruments, not only for working the changes which shall come n the aspects or in the life of society, but for the higher, grander urpose of establishing supremely his kingdom in the world; hat he has incorporated their unseen elements with the system of hings in order that ultimately he may use them in this office, and nake them auxiliaries in subjecting the world to his truth and his Son: these are facts the declaration of which is peculiar to our eligion; yet which it not only affirms with authority, but exhibits nd demonstrates, in its actual advancement toward the conquest f the earth; and which it offers to every believer—to us who re here assembled this evening—as a basis on which to found he assurance of its ultimate triumph.

So here, as every where, does Christianity vindicate its origin n God's mind, by placing us at once upon the highest levels of ruth, and opening to our minds the widest range for reflection. And the words of the Apostle, holding in them a principle so speific and profound, present to us a theme appropriate and adequate to our present occasion.

To this theme, therefore, fathers and brethren, I invite your ttention: THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT"—which are not recognized by man, and which subsequent times alone are to develop into power and mastery—THESE ARE FROM THE FIRST GOD'S CHOSEN INSTRUMENTS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF HIS KINGDOM IN THE WORLD. If this be true, the relations of the fact to the character, power, and government of God, and the bearings of the fact

on our Missionary enterprise, will indicate themselves to all minds.

That we may get the thought fully before us, as it lay at first in the mind of the Apostle, and may receive the perfect impression of those illustrations of its truth which were given in the centuries that succeeded, let us call before us in rapid review the scenes amid which the text was written, and then the events which became its immediate and complete vindication.—It was written, you remember, from that delightful and populous city planted by the Ionian colony on the hills overlooking "the Asian meadows," along the Cayster. In this city of Ephesus, important and peculiar, partly Greek but still more Oriental in its manners and spirit, the metropolis of a province, and with a commerce that drew to its wharves the representatives of all nations, in which schools of philosophy seem so much to have abounded that one of them was opened to Paul for his labors, yet in which the Eastern superstitions and magic darkly and haughtily confronted philosophy, and still had a power which they had not either at Athens or at Rome—in this city, the remains of whose magnificent theater yet strew the ground in colossal confusion, and above which then shone in splendid beauty the Temple of Diana, whose graceful colonnades first revealed the full beauty of the Ionic style, and whose columns of jasper still perpetuate among men the vision of its glory—in this city where the East and the West were commingled, and within whose spacious walls and harbor was assembled so busy and so various a life—it was natural that the Apostle, coming westward from Antioch, should tarry for a time, that he might there proclaim the Gospel. And so he abode there for more than two years, and from thence he wrote the epistle before us.

It was written to Corinth; that wealthier, more brilliant, and more luxurious town, planted upon the celebrated Greek Isthmus, and by its position attracting the trade not only of Greece, but of all the countries whose shores were washed by either of the seas between whose almost meeting waves it fortunately stood; above which arose in austere grandeur the precipitous hights of the Acro-Corinthus; around which was spread the loveliest beauty of the land and the water; whose architecture was unrivaled, even in Greece, in its sumptuous elegance; in whose streets all arts that skill could gain, and all the gifts that commerce could bring, were equally at home; and yet whose manners were so licentious that even in that gross pagan age its very name was a synonym for vice, and that from it went a constant influence which defiled and demoralized wheresoever it touched.—To the Christians in this city Paul wrote from Ephesus the letter which contains the declaration of the text.

In effect, therefore, he had before him while writing the whole expanse of the Mediterranean; that "many-nationed" sea, still full of interest to us and our times, but which was to the old world what all the oceans are to ours; yea, more than this: which was not only the cradle and school of its maritime enterprise, and the scene of its naval strifes and conquests, but the constant center of its most powerful civilizations; around which were grouped, as if by a force as necessary as that which forms the crystal around its axis, all the arts and the empires then most prominent in the world, or which now most attract and influence our minds. Upon or near the shores of this sea, the labors of Paul were constantly performed. Born within sight of it, his whole after-life clung to it. In all his incessant missionary tours he scarcely left it; but at Cæsarea, Antioch, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, Rome, perhaps still further to the gates of the Atlantic, he had it before him, and strove with all the energy of his will, inspired and sustained by his Christian enthusiasm, to stud its shores with Christian churches, and to make it a center of the kingdom of God and his Son in the world.

It is evident, then, at once, from this point of view, what were the institutions which Paul describes as "THINGS THAT ARE:" the great established powers in society, which withstood, or at least did not harmonize with, the extension of Christianity. And upon these things, that we may receive the full impression of the truth which he uttered, it is needful that we pause; till we feel in part the vast strength they possessed; till we see in a measure the "hiding of their power." Then better may we estimate, in comparison with them, the obscure, undeveloped, and unrecognized forces, by which in God's plan, and in the interest of his kingdom, they were all to be destroyed.

Foremost amongst these "Things that are"—these powerful institutes of the day of the Apostle, opposed to Christianity—we must reckon, of course, that haughty JUDAISM, dogmatic and secular, imperious in its claims and impatient in its hopes, into which the religion given by God to the people of his election had by degrees been transformed, and which now had the seat of its dominion in Palestine, but the outposts of its influence in many cities of the Empire. Into collision and controversy with this, Christianity came at the very beginning: since the more essentially harmonious it was with the ancient religion truly interpreted, the more positive and vehement was the contest urged against it by that arrogant system which now clothed itself in the robes and occupied the place of Moses and the Prophets; a system not content to be recognized and honored as Divine in its sphere, yet introductory to a higher, but claiming for itself to be final and universal, and challenging for its own supremacy in the world.

Unconscious of imperfection, and intolerant of change, this bred a temper domineering and defiant in those who adhered to it toward all other faiths, but most of all toward the faith which adored a crucified Nazarene. And immediately, continually, in every city, and in almost each village, it met the Apostle; at Ephesus or at Corinth, no less than at Jerusalem; among his own kindred, as well as among strangers. It lay in wait for him by stealth, and assailed him with violence. More often far than it touched his person, it overshadowed and darkened his thoughts. And always it fronted him as an urgent, ancient, and inveterate power, enthroned supreme among his own nation—the most religious of the peoples of the earth—and systematically withstanding, with all its energy, the advance of Christianity.

It is one of the most significant illustrations of the drift of human nature—this character of Judaism in the day of the Apostle, and the position it assumed toward the doctrines he proclaimed. Ennobled and vitalized as it had been at the beginning by the supreme truth of the being of God, eternal and holy, almighty and wise, the creator, moral governor, and judge of the universe; receiving a yet mightier practical impressiveness from the discoveries which it made of his presence and providence, and of his perfect law; becoming pervaded through and through with a divine glory, as it showed to men something of his heavenly empire, rehearsed the history of his dealings with mankind, and even unfolded through prophecy and psalm the scope and splendor of his purposes of love; bringing all these manifold elements of power into contact with men, through a mechanism of worship unequaled in its majesty, and its fitness to its end: the religion of the Hebrews was intrinsically adapted, not only above all other religions, but to the highest degree then possible, to educate the mind, to stimulate the conscience, to implant and develop the holiest affections, and to make the nation which had its oracles for their constant possession the purest, noblest, and most devout on the earth. No other result of it could have been anticipated by those who should have assumed as an axiom the moral integrity or the moral indifference of the nature of man. And doubtless such effects, through the grace of the Spirit, were realized in many, whose faces now glow in the vision of Christ.

Yet from this religion the nation had early and persistently swung away, into grossest idolatries; reproducing in gold the Egyptian Apis beneath the very pavement of sapphire on which the feet of God were treading above the mount; in their subsequent history, polluting the hills which looked out upon Jerusalem with the fury and lust of sacrilegious observances. And when they had at length been driven out of these, by the stern words of preachers and the sterner strokes of providential visitation—when Assyrian oppressions, fulfilling God's plans, had forced

hem to a new recognition of Him, and made them loathe at last he idolatries whose cruel craft had so torn and despoiled them— ney only turned their religion to an occasion of pride, and nur- ured beneath it the very arrogance and ambition which it was specially designed to subdue. Its mystic, high, and moving ruths, the venerable associations it derived from antiquity, the recious and kindling memories of the fathers by which it was onsecrated, the wonderful interventions of God in providence by hich so often it had been vindicated or rescued, the unique im- ressiveness of the ceremonies and offices by which it had been onveyed through the ages, the resplendent array of miracles hich it wore as the breastplate of gems and the golden miter on ie front of its records, the very endurance and faith of the mar- yrs who had died beneath the hands of rulers or people in alle- iance to it—all were together perverted by the Jews to minister iore abundantly to their national pride, and to make them less illing to receive the Messiah whom from the beginning their eligion had foreshadowed, unless he should come as a conquering rince, reigning visibly at Jerusalem, and carrying his ensigns ith squadrons and navies to the ends of the earth.

This influence had now for many generations been working in ie nation; and, as we know, it had reached its climax when aul was proclaiming Christianity in the world. The very polit- al calamities of the Jews, stinging and irritating their unsubmis- ive minds, had only intensified their fanatical expectation of vic- ory through their ritual and law; had only exasperated their corn of a Messiah who should seek to rule by the truth and by ove. The partial successes which they had realized—in estab- shing synagogues in many of the cities to which their restless nterprise had impelled them, in gaining numerous proselytes om the heathen, in compelling the admiration of some of the igher philosophical minds for the grand simplicity in which eir faith contrasted the mythologies, in adapting through the lexandrian school their doctrines and rules to the language, nd even in some degree to the spirit of the Greeks—these had ill further invigorated the tendency. And so they stood, divided mong themselves in many particulars, yet unanimous in a fierce ostility to the Gospel: the Sadducees denying angels and the surrection, and almost it would seem the existence of the soul, s independent of the body, while still holding among them the ffice of high priest, and some posts of chief influence in the na- onal council; the Pharisees superadding their traditions to the w, and austerely exacting the most rigorous and literal observ- nce of both, in disregard often of the obvious principles of equity nd of charity; the Essenes delighting in pietistic seclusion and emote meditations; the Herodians affecting foreign manners, nd maintaining the supreme authority of the civil ruler in mat-

ters of religion: yet all agreed and unitedly zealous in expecting the propagation, by conquest of arms, of their ancient faith, and all contemning the religion of Jesus. It was to them not only a radical heresy and schism in their national church; it involved what seemed to them a national suicide, the final extinction of hopes they had cherished until they had come to be part of their life.

So Judaism confronted Paul; a perverted system, whose ancient glory now only gave energy to its ambitious plans, and its hatred and defiance of the Gospel he preached. Possessing the strength derived from great truths, it used that strength relentlessly against him. Retaining for its service a magnificent ritual, ordained of God, it sought to make that a sheet of flame to consume the fruits of all his teachings. Error and verity were so intermingled in its practical frame, piety and pride were so combined beneath its influence, the lust of conquest had blended so intimately with religious veneration, that resistance to Christ seemed now to the Jew a matter of conscience, and his fiercest passions had the sanction of his religion. Inevitably, therefore, by the essential contrariety of its tendency and temper, this was the first antagonist of the Gospel; its first, and also in some respects its most effective and dangerous. It surrounded Paul in the synagogues. It even entered the churches. Peter himself, and many of the Christians, yielded at intervals to its vast influence; and, with an extraordinary tenacity of life, where it seemed altogether subdued and obliterated, it still persistently reäppeared. So stubborn in its spirit, so thorough in its discipline, so fanatical in its zeal, and so fortressed with strength on every side, it was only the prescience of an inspired apostle, and only the utmost courage of a will insphered as was Paul's in the will of the Most High, that could have predicted its absolute overthrow.

And second in the order of these "Things that are"—these powerful institutes of the day of the Apostle, opposed to Christianity—must be reckoned of course the HEATHENISM which prevailed outside of the Jews among all nations; which confronted Paul every where, ancient as man, but still vigorous in strength, imperial in place, and arrayed in universal opposition to the Gospel.—The extent of this, a glance reveals to us. But how mighty it was, he knew and saw more clearly than we can.

It is difficult for any man to appreciate the strength of religious attachments which he does not share; difficult for the Protestant to do complete justice to the mind of the Romanist, or, on the other hand, for the Romanist to understand the spiritual power of the faith of the Protestant. The Huguenot and the Papist were thus dissevered in France; and the Tyrolese peasant is separated to-day from the disciple of him who taught at Geneva,

by chasms more deep than the Alpine crevasses. Most of all is it difficult for one educated from childhood beneath the light of the Gospel, accustomed to its discoveries of God, its holy precepts and benign invitations, and its majestic, immortal promises, to understand the power of Heathenism over those who have known no other religion, whose earliest thoughts have been modified by it, and all whose temper and habits of life have been formed and matured beneath its impressions. And not even he who has learned this hard lesson—not even the most observant missionary who has passed his life in the midst of Heathenism, as it now exists in India for example, or the islands of the Pacific, who has seen it he thinks in its whole omnipresent and voluminous power, surrounding the minds of a people like an atmosphere, inhaled anew with every breath, and mingling itself incessantly and inseparably with the currents of their life and the frame of their being—not even he can appreciate the power which the antique forms of Heathenism had, when as yet no purer religion contrasted them on earth, except the incomplete and distasteful religion of the unhonored Jews; when the foremost and most cultivated nations of the earth were as ardent in the maintainance of these forms of religion as the most uncivilized, and were only more stately, elaborate, and ingenious in their details of worship; when every art and all agencies of commerce were auxiliary to them, all literature was full of them, and all statesmanship was their servant; when, in a word, Heathenism in some form was the common law and the common life of the inhabited world. It was at this time that Paul confronted it, at Ephesus and at Corinth, around the whole sweep of the Mediterranean. And though we can not know as he did how immense and overwhelming a power it was, yet we, I think, may perceive this in part if we consider some obvious facts.

First of all, then, it is to be recognized by us that this Heathenism which so withstood Christianity was not an altogether artificial system in any nation; that it grew out of real and even deep motions in the general mind, and was not in its substance a matter of chance or a creature of contrivance, least of all an arbitrary and fabricated arrangement either of state-craft or of priest-craft; nay, that it had a certain real moral life in it, and was related not to depraved desire alone, to the lust and the pride which it never denied and too often deified, but related also, however insufficiently, to needs which the soul always feels to be inmost and knows to be abiding. Its answer was a vain one, but it sought to *give* an answer, to questions which never since the exile from Eden have ceased profoundly to agitate the race. Unconscious prophecies of better things lurked in many of its forms, and in some of its traditions. There were thoughts in it that had drifted down, as has been said, as "planks from the wreck of Paradise." Its sacrifices were efforts to staunch the flow from bleeding hearts.

And while the popular mind acknowledged chiefly the hold of its ceremonies and shows, the thoughtful found also some solace or stimulus in its sublimated legends.

Then further it must be noticed that as existing in any nation it took the form most germane to that people, to its genius and spirit, to its circumstances and habits; and that every where it allied itself with whatever was strongest, whatever most impressed and attracted men's minds. Thus in Greece, from the first, it enshrined itself in Art; made eloquence its advocate; was indebted for the memorable form which it assumed to the noble poetry in which its mythologies were melodiously uttered. It was there at the same time a philosophy for the studious, a cloister for the religious, a splendid spectacle and continual entertainment for the excitable populace. In Egypt, on the other hand, it folded around it the solemn gloom of those austere and mystic legends which told of the destruction of Osiris by Typhon, or traced in long unfolding terrors, on the walls of the sealed and unsunned tomb, the path of the spirit from its birth to its judgment. In Rome, the same power allied itself with politics, became a military force, selected and blessed the standards of the army, added sanctions to the laws, and apotheosized the emperor. While eastward in Assyria, it subsided to a sluggish and luxurious development, as it touched the plains whose wealth fed empires, and whose teeming tilth gave license to indolence. Every where, with spontaneous flexibility and precision, the special form of the Heathenism which prevailed was fitted to the needs and the temper of the people; adjusting itself to these as exactly as did the fleet and melting sea-wave to the cliffs and crags or the smooth sand-reaches against which in mobile might it played.

Still further we must remember that in no land was this recent; in none was it devoid of that dignity and authority which were derived from a high antiquity; while to all the peoples, in proportion to their advancement, it was associated with whatever was to them most renowned and inspiring in their history. Their early benefactors and eminent chieftains had been deified by it. It bridged the interval between their times and the Golden Age. It was signalized by connection with all their inspiriting national successes. It was under the benediction, as he fondly believed, of his ancestral gods that the Greek had fought at Marathon and Platæa. From the brazen spoils of the former of these victories the colossal statue of Minerva had been wrought, which, flashing afar from the summit of the Acropolis, seemed to keep perpetual ward over the consecrated city and scene. It was the god Pan who, in the terrible clash of Platæa, overwhelming the Persians with sudden fright as his voice of thunder broke on them from the air, had delivered the nation in the crisis of its peril, and made the word "panic" thenceforth an inheritance of the speech

of mankind. So with all that was majestic and delightful in the past—and we must not forget that the nations of the old world looked back into the past far more fondly than we do, whose eyes, by Christianity, have been turned with a higher expectation toward the future — with all that was charming and inspiring in their past, their religion was identified. It came to them consecrated by the memories most precious. It was dear to them as the bond which connected their life with heroic ages; which knit them to those great fathers of the state who had learned from the gods their secrets of power as they walked with them familiarly in the morning of time.

And yet further, we must remember that diverse as were the forms of Heathenism which severally obtained among the nations, no one of them was essentially isolated from or discordant with the others around it; that the Greek might find much which to him was familiar in the worships of the East; that the Roman had no difficulty in opening his Pantheon to any god of all the tribes, in giving, as Gibbon says "the freedom of the city," to all divinities; that, as matter of fact, the interchanges of commerce were continually bringing the different idolatries to blend with each other; and that when Alexander, in his rapid conquests, carried the Hellenic arts and influence over the East, the Western and Oriental heathenisms commingled, with ready affinities, to a singular extent. Thus all became modified, expanded, invigorated; and each, without losing its local prestige, derived a fresh access of strength from the others. In that very temple of Diana at Ephesus, beneath whose shadow Paul was writing, while the shrine was in all its conception Greek, and in all its execution, of the loveliest of Greek styles, the image within was not the statue which a student of Phidias or Praxiteles would have chiseled, of her who hunted with flying nymphs on Arcadian hills, instinct with a vivid virginal authority; it was a crude rough image of wood, like those still seen in Eastern temples—below, a simple pointed block covered with mystic animal figures, above, a mass of many breasts.

So it was then, in part, that Heathenism had power and supremacy on earth in the day of St. Paul; a power incomparable by that which it now has among any people; a supremacy almost literally unquestioned. It covered the earth, embosomed in its influence all ranks and vocations, molded every institution, infiltrated its forces into every thing human. Springing out of the heart and mind of mankind, it had in turn, from its place of power, wrought these to its likeness, and toned them to an absolute sympathy with itself. It touched every class, and had its appeal for every person; from the Sybarite to the Stoic; from the profligate Alcibiades, to Socrates who seemed almost a forerunner of the Lord. The philosopher might sneer at it, but even he infused

into it an esoteric significance which dignified and endeared it to himself and his pupils. The popular mind absorbed it greedily, and was pervaded in every fiber by its impression. Its infinite complication of fancies and myths was to those who lived under it a spiritual system, as real as life, as vast as the skies, yet as near their souls as friendship or hope. Through it the living forces of nature, personified and familiarized, seemed to leap forth to greet the shepherd or the sailor. Through it the spirits of their dead ancestors seemed to the citizens invisibly but really to brood over and assist their troubled minds and periled fortunes. Above all, through it the vast Unknown, the something Infinite and Enduring, of which the heavens gave them witness, which inarticulately encircled their life, shedding on it at once a shadow and a gleam—the Unspeakable Power, which as Paul saw at Athens, when looking on their pathetic altars, they "ignorantly worshiped," and to which the Romans were wont formally to pray when the shuddering undulations of the earthquake surprised them—THIS seemed to them brought nearer their souls, and almost made palpable to their imaginations.

Heathenism to many had thus the sacredness of a faith. It was felt a real infidelity to deny it; a kind of atheism, from which sensitive men shrunk then as now, as from a denial of man's great birthright, a piercing confession of spiritual orphanage. And the religion which thus grappled and held them by manifold ties, which engaged to itself on every side their affections and passions, and intermingled its subtile influence with all their letters, laws, and thoughts, had become the very life of their life to all the nations; till it was in fact attempting to remold their nature to disturb it.—Preëminently, too, in the century of Paul, when the prevalent forms of civilization were seen to have culminated, and when a shadowy but jealous unrest was invading men's minds and troubling their wills, a reäction had commenced toward the old forms of faith. It revealed itself widely, in new ardors of devotion. It questioned the tendencies of philosophical teaching. It had risen in some to a fanatical zeal, which sent them forth to encourage or enkindle the like in others; so that heathenism had begun to be preached as well as cherished, and instances of conversion to the worship of the gods were exultingly chronicled. The "Revival of Heathenism," it might properly be called; and all the ancient fire of the system was stirring beneath and bursting through the smoldering embers, and preparing to spread itself with an all new energy.

This was not either a "hurtless fire." The passions of men, which in its divorce of morality from religion, were all fostered by Heathenism; the sensual lusts, which for those who were ensnared by them it hallowed and honored as a service to the gods; the cruelty, falsehood, and tyrannous self-will, of which it exalte-

the patterns to the heavens, and made its divinities the most signal examples; all these, not less than the more gentle sentiments, were the allies of its might, now aroused for its defense. To assail it was to start these multiform, envenomed, and many-fanged passions to the deadliest resistance; so that Paul well knew, what history had shown, what history afterward more fearfully illustrated, that when the hour of contest came there was no weapon in all the armory of human craft and human rage that would not be enlisted on the side of these religions; that the shouting amphitheater would be stilled before the agonies of those torn by their beasts; that the darkness of night would be lurid with the glare of their pitch-robed and burning victims!

And yet, in view of all this it was that the dauntless Apostle unflinchingly affirmed that this whole Heathenism, so vast and various, so philosophic, poetic, and sensual by turns, so ancient, so haughty, so cruel and passionate, and so replete with resources, should be shattered and exiled, and forever obliterated, by the "Things which were not."

There remains then but one other, a third thing, to be recognized as standing among the "Things that are"—the powerful institutes and establishments of society, opposed to Christianity—when Paul was writing from Ephesus to Corinth. But this was also the most powerful of all; the most dangerous to assail, to human view the most inaccessible to change or decay; supreme over every force that could touch it, and comparing with them all as the Mediterranean with the restless streams which sought and sank into it. It was, of course, the AUTHORITY AND POWER OF IMPERIAL ROME. Immense in extent, immeasurable in energy, this was also so completely subordinated to Heathenism, so entirely impregnated and energized by its spirit, that the Gospel could no more advance to its dominion without its conversion or without its destruction, than light can break through sevenfold walls, or the brook can leap the mountain-chain. This, therefore, must be reckoned, last and grandest, among the things that met the Apostle as those which in the interest of God's kingdom, and in the development of his purposes for it, should be utterly, finally, "brought to naught."

It was hardly as yet at its uttermost hight, this Imperial power; for scores of years still slowly passed before that age of Trajan and the Antonines which marked its consummate might and splendor; while it was later even than this that Severus carried his victorious arms to Ctesiphon and Seleucia, transferred the entire legislative power from the Senate to himself, and scattered the profuse memorial of his reign over Africa and the East. But already had Julius Cæsar, first of generals and foremost of statesmen, by natural force the leading man of all his world, laid the

first courses of that immense structure in which others after him were to perpetuate his name, and without his genius to outrun his plans. Already had Augustus, with marvelous tact, dissimulation and ability, overcoming all obstacles and destroying all rivals, raised himself by sure steps to the empire of the world. While retaining artfully some forms of the Republic he had centralized all authority in his will, being recognized successively as general, emperor, supreme pontiff, and censor. He had adorned with the spoils of every land, and had almost rebuilt, the imperial city; had added other regions and peoples to the empire; had disciplined the troops, tranquillized the provinces, and given to the world an unaccustomed peace; and he had fostered the brilliant literature which is the superb and imperishable crown of that whole age which bears his name. He had been enthroned for forty-five years on the Palatine hill; had been worshiped during life in some cities of the empire; and, after his death, had been raised by the solemn decree of the Senate to the rank of a god.

The "dark and unrelenting" Tiberius who followed him, Caligula, Claudius, and now at last Nero, in front of whose stupendous tyranny, just ripening to its fullness, the Apostle was writing, had successively inherited and abused his prerogatives; and their absolute power had been only confirmed by time and use. Nay, even their unspeakable cruelty and lust, by continually exciting the fears of the people, and as continually debasing their character, had but cemented into more solid strength the fabric of that unparalleled domination whose foundations had been laid by a genius so rare, a sagacity so sure, and a courage so complete.

And so was this empire now exhibited to Paul, encircling the sea which was the center of his thoughts, from Carthage to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Ephesus, and on to the very pillars of Hercules; with no sign of weakness and with no shade of fear on all its frame; full, on the other hand, of the most intense and commanding vitality; the vigor of youth blending in its life with the disciplined craft which was the slow growth of ages; its organization the most perfect of Time; its wealth the most ample; its military system the most exact and effective; its renown the most various; its ambition as unbounded as if conquest were a novelty, and the stream of the Rubicon still was its limit. Its name was a terror to the wildest barbarians, while scholars rejoiced in the letters which it cherished. The armies, to which it had given a name that signified of itself their constant practice and incessant activity, were arrayed over the earth at each point of command, from the Indus to the Tweed, from the shores of Scandinavia to the Libyan sands. Their helmets flashed in the streets of each city. Their iron-beaked galleys, from Misenum or Ravenna, were ready at a word to dart to the onset against every foe. The British woods and the Assyrian plains were equally familiar with their triumphing standards.

The hundred millions of inhabitants of the Empire, from whom these armies were evermore reïnforced, though not indeed pervaded by any strong principle of inward unity, were yet by no means merely encircled by a brazen ring of military force. Their obedience was in large part voluntary and stable. They were actually and strongly bound to the metropolis; by admiration of its splendor, as well as awe of its power; by the tolerance in each province of the local religion, and to some extent of the local law; by the Roman colonies, which were pushed in all directions after the arms which had opened the way for them; by the admission to citizenship of those provincials who most desired and most had deserved it; by the comparative immunity which certainly was given them from the yet more capricious and unendurable tyranny of the smaller despots whom Rome displaced. Thus, in the structure of this wonderful and vast establishment of government, while at home as I have said the lingering forms of the antique Republic still vailed the might of a perfect autocracy, in the provinces was combined some shadow at least of the federative principle with the power of a complete and irresponsible despotism. The great roads that radiated in every direction from the golden milestone within the forum—crossing or even piercing the hills, and bridging the ravines, with an imperial disregard of all natural obstacles—were arteries along which flowed constant circulations from the heart to the extremities. The characteristic productions of each region became gradually dispersed and domesticated in others. And commerce, religion, letters, law, wove each its strand into that immense and magnificent girdle with which the earth was well-nigh encircled.

In comparison of this Empire, therefore, all others had been feeble. The Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian monarchies, at their largest extent, had been beside it but fragmentary domains, as one by one they all became its tributary provinces. Before its unwaning and unshaken majesty, the brief empire of Alexander shone in history only as the meteor contrasting the sun. There have been prodigious empires since; of Charlemagne or Napoleon; of Timur or the Turks; but they never at any time have approximated this. No term descriptive of extension represents it, if it indicate less than a universality commensurate with the then existing civilizations. To speak of it as colossal, is to fall far below the just hight of its demands; for the will of its emperor was an earthly omnipotence. To resist it, was like crowding a continent from its place. To escape it, was almost like jumping from the planet. When more than once the slaves rose against it, multitudinous as they were, of blood as eager as their masters', letting slip at them its legions it crushed them as the avalanche crushes the cottage. When the Northern tribes dashed tumultuously against it, those hardy tribes whose chieftains boasted that

for fourteen years they had slept beneath no roof lower than the sky, under Marcus Antoninus it pressed them back to their fastnesses and forests with a force as irresistible as of mountains upheaving. The emulous and chivalric Grecian spirit had quailed before it in a hopeless despondency, and now from Mount Hæmus to the Laconian gulf was its suppliant vassal. The somber and haughty Egyptian genius, which had once built Thebes, and Memphis, and On, and had shadowed the Nile with the statues of Rameses, was bruised to the dust beneath its more stately and imperious tread. Even Jewish stubbornness and fanatical pride, proverbial through the world, had been crushed and quelled in the grasp of its legions; and the castle of Antonia, commanding the Temple, was but one of the eyries from which looked down on a subjugated world its dominating eagles.

Considering its history, considering its growth, it seemed hardly so much a construction of man, this Empire of Rome, as one of the preördained elements of nature; reaching in its exhaustive roots to the centers of history, and draining the earth to give it nutriment; increasing with a steadiness, and an immeasurable might, which no mere art or generalship could have given; in its production therefore resistible by no agencies, and in the result as indestructible by assault as Lebanon or the Apennines. Nay, it seemed hardly so much a power terrestrial, in its amazing and terrific augmentation—to the imaginative student contemplating its wonders, it still sometimes presents itself in history, hardly so much a power terrestrial—as a drear and vast Fate; impersonal, immense; long-slumbering and inert, but expanding itself rapidly from portentous beginnings as Christianity came near; spreading over the heavens, infolding the earth, locking liberty in paralysis, while giving an almost demoniac power to its auxiliary minds; combining all conquering passions and powers in one ultimate aggregate, and descending beyond help on the overwhelmed nations!

So it stood before Paul, as at Ephesus he saw it, as everywhere he met it, as he knew and felt it environing the earth. And so long as it remained undestroyed, unchanged, with its muscles unrelaxed and its heart unsubdued, the supremacy of the Gospel could not be realized. It was absolutely arrested and forbidden. For in essential and immovable antagonism this fronted the Gospel. Its kingdom, and law, and life were different. Its spirit was one of the most malign selfishness; its ambitions were fierce, its passions implacable, and its whole aim earthly. As soon, therefore, as the doctrine which Paul was proclaiming should emerge from the shelter of its early insignificance, and begin to declare itself a world-mastering principle, this mightiest empire of Time was its enemy; its "enemy," did I say? was its most terrific and consuming assailant. All the powers that pertained to it, so prodigi-

resent, as swayed by one will, inspired by one aim, and heir purpose with relentless ferocity, were to converge the work of arresting and then of eradicating the hated r. The sharpness of swords and the darkness of prisons ts swift and certain answer to every appeal which in- the Gospel the tolerance that it showed toward all ons.—And so Paul knew that this as well, this mightiest nt of government on the earth, this impregnable des- ch was touched by no fear, against which human power n, and to strike which was like trying to startle the stars should also, in God's own time, be broken and wrecked, ght to naught."

r SHOULD IT BE DONE? By what agencies should each of hesied victories, over Judaism, Heathenism, and the n-limbed Empire of Rome, be brought to pass? Not, by the forces which already are at work in the world, 'est development, and with recognized efficiency, and be still further augmented and multiplied, and made this new issue; not by armies revolting, or statesmen or philosophers projecting new answers to Heathenism; ons reclaiming their ravaged rights, or the still existing ibining with the people to bury the haughty imperial in a cataclysm of revolution. The forces which God y for this work, and to which he shall give a might are simply thus far the "THINGS WHICH ARE NOT;" but in embryo, and are not so far developed or recog- men even despise them; the things which He alone ut of the secrets of thought and life, and make triumeir mission.—It is here that we encounter the whole the Apostle, and rise to the level of the theme he pre- . And even with the cursory view we have taken of id and gigantic establishments which confronted the w apparent to us is the truthful energy of his expres- r immense the disparity between the great powers and at were, and the agencies so recent and so impercep- . were to overcome them!

t were these agencies? To apprehend them at all in tive insignificance, we must go back, remember, of all ianity has done and has been, of all that it is in the id us, and think of it as it was, in its wholly unembodied able life; back of churches, schools, and homes; bemple had sprung toward heaven, in the novel uplift t of its architecture; before one treatise had wrought es into scientific statement, or clothed them in the grace ajesty of letters; before any government had sought ite its rules into statutes; before any one of all the great

names now associated with it had become its bulwark in the popular confidence. In the simply spiritual elements it involved, it was set against this array which opposed it; and of all the auxiliaries which it afterward gained, not one had as yet appeared on the earth. How utterly insignificant seemed then its force! How incredibly inadequate to the end to be accomplished, its tenuous, delicate, and precarious instruments!

The truths which had been taught the Apostles, and afterward recalled to them and unfolded more fully by the witness of the Spirit, and which were to be enshrined in evangelical narratives, not one of which had yet been written, which were to be expounded in a series of letters by the apostles to the churches, of which only those by Paul himself to Thessalonica had thus far been prepared—*these* were the primary instruments to be used, with the oral proclamation of their principles and laws, for the spread of God's kingdom, and the overthrow of whatever withstood its advance. And these!—it seemed like binding the lightning in the meshes and knots of metaphysical argument to set them to the work which thus lay before them. Epistles, and talks in the synagogue, against armies! The might that lay on letters and lips, against the might that ruled from thrones! The publication of doctrines, against establishments of power as rooted as the hills. The sneer of Pilate, "What is truth"!—"one scream of the trumpet, one rush of the legionaries, and teaching and teacher both are ended"!—the contemptuous carelessness of Gallio afterward, toward what seemed even to his practiced mind a dispute about words and an antique law: these only represent the more than disdain, the sarcastic indifference tending only toward disgust, with which the ministers of the powers that were regarded such invisible weapons of thought.

The living energy of Christianity in the world, through the souls into which its truths should be transferred, throughout whose affections its charity should be shed, whose hopes should be kindled and their courage inspired by its high promises—this personal force of Christianity in the world, realizing the principles which epistles were to teach, and incarnating the spirit with which gospels were to glow: this was the second of the agencies to be used for the triumph of God's kingdom over all which withstood it. And this was just beginning to be realized, under the resolute ministry of the apostles, at a few of the points central to commerce and chief in population. The woman and the jailer converted at Philippi, who lead the long march of European Christendom toward the cross and its service, toward the crown and its splendors, had now some others associated with them. The woman named Damaris, and Dionysius the Areopagite, were doubtless still illustrating at Athens a more divine temper than Grecian homes had hitherto known, or Grecian philosophy ever had taught.

Corinth, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Berea, Antioch, Jerusalem, ew other points, individuals could be found who were ıg to illustrate, though as yet how imperfectly, the kindl- act of the Divine heart with theirs, the renovating force pirit of the Lord.

ıis, thus far, if a power at all, was plainly a power only yo. And it might well be questioned, in the light of previ- ıan experience, whether it were a power at all; whether, ıed against what was opposed to it, the characteristic spirit Christian was not an element of positive weakness and us inefficiency. For it was meekness, arrayed against penitence and piety, against a jealousy and wrath which ıa and land with military force. It was a charity which all offenses, against the infuriated passions of millions who ger to commit them. It was a tender and scrupulous , that hardly asserted the common right of self-defense, the impetuous and sanguinary onset of bands inured to ınd blood; whom confession of helplessness could not :e, any more than an armed resistance could daunt them; -e only more savage in their tyranny over those who lay irely and plainly at their mercy. What possible chance, mere rational grounds, for such a spirit, represented in ble and imperfect communities, scattered so widely from ıer, to withstand for an instant the real resistance, much overcome the marshaled onset, of all the powers arrayed it! Words can not surpass, they can hardly set forth, arent utterness of the impossibility. That the tuneful f Orpheus' lyre should have tamed wild beasts, and stirred ı and rocks to motion, could not have seemed to the skep- losopher in the least more improbable. It was as if a child would rival Jove; and flinging back smiles in answer ler-bolts, would seek to hurl him from his throne.

yet these were the very agencies—these "Things which t" in every sense—which were not regarded, and which existed only in germ, these Gospels and Epistles which ll to be written, these teachings and preachings which had commenced, these Christian forces in life and character ardly thus far had appeared on the earth, which were not cious enough to be formed as yet into separate communi- ch could not be spoken of as one of the Fathers after- ɔke of them as "verdant islets amid raging oceans," but ow were only as scattered flowers casually dispersed on ace of a sea that at any moment might swell with tem- *hese* were the forces which God had chosen to bring to he "Things that were": the ancient, immense, and im- le institutions, that stood in all their august might and ous effectiveness fronting the Gospel. Not with energy

only, but with an exact precision of speech, had Paul then described them. The philosopher thought of them, if he thought of them at all, with a contempt only greater than that which he gave to the most absurd or childish of fables. The soldier regarded them less than the mists which had hovered last year around the crests of the hills. To the Jew, in comparison of his august forms and world-challenging miracles, they seemed as frail and shadowy as dreams. The whole wisdom of the world anticipated as little an impression from them as we that the tiny animalculæ in the ocean, streaking its waves with phosphorescent glow, will arrest the revolution of shaft and wheel, and stay the steamship on its march.

Those secondary forces, too, which were in time to be evolved by God's plans, and confederated in effective alliance with these—although of course existing in embryo, they were if possible still more unrecognized, and even unrealized, when Paul was writing. How far they all were present yet, even to his inspired expectation, we can not say; though some of them, no doubt, he plainly foresaw. The awakening spiritual longings under Judaism, at which his ministry to so large an extent was sympathetically aimed; the awakening moral instincts within Heathenism, whose premonitions he must have felt, of which Plutarch soon afterward became so illustrious and engaging an example; the gradual progress of moral decline in all the systems that were rooted in error and maintained by force, a decline which was vastly increased and accelerated when the heavenlier power came in controversy with them; the reäction which took place in even the hard-nerved Roman mind, when all the arts and all the terrors of a persecuting world were found unable to shake the hearts or silence the lips of humble men and holy women who still confessed Christ amid dungeons and flames, and under the reddening jaws of lions—a reäction which at last arrested persecution, when the final edict of Dioclesian had been issued from that palace at Nicomedia beside whose ruins stands to-day a Christian church, and which came ten years later to its sudden consummation when Constantine took the cross for the ensign of the empire, and blazoned upon it the monogram of Christ; all these were things which one by one came into development, each in its time, as the truths and the spirit of the Gospel went forward, and which had been parts, from the very beginning, of the enginery of God for the work to be accomplished, but which were as latent, when Paul looked forth from Ephesus on the sea, as were the germs of modern oaks.

And those still additional procedures and events, also auxiliary to these more silent forces, which came as the comets come, with exactest precision when their time was accomplished—already they were purposed in the mind of the Most High; already

ir seeds unfolding; but how vaguely, if at all, were
is far foreshown even to Paul; how entirely unsuspected
ey yet by the world!
lestruction of Jerusalem by the arms of Titus, who when
is writing was a lad of fifteen, just recovering from the
vith which accident or design had nearly blighted his life,
) seems to have felt himself but the instrument of a Power
ie could not comprehend and could not contravene, in
rthrow of the city; the consequent extinction of the
nationality, the final obliteration of all distinctions be-
he tribes, and the scattering of their impoverished rem-
the ends of the earth: this was a fact lying still as hidden
God's plans as the lightning which summer clouds secrete
calm folds, but which came at the instant for which it was
d, as the shattering bolt drops out of those clouds upon
or tree. And then, at last, the tremendous descent on the
of the Empire of those northern barbarians who, when
ostle dwelt at Ephesus, and for many years after, were
among themselves, without arts or arms, without iron or
strong only in undisciplined valor, and hardly more re-
by the Romans than the Indians or the Esquimaux now
is, but who already were mysteriously pressed forward by
)wer from behind toward the seats of the tyranny which
l and forgot them, and who, when at length they broke
ie Empire, though destroying its structure, revitalized its
)roke it up to recast it for the basis of modern European
ions, and gave to Christianity such a sweeping distribution
without this could not have accomplished: this was
of those latent forces, then existing but in germ, not dis-
or hinted to the minds of mankind, but which lay already
reach of God's view, and was prepared at the crisis for
sp of his will, for the overthrow of whatever opposed his
!

) were the instruments which he had selected, so utterly
ind formless hitherto, possibilities only and not actual
to accomplish his majestic and beneficent will. And
them, by his might, it did come to pass in the due time, as
d known and declared that it should, that the Gospel which
so slight a force when he was proclaiming it in the school
nnus, and the agencies for which looked so frail and so
l triumph illustriously and dominate for all time over the
institutions and influences which resisted its march.
none had welcomed, there all at last accepted and honored
iere every thing had opposed it, there every thing sped to
rvice. The truths it uttered—spreading electrically from
) mind, with resistless velocity and atmospheric ubiquity
me to pervade and irradiate the nations. The spiritual

life in the souls of believers—rushing with fleet though silent contagion from heart to heart, and from people to people, it remolded literature, it subsidized commerce, it changed the aspects and the tendencies of society, and it blossomed into churches as the hidden vegetative force of the spring bursts forth into flowers or shoots upward in trees. Judaism was surpassed, absorbed, and terminated, in a higher Religion, more adequate to man's wants, more illustrative of God's glory. Heathenism was not only broken down and exterminated on the scenes in which so long it had reigned, but it was made, thenceforth and forever, the veriest outcast of civilization. The Roman Empire was as finally extinguished as if the crust of the globe had been opened to swallow it up. And all was wrought—this change at which the world still wonders, and which no other change recorded in history ever has paralleled—all was wrought, within a few centuries, by what at the outset had appeared so unreal or so ineffectual. God's might had crowned with an absolute victory what mankind had despised; and weakness, as used by Omnipotence, was supreme. The vanishing shadow, as it looked to men's eyes, had shaken and dissolved the earth-centred mountain. Doctrine and suffering had discomfited despotism. The market-places vocal, and the catacombs crowded, had been mightier than armies. The Mamertine Prison had conquered the Capitol!

"The city of God is built," it has been said, "at the confluence of three great civilizations." It is built as well, let it never be forgotten, on the ruins of three prodigious, ambitious, and defiant establishments; a perverted Judaism, deriving vast strength from the truths it denied; an ancient, haughty, and universal Heathenism; a military Empire that encompassed the earth. And the forces which brought all these to naught, they were not descending squadrons of angels; they were not astute combinations of statesmen, the eloquence of scholars or the strategy of soldiers; they were forces which Paul could only describe, even in his day, a score of years after Christ had ascended, as "THINGS WHICH ARE NOT"!

FATHERS AND BRETHREN: I have tarried too long, I fear, for your patience, though not long enough for the demands of the theme, on this illustration of the words of the text; on this majestic demonstration in history of their profound and literal truth. And now, as we turn from Ephesus and Corinth, and leave the whole sphere of ancient life which they represent, let us take with us the thoughts with which the theme is instinct, and which fit themselves to our assembly.

Let us meditate anew on THE MAJESTY OF GOD, which is shown us here in full brightness of discovery, and which never

should cease to inspire our hearts.—It is shown us in nature; not so much amid phenomena the most dazzling or vast, as where he makes the force which looks smallest the lord of the greater, and where he sets the unseen energies to construct and control the combinations of matter; where he leaves the great laws which regulate the worlds mere invisible conceptions and melodious ideas of his archetypal and tranquil mind; where he poises the Universe, in the final analysis, on a globule of ether, beneath which stands only his "word of power." It is shown us in miracles; where the prophet's rod opens paths through the waves before whose recoil the chariots are as chaff; where the dust and the spittle are omnipotent through his will for removing the blindness that no surgery touches; where the tones of the voice are indued with a potency that masters the storm and raises the dead. It is shown us, as brightly as any where else, in this progress of the Gospel; where the humblest of energies become clothed with supremacy, when auxiliary to his aim; where is suddenly brought to light what had lain deeply hidden, that it may work his wondrous will; and where what appeared to have no existence is invested in his plans with irresistible efficiency.

What a resource for our hearts; what an unfailing stimulus to our too often fainting faith; what a ground of awe, and love, and wonder, more vivid and vast than the theophany upon Sinai, is the discovery thus made of Him! How plainly does prophecy become possible to him, who knows from the beginning all these occult forces which he is to marshal and make to determine the history of the world! And what a privilege is prayer shown to be, when we place it in its relation to his supreme mind, to his all-controlling and absolute will!

And further, let us notice THE INTERPRETING POWER OF THIS SAME DIVINE ELEMENT in more recent history; the light which it casts on the subsequent changes that have marked the advance of Christianity in the world. Every where we shall find it, if we search for it aright, gleaming as a thread of heavenly gold throughout the tangled and bloody annals that cover the interval between Paul's day and ours.

After he had long ascended to his rest, and the Christian temple long had stood on the very site of Nero's circus, there came that time beneath whose darkness history yet shivers, when all the fearful agencies of ill, which had apparently finally been scattered, seemed to rally again and recombine, in different forms but with the same spirit, once more to withstand and overpower the Gospel; when Romanism was supreme — the old Heathenism over, though baptized with new titles and adorned with new splendor — over Western Europe; when Western Europe and Romanism through it, was as mightily predominant

as the Empire had been in human civilization; when Mohammedanism confronted it, with flaming sword and fanatical zeal, in the very seats where Judaism had been; and when Heathenism, bulwarked behind this false faith, remained undisturbed and even unquestioned over the remaining area of Asia. Again the whole power of the world seemed compacted, to crowd back the truth from the minds of mankind; and again there appeared, looming darkly above this, an almost unworldly malignity and energy, working tireless and triumphant for the same drear result. And again it seemed, as it had done of old, like looking to see the Alps melt away, or the continents and seas exchange their conditions, to expect such powers of ill to be vanquished, such prodigious establishments to be remolded.

But again the possibilities which men had not considered, the germs of things which they had not discerned, were God's chosen and adequate instruments for his end; and he brought them out from their silent retreats, and made them victorious over all that opposed him. Kindling the primitive fires again in the souls of his faithful, by the word of his Gospel and the touch of his Spirit, he made their lips and lives to be vocal, as had been those of the primitive martyrs. He shot an inspiration over the nations, from the prisons of Lollards and the stake of John Huss. He stirred new longings in Rome itself, after a higher Christian life. He made the progress of scientific thought contribute to the movement which thus constantly broadened. He awakened and invigorated, and brought to powerful development and action, the elements which worked toward national liberation and popular freedom, and made these auxiliary to his august plan. And then he gathered around these forces, nascent only as yet though full of promise, such an armory of instruments, suddenly revealed, as no other age had ever possessed. He unfolded the mystic might of the type, which makes human thought palpable. He brought to view other worlds by the telescope, and disclosed the true stellar and planetary system, to shake men's faith in the "infallible" Church which had passionately denied this. He picked up this continent out of the seas, by the touch of that needle which is as his own finger of light, guiding the mariner through the darkness. He put the Bible, in the speech of the people, into the hands of all who could read, and made powerless beside it the priestly establishments which were based upon ignorance and bulwarked by force. He wrenched at last the whole of Northern Europe from the grasp of the Papacy, put a commerce into its hands wider than the ancients ever had dreamed of, and inspired it by degrees with a devotion to the truth unknown till then since the era of the Apostles. He peopled this continent with a Christian colonization, insignificant in its beginning, apparently almost accidental in its direction, but providential in its

movement, and amazing in its growth. He drew out the energy from that Southern Europe which still remained Romanist, and equally from that fierce and aggressive Mohammedanism which so long had arrested the advance of the Gospel. And so he brought the world to this stage in which it meets us: with Protestantism prevalent and Romanism weak, both in Europe and here; with Mohammedanism shattered in the centers of its power, and Heathenism pierced at multitudes of points by the progress of the Gospel; with the whole world now open to the march of the truth. And in all the long progress, his method has been that which the text first declared. He has conquered the powers that seemed irresistible, and overturned the establishments that looked solid as the earth, not by great forces at which all the world wondered, by monarchies and their might, by universities and their learning, by military movements and magnificent diplomacies, but just as of old by the things which "were not" till he bade them to be; which existed but in germ, unrevealed to the knowledge or the hope of mankind.

It is the key which unlocks for us history. It is the method which shows God supreme, and still active in the world, and which associates distant ages in the long triumphal procession of his plans. He uses most these minor means, that we may hear his sounding steps reverberating on earth. He brings in ever the ultimate triumph of his truth and his Son, through the humbleness of the manger and the sorrows of the mount. He leaves the earthquake to shake the lands, and go vibrating on to the caverns where it hides. He leaves the wind to whirl over the surface, and mingle again in the quietness of the azure. He leaves the fire to blaze ineffectual into the heavens, and expire amid a smoke which the star-beams soon pierce. But he utters Himself in the "still small voice."

We can not, I think, be content without noticing the relation which the truth thus declared to us by Paul sustains to OUR OWN LAND AND TIME; the light which it casts on those purposes of God which already we feel to be wheeling through the mists, and articulating themselves amid the uproar and tumult, with which we are environed.

What is the lesson it teaches here? Is it that the Government which so long has been powerful is to be overturned by the startling Rebellion which so recently was not, but which now has expanded to colossal proportions? that God *thus* designs to exalt the mean thing to a might unexpected, and to vindicate his supremacy through the triumph which he gives it over that which it seemed inadequate to shake? Nay! but the line in which he chooses to do this is the line, you observe, in which his ancient plans advance to the reduction of the world to

allegiance to his Son. The things which are mighty, and which he overturns, are those which obstruct, not those which assist, this beneficent progress. And the feeble and obscure things to which he gives effectiveness, are those which are adapted by their nature to his work; which are marked from the beginning by a radical righteousness, though at the beginning most faint in development; whose expansion is therefore harmonious with his character, as well as directly auxiliary to his aim. And so this is not the lesson which is taught for our times by the text. A diverse application is that which it has for them.

Our Government in the past, so broad in its basis, so noble in its frame, builded so grandly on primordial truths, and seemingly riveted to them so firmly by the terms of its charter and the traditions of its founders, has still been confronted, and to some extent combined, in unnatural alliance, with another its opposite. Perverted by this, in many of its officers, laws, and operations, it has been rendered in some degree, it has been in peril of being rendered more largely, a bulwark of bondage, and not a grand power for popular liberation; the ally of a force which would shut the book of God to a race, and not of the faith which would open it to all men; the minister of a rule before which the family-institute is nothing, and not of the great idea of the Scriptures that the family inviolate is the solid corner-stone of all civilization, the first and most sacred of governments and of churches. It has seemed sometimes that this abnormal system—this marvelous complication of legalized lies, fronting the heavens in our late century—was so established in all our seats of ancient renown and national power that nothing could shake it; that every institution, officer, law, must be subservient to its behests. Strong in the wealth produced for it by millions of laborers unrequited; crafty in the policy and effective in the tactics which leisure gave its leaders opportunity to master; domineering in its spirit and tenacious in its will as was the Roman Empire first, and the Papacy afterward; aiming at incessant renewal and expansion, and even with a certain religious fanaticism confusing its conscience and intensifying its passion—it has looked to those who have studied it in the past too vast to be avoided, too strong to be subdued; almost certainly the master of our national policy for generations to come; whose pride and might would be only cemented with the progress of time, and to shake whose dominion were like breaking the Alleghanies into a prairie.

But God has taken the impalpable powers of thought and prayer, which alone remained to set against this, and has made them mighty as of old on his errand. The weak and despised, and the base things of earth, yea, even the things which "were not" when he commenced, he has made in part victorious already over this gigantic and inveterate system. He is carry-

n forward, let none of us doubt, to their certain consum-
If we are true to ourselves and to Him, it is SLAVERY
going down, not our benign and venerated GOVERNMENT,
fierce struggle which agitates the land. It is Slavery
s to disappear in the end from its last stronghold within
l Christendom. The truths that started in so much fee-
that gained so tardy and reluctant an acceptance from
e minds which most were attuned to them, that have had
unter such constant opposition, and whose power to over-
has seemed so slight—they have mastered many mechan-
id enthroned themselves in pulpits; they have found mul-
us voices in literature; they have organized themselves
ees into statesmanship; they have had their martyrs here
re, as all great truths must have to be vindicated as such;
ve reached and grappled the popular conscience, inspired
ected political action, and at last have placed their nearest
itatives among public men in the chief seats of power, and
owded the imperious and exasperated system which has
l their advance, and has frantically resisted the approach
id, to a point where it snatches up arms in rebellion, and
ivil war to blaze and thunder for the first time in our his-
nd also for the last!—along the mid line of our peaceful
racy.

here, as of old, other instruments that were not till God
em to be, are now made auxiliary to the spiritual forces
ruth and of righteousness. The wondrous uprising of an
patriotism, which flashed with actual lightning-speed from
ork to the Pacific, from the shades of Katahdin to Cali-
valleys, when the outcry went forth that by bullets and
the old imperial starry flag, riddled and rent, but undis-
had been hurled from the bastion; the amazing military
ment that has followed; the unexampled enthusiasm of
le Northern mind for the maintenance of the government,
extent to which already it is impregnated with a prin-
and determined detestation of Slavery; the immense ex-
of the culture of cotton beneath the vast stimulus which
pplied to it, preparing it every where to spring up more
y, till it binds in the filaments of its delicate fibers that
which thought to command the world by a monopoly of its
all these are things which were not at first, which were
ar since, which not the most prescient could have antici-
ut through which and by which God will vindicate his
cy, and overwhelm that which would hinder his Gospel
gest publication.

all our career—wherein a faith that seemed so obscure
ted at first the obstacles that were mighty, wherein the
d and fragmentary colonies humbled the empire which

threatened at the outset to crush them by its weight, wherein the inventions that subdue to man's use the unfatigueable powers of nature have arisen to displace and replace the old instruments in so swift a succession—as in all our career, so here, most of all, shall the principle of the text be vindicated to us: when the final demolition of Slavery shall have come; and when, as Pericles built the Odeum, for great musical performances, out of the masts of Persian vessels captured at Marathon, so the generations which come after us shall find that that magnificent and durable temple which is here to be erected to Universal Freedom, and within which shall arise, age after age, the Te Deums of millions, has taken its stateliest proportions and pillars from the shattered strength and the vanquished rage of this present Rebellion!

And, finally: how the whole pressure of the theme bears instantly and always on OUR MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE; and what an animating view does it open of the prospects of this work in the ages to come! We can not close but with this thought.

Last year, as was fit, our minds were turned backward along the magnificent march of the work up to that anniversary; and with grateful hearts and praising lips we could but exclaim, at the end of the Half-century, "What hath God wrought"! We will not forget the successes then recited. We will not let slip from the hold of our minds the great memories then awakened. Our thoughts and hearts are anchored still to the colleges, churches, and schools of the prophets, in which this Society had its commencement. Our tender recollections cling still to the homes amid whose piety has been nurtured the faith which has signalized its annals; to the graves where so much devoted life, the dignity of man and the beauty of woman, has gone down in its service from the vision of men; to the scenes which are forever consecrated, by the labors of its teachers, and the sacrifice of its martyrs. Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him who hath raised it up, and girded and hallowed it, and given it his help! Its past is secure; and in the clear effulgence of that our souls grow bright.

But standing to-night at the end of the first year of its second Half-century, and assembled as we are in this beautiful city which was not in existence when its labors commenced—looking out on these regions, then almost untrodden, whose lakes and prairies and river-valleys, stretching on to the Pacific, are teeming now with so copious a life, which is organizing so fast into Christian communities—it is not possible but that we look forward, and anticipate what the present period, in its swift circuit, shall also bring. And so looking on, what invigorating influences rain upon us from the text! What vistas of glorious and immeasurable advancement for the Kingdom of Christ open in bright perspective before us!

is inspiring to think of those far-scattered preachers, some of
ıe associates are with us to-night, who are carrying the great
ıs which apostles first bore, to distant lands; again establish-
missionary churches; again reducing the languages that are
an, and that have been from the start, to the mastery of Christ.
n city and jungle, from coral islands and the echoing marge
ncient continents, we know their thoughts and hearts turn
er; and to them all our souls send back their glad All-Hail!
it is, if possible, more inspiring still, not to our affection, but
ır courage, to think of those impersonal forces, unknown as
even by us, which God has marshaled for his work; which
not die, and shall not fail, and which he will use, each in its
, for his fit end. It is wonderful that he should have set in
lostan, two hundred and fifty years ago, in such uttermost
ness, and with such absolute unconsciousness on the part of
instruments, the seminal principle of that English dominion
:h, beginning when Elizabeth irradiated England with the
iance of her reign, hath waited for its fulfillment to the day of
latest and loveliest successor. It is wonderful that Australia,
seen by the Portuguese, and whose neighboring islands, with
glittering name of Islands of Gold, were first linked to Europe
he commerce of the Spaniard, should still have remained for
centuries and a half unoccupied by settlements, till there as
English colonies were planted, and English influence made
eme. But who does not see that the Protestant energy which
ades those vast regions is to be henceforth the dominant power
sia and the Pacific; and that the beginnings, so feeble and so
ınt, held in them the germs of Christ's ultimate victory? It
not known, when the missionary spirit first awoke in this coun-
that the era of steam-navigation was at hand, to give to com-
ce world-wide enlargement and lock all lands in alliances of
e. It was not known, when all Christian missions began to
l a rapid expansion, that the picking up of a flake or two of
in the dry beds of streams with which Indians and Mexicans
long been familiar, was to augment the wealth of this country
of Europe by incredible additions, and to furnish the resources
which millions had been praying. But so has God made the
gs unexpected, and the things that looked trivial, the things
ch he alone foresaw, to fit into and further his on-working
ıs. And so shall he do throughout the future.

he obstacles before us seem great sometimes, but how small
all are beside those which already have been overcome; and
certain it is that even already the forces are at work, not yet
e recognized probably by us, before which they all shall come
aught; before which worships, castes, and despotisms, shall
as melts the morning mist; before which new men shall
ıg to action, new routes of travel and trade be opened, new

nations be inspired with evangelical fervor, our country be made more than ever heretofore a missionary land, and the fierceness of the world be subdued unto Christ.

Our grand prerogative is it to know this: that all things coming are our helpers; that as fast as the possible becomes realized and actual, it assists our advance! That which statesmen always fear, is these possibilities which they can not yet measure. What makes the hearts of monarchs quake, amid palaces and armies, is the chance that already, among the secret seeds of things, is germinating that which shall threaten their thrones. But all these boundless possibilities are ours. These germinating influences, every one of them is for us. God's mind controls and chooses all. They are indeed his selected auxiliaries, for the furtherance of his plans. And we have but to advance in the line which He marks out, to find them all our unwearied fellow-workers; to find the Half-century of missionary history which we have commenced, full even to the end of still culminating successes! Over every discouragement, and to every fresh victory, He shall lift us by means which we least had anticipated. The most solid of the barriers that still stand in our path, already the unseen and impalpable agencies are conspiring for its downfall. And the great revolutions which, when they come, shall startle and amaze us, lie really infolded already, did we know it, in forces and causes which we have not discerned.

Let us know, then, beforehand, what the issue is to be, and take hold on it with our faith. Let us look upon nature, commerce, the arts, on the movements of states, the changes of dynasties, and feel that in all of them lie hid our helpers. Let us never be discouraged, and never be timid, till the end is attained, or till our life closes. And let us know that when the end has fully come; when the kingdoms of this world are all the Lord's, in loyal faith; when every shackle at last is loosed, and every home is free and secure; when from each hill to every other there rings abroad the shout of joy, and over every outstretched plain there streams the Gospel's radiant morn; when all the world securely rests in perfect love, and that various beauty which no autumn can typify has robed its coasts in hues and lights which are the reflection of that great Bow bended of God around his throne—it shall be seen emblazoned in light on the long progress, it shall be heard resounding in music from every part of the vast triumph: "THE THINGS THAT WERE"—so ancient, proud, and full of might—by "THE THINGS THAT WERE NOT," they are all brought to naught!

God make the truth our teacher here; and make its fruits our glory there; and unto Him be all the praise! Amen.

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J. W. Bidwell

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Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16 : 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10 : 15.

THE NATIONAL PREACHER.

Third Series.] JANUARY, 1862. [Vol. I.—No. 1

SERMON I.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE SOUTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAN MORTAL AND TRANSIENT.

"For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—GEN. 3 : 19.
"For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—JAMES 4 : 14.

MEETING you upon this the first Sabbath of the new year, and yielding to the suggestions of the hour, I have chosen the above Scriptures, as an appropriate basis for our present meditation. The first of these passages you will at once recognize as the language of God, pronouncing the decree of mortality upon our first parents, and through them upon the race. The second is the language of the same God, drawing a picture of the fleeting character of our present life. Both are suited to impress and profit a meditative mind. In each we find a fact which it is not the part of wisdom to ignore or forget. The theme of man as mortal and transient is, I am aware, quite familiar to your thoughts; the Christian pulpit is often reminding you of the truth on this sub-

ject; your daily observation enforces and illustrates that truth; look where you will, it meets you with its solemn admonition; and perhaps one reason why we bestow so little reflection upon what is so obvious, may be found in the manifest, the palpable, and undeniable character of the facts themselves. Let us, if possible, dismiss this apathy, and arouse our thoughts to that twofold view of human life, presented in the words chosen for a text. I begin the meditation,

I. In the first place, with the divine decree of mortality.

Our first parents, created in the image of God, and with moral natures pure in their tendencies, became trespassers under the law of Eden, involving themselves and their posterity in the condition and calamities of sin. With them began the dark and terrible problem of sin in the history of man. Falling from their "first estate," they lost the moral harmony of their original being, and were justly exposed to the curse of offended Heaven. Uttering the great germinal prophecy of redemption, in the promised seed of the woman, which it was reserved for the future to develop and complete, God also pronounced his curse upon man. "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

What would have been the divine disposition of human beings but for the catastrophe of sin—whether they would have been translated as were Enoch and Elijah, or have been made immortal on earth?—these are questions in regard to which revelation gives us no light. We know, that "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." We know, too, that the sentence of death hath "passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Nothing is clearer than that the Bible connects mortality with sin, making it one of the consequences of sin. If in the pre-Adamic state of the world referred to by geologists, animals lived and died, it still remains true, that mortality in respect to man is a special appointment or order of nature connected with, and founded upon, the fact of his sinfulness. So the Bible teaches, and so we believe.

This mortality, whether of the individual or the race, is hence no accident in the providential government of God. "Seeing his days are determined," says Job, "the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he can not pass." "It is appointed unto men once to die." God is the author of the appointment. Our mortality is the fixed and unchang-

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ERRATUM.

On page 40, line 18 from top, for "higher love," read "higher love."

reasons, he conceals from all the mortal hour till it comes, so conducting his providence in the administration of death, as on the one hand to rebuke the spirit of presumption, and on the other to teach our constant dependence upon his preserving power.

But what is death? What is that event of which we have been thus speaking in these general terms? Perfectly to know what it is, and all it is, is the privilege of those only who have died. Our knowledge while living is simply that of observation, and never that of personal experience. What, then, is death as we observe it? You may take a case not unfamiliar to human eyes. There lies, attired and coffined for the grave, a victim of the great destroyer; one of the dearest objects of your earthly love has just fallen; the struggle is over; and your child, or parent, or husband, or wife is dead. For a series of years your conversations, communions of thought, bestowments of affection, mutual care and service, held the rank of merely common-place events, so much like themselves, and withal so frequent, as to have attracted no special notice. But alas! what a wonderful change has just happened. To the living how strange and afflictive, and to the dead how august and amazing! You have done all that you could to avert the fatal blow; you have not only invoked the skill of man, but also sought the help of God; and yet, in spite of all your efforts, disease has done its deadly work. Life's mysterious and noble mechanism has come to a final pause. What is this? You answer: My cherished friend, my child, my father or mother or husband or wife is dead. Yes; but there lies the once living form. I see every feature of a countenance that but yesterday beamed with the expressions of intelligence. You observe the same, and yet you can not speak to that deceased friend; you can no longer exchange thoughts with him; your strongest sympathies awaken no response on his part; you are absolutely shut out, and that, too, forever in this world, from one that has been as familiar to you as your breath. Strange event! Though a single word is its name, it is an aggregate of the most heart-searching solemnities. How vivid our thoughts become at such an hour! Can it be? Is it so? How is it? What is it? Am I not mistaken? Is not this my own dream? Oh! is it possible that the relation between me and my friend is so changed, that it has in a moment become so stupendously different? Must I ever think of him as the inhabitant of another, and to me a mysterious world? Let me try to follow his departing spirit. How did it go? Where? How far? What has become of it? What is it doing at this moment? Shall I never meet that friend again? Will he never know me more? What shall I do with this body, cold, lifeless, motionless? Must I commit it to the tomb, leaving it in that lonely solitude with the earth-worm for its only companion?

Such, my friends, is death in its relation to human feeling. The

sentence of mortality in its fulfillment, while it blasts the dying, addresses the hearts of the living with an amazing power. We surely want some plan of thought, some data of hope, with which to expound an event that so terribly rends the relations of this life, and drives inquiry with such vehement earnestness into the untried future.

It is estimated, that not less than two hundred thousand millions of human beings have lived and died, since our system began. The sweep of mortality is so great, that, upon an average, there have been about thirty-four millions of deaths in every year, or about three thousand seven hundred and sixty in every hour, or sixty-two in every minute, or more than one in every second of time. Were the entire dying of the globe transferred to this city, a single day would be sufficient to place every man, woman, and child in eternity; and in some five days the same would be true of the great metropolis of the nation. By the same process it would take only about eight months to transmit the whole population of these United States to the world of spirits. Not less than two hundred millions of mourners are the annual witnesses of what death is doing in our world. Recall the scene in which you exchanged the last farewell with your expiring friend, multiplying it millions of times; and you will but state the stern experience of your race in a single year. We are so accustomed to mortality as the appointed lot of our species, and withal so strangely insensible, that we need occasionally the shock of severe meditation upon the sentence: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." These bodies that we adorn and pamper with so much care, will soon be the food of worms, in a few years undistinguished from common dust.

What a rebuke mortality gives to all the pride, and pomp, and earthly circumstance of life! How vain, empty, and in the end worthless that life, whose hopes and prospects lie within the narrow limits of time! If this be all of which one thinks, and for which he lives, existence is alike a farce and a failure. Mr. Webster never gave forth a truer utterance than when he said: "One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator. Here it is that fame and renown can not assist us; that all external things must fail to aid us; that even friends, affection, human love and devotedness can not succor us." True, every word of it! Solemnly true!

> "When down thy vale, unlocked by midnight thought,
> That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
> O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
> What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!

In withered laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-famed ages, billowed high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point to earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great."

This picture of Dr. Young sets before us, in its true character, that revelation of life which mortality inscribes on the brow of the mere worldling. Death makes him a complete bankrupt in a world not designed to be his heaven, and for a world which but for his own perversion, might have been his heaven. His sun goes down in starless midnight. When he breathes his last, all is lost, and lost forever.

II. Let us now turn our meditations to the thought contained in the second Scripture—to man as transient.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The object of the inspired penman was to rebuke those who say: "To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain." Stop a moment, ye thoughtless men, laden with earthly cares! Hear the instructions of heavenly wisdom! "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." Your plans contemplate a year; yet your knowledge does not grasp the events of a single day. Twenty-four hours of future time are too much for you to fathom. Think, too, of yourselves, especially your present life. "What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Look above yourselves to the power that gave and upholds your being, and learn to say: "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."

Thus the Apostle reasons with presumers upon future time, selecting the most transient and fleeting object in nature as an image of life. Life is not a rock that rests for ages unshaken in its bed; it is not an antique temple that has resisted the wear of centuries; it is not a plant that blooms in the summer and fades in the autumn; but it is a mere vapor—the thing of a moment, just seen, and then gone. The Scriptures compare it to a mere shadow that flits before the eye, and disappears. Its march is said to be swifter than a weaver's shuttle. The whole of its years is likened to a tale that is told. It is like grass which flourisheth in the morning, and in the evening is cut down, and withereth away. By such figures the Bible seeks to convey to our minds an impressive sense of the exceeding brevity of life. God would have us [illegible] that our stay on earth is very transient, embraced in a period [illegible]ratively reduced to a very small compass. He speaks to us

f us as strangers and pilgrims here, men on a journey, not at
. There is a truth, a startling truth, shining through every
ture figure, whose object is to apprise us of the shortness of
Poetry baptizing its verse in the thoughts of the Bible, has
d its hallowed eye upon life's scene, and in strains monitory
ensive, often rehearsed what none deny, yet what millions
ractically to appreciate. Let us not despise these truthful
of the muse. They record the protest of reason against
ommon folly, by which all men think all men mortal but
elves.

"Opening the map of God's expansive plan,
We find a little isle—this life of man:
Eternity's unknown expanse appears,
Circling around, and limiting its years."

"Pause here and think; a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Consult life's silent clock—thy bounding vein:
Seems it to say—'Health here has long to reign?'
Hast thou the vigor of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear. Youth ofttimes healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees."

"How short is human life! the very breath
Which frames my words, accelerates my death."

"Between two breaths, what crowded mysteries lie—
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh!"

"Our birth is nothing but our death begun."

"To-morrow?
Where is to-morrow? in another world!
For numbers this is certain, the reverse
Is sure to none."

miss not these strains as the idle dream of poetry. They
etry founded upon fact; and this is what I wish you to see.
w that even when we desire to do so, we find a difficulty in
ssing our minds with the truth upon which we are reflecting.
an see it, and state it in words, while we fail to feel it. We
r others to the tomb, forgetting that others will soon follow
re. Let us, if possible, break this charm, and at least seek
rtle our apathy into a moment's meditation.
rowing an illustration from one of the published sermons of
encer, formerly an honored pastor in this city, let me sup-
his congregation to consist of two thousand souls. Here you
fore me in the land of the living, in the house of God, of dif-
ages, and all in good health. Now, estimating your pros-
by a general average, what is before these two thousand

"In the course of one year, 66 of them will die
In ten years, 588 will have died.
In twenty years, 1078 will be gone.
In thirty years, 1477 will be no more.
In forty years, 1744 will be in eternity.
In fifty years, 1922 will be dead men."

Think, I entreat you, of this tabular estimate, for it is founded on facts, and states a general law of human mortality. Only seventy-eight of the whole two thousand left after the lapse of fifty years! Nineteen hundred and twenty-two falling victims to death, while half a century is running its course! Hear the words of the excellent man of God, from whom I have borrowed this statement:

"Would that this picture were as efficacious as it is appalling! Would that the hearts of the two thousand in a promiscuous assembly were so affected with the idea that sixty-six of them will die in a single year, that sixty-six of them in a single year would hear the voice of the Son of God, and live! My hearers, your days are fast numbering up! The sands in your glass of life are rapidly falling! for you the shroud is weaving! for you the bed of death is spread! Your seat here will soon be vacant, and the ear that now listens to me will be sealed up, till the trump of the arch-angel shall awake the dead. Death is certain. Life is uncertain. To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. To-morrow may be too late to hear."

These earnest words of the faithful preacher are as true and as important to-day, as when first uttered by one who is now sleeping in the tomb.

Let me ask you to keep this supposition before your minds for a moment longer. Of the two thousand persons, all of whom with the exception of seventy-eight, will be dead in the space of fifty years, I wish you to notice—

First, the diversity of their present age. Some are little children; some are young people; some are in middle life; and some are advanced in years. You now see them at all ages. What will be the fact when they die? Will they all live up to the same age? By no means. The diversity now is not greater than that which will prevail at the time of their death. Of the sixty-six to be drafted in the first year, some will be children, some in blooming youth, some in manhood, and some in old age, each class furnishing its quota for the tomb. The same diversity will be seen in the five hundred and eighty-eight, whom the lapse of ten years will remove to the world of spirits. Classify these persons by any rule of which you can think—by their age, their condition, their business, or their character; and you can form no class exempt from death during every year until they are all gone. God in his sovereign pleasure lets the shaft fall where and when he will, filling up the grave with all classes from the living.

Note, secondly, that not a soul can tell when his turn will come, whether in the first year, or the first ten years, or the last ten of the fifty, or whether he shall be numbered among the seventy-eight who survive all the rest. Millions die when they least expect it, sometimes without a moment's warning, and always without any capacity to foresee the time of the event. Death comes upon them like a thief in the night, and steals away their breath.

Observe, thirdly, that while the aggregate number is constantly decreasing, all that are living, are as constantly approaching the period when they will cease to live. They start on a journey that is to last fifty years; and by the time they have traveled twenty years, more than half of them are dead, and in thirty years more, all of them are gone with the exception of the surviving seventy-eight. Where are the companions of these survivors? They are left behind, having fallen, each coming up to the point where he was to fall, and where he did fall, touched by an unseen hand.

Consider, fourthly, the impressions as to life made on each, when the closing hour came. The lad of ten years had been thinking of his manhood; length of days was the vision that charmed his spirit; perhaps he communed in thought with the scenes of his college-life, and in hope drew a sketch of his professional career; but alas! alas! how amazed was he, when he saw death standing between him and all that he had fancied in the future. How brief the period of his sojourn! How short his life! It fled like a dream when one awaketh.

The youth of more years was not less buoyant and hopeful; he too had made his map and drawn his plan; life's bounding current, its elastic step, and playful smile assured him of a long and delightful tour; he believed the flattering tale; yet a voice from heaven whispered in his ear, and he went to the realms of the dead, utterly overwhelmed and disappointed by the brevity of his days. He had hardly begun to live when he ceased to breathe. How short life seemed to him! What a transient scene!

Farther along you see one in the full maturity of manhood, busily engaged with the practical duties of time, neither young nor old — the merchant, the farmer, or the scholar, so occupied with his calling as scarcely to notice the years as they roll by him; but at length the victor stands across his path, extending the fatal scepter as he approaches. Disease is now upon him, and death at his door. His hour has come. The forty or fifty years of his pilgrimage now seem to him like a mere shadow. Say to him, "We spend our years as a tale that is told;" and he will understand you.

Yonder I see the frosts of ninety winters gathered on that wrinkled, time-worn brow. Bending under the weight of ninety years, standing on the very verge of the grave with death watching his words, the veteran thus muses with himself: "I have

been a boy, a youth, a man, and now I am old. When I was but a child, my manhood seemed far in the distance; and when I became a man, my childhood seemed but a step behind me. And now old age spans the whole space, as if it were one fleeting and mysterious moment. My life, long as it has been in comparison with that of others, seems like a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And thus all these classes, the lad, the youth, the mature man, and the aged, come at last to the same conclusion. The weeks, the months, the years, alike of the longest and the shortest life, are fled ere one is aware of it.

I have thus endeavored to impress upon your thoughts the theme of man as mortal and transient. On this subject we need less to be reasoned with than to reflect upon what is undeniably true. Every one consents to the statement: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Every one knows, that after the lapse of a few years at the longest, his earthly career must come to an end. Such a truth ought to engage our reflections, if not always, yet sometimes, and that too with sufficient frequency to impress our hearts. There is sound sense in the inspired prayer: "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am." "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Who, moreover, can think of this life under the two aspects now presented, without extending his meditations into the future? "Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "If a man die, shall he live again?" Is this all? These few and fleeting days — this rapid transit amid the scenes of time — this hurried and changing bustle between the day of one's birth and the day of his death — these transient joys and sorrows that flutter within the confines of a moment: is this all that reason has to affirm, or faith to receive, in regard to the destiny of man? The splendid and prophetic mechanism of a spiritual nature — the marvelous endowments of the human soul, as remarkable in kind as they are exalted in degree — this faculty of reason, this power of conscience, this gem of hope, this capacity to suffer or enjoy, this wonderful law of progress, these deep-seated moral instincts, as irresistible as they are universal; was all this made to be demolished in an hour? Who can believe it? The suggestions of immortality most forcibly salute the eye, when most we think of death. They glitter with intensest ray upon the horizon of life as it sinks into darkness, giving us a sense of the after-scene as prophetic as it is real. This short hour can not be the entire sum of our conscious being. The greatest of all absurdities, the most revolting, least accordant with reason and reason's God, is that which discredits the future being of the soul. Thought rising from the lowest depths of our moral natures when touched by the inspiration of death, uniformly repels the idea. That which

is darkest to the eye of mere sense, is most certain to gather those rays which only reason can see, and faith appreciate. Do yourselves the justice to think, so to think of this life that your reflections will be most likely to fasten upon the next.

How eloquent, too, the plea of religion to one whose spirit has gained this select, this hallowed mount of vision! Hearing his own death-groan, sitting upon his own grave, reading the epitaph on his marble, looking into the coffin where his ashes lie, and musing upon the past, the present, and the future, does he need to be told, that this life is too short and uncertain to be made the exclusive object of all his pursuits? Shall we warn him, that death is approaching, and that when it comes, nothing except that which is future, will have any value to him? Can he not see, that the great interests of human existence are of necessity in the future, and that the chief importance of this life arises from its relation to the next? Is it not evident to him, that what he means to do, he must do quickly? Does he not understand, that the Gospel as a provision for eternal life, is, and must be of supreme value? These practical lessons will occur to him without the preacher's aid. They are as obvious as they are solemn, and gracious as they are urgent. There are but few men in death, perhaps none, who would not welcome the Christian hope. As few would there be in life, were all as reflective as they might be. This would rebuke every moment's delay, and hurry every sinner to the Son of God for the salvation of his soul. As men, as Christians, as patriots and lovers of a country whose institutions are in peril, as probationers for another life, as mortal and immortal, we have a work to do quite sufficient to task all our powers. Appreciating the nature, relations, and ends of our existence, let each then at once endeavor to do whatsoever his "hand findeth to do," remembering that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave," whither we are all hastening. May God create this holy purpose in every heart!

SERMON II.

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RELIGIOUS GROWTH.

"But grow in grace."—2 Peter 3 : 18.

Almost every created thing seems to have within it the principle of growth. The tree grows from a seed. The bird, the fish, the beast of the field, all come to maturity by growth. The human body grows from feeblest infancy into the strength of manhood. The earth, in its present form and order, is a sort of growth; and even the universe itself appears, according to the Bible and the highest deductions of science, to have come forth in a regular process of development, under laws instituted by the Creator.

But mind grows as well as matter. The reasoning faculty, the imagination, the memory, expand and strengthen. So too the moral and spiritual affections of the soul. Hence religion, which consists of love to God and love to man, this may grow also. In a word, every thing but God seems to have a time for growth.

Piety, therefore, is not perfect in the beginning of the Christian life. Conversion is the planting of the seed, not the maturity of the tree; it is the beginning of the battle, not the victory; it is the starting out on the race, not the touching of the goal.

However fervent and zealous and decided one's piety may be, at the time of conversion, there will still be abundant room for growth. However bright a Christian's first experience may be, he is no more a matured Christian than a child is a man as soon as it is born. Some, indeed, are much more healthful in their first religious life than others, and they may grow faster, and sooner reach maturity; but with all there is room for growth.

So taught our Saviour: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed." It "is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." So taught Paul: "Not as though I had already attained—either were already perfect; but I press toward the mark for the prize." So taught the Psalmist: the righteous "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." So the wise man: "The path of the just is as the shining light—shining more and more unto the perfect day." So Peter's exhortation: "Grow in grace."

I. *Grace*, in its strict sense, is the free favor of God to the unworthy. This grace of God toward men produces piety in men; grace is the cause, piety the effect. The word grace is applied to both cause and effect. In the text grace stands for the effect; it stands for piety. To grow in grace is to grow in virtue—in Christian excellence. To grow in grace is to grow in love to God and love to man. To grow in grace is to grow in faith, in meekness, in gentleness, in patience, in a spirit of forgiveness, in usefulness.

To grow in grace is to grow not only in one grace but in all graces. It is the harmonious development of an entire Christian character; as in the healthful growth of a tree, there will be not only growth of roots, but of stock, branches, leaves, and fruit. In the first chapter of this epistle Peter gives his view of Christian growth: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance, (self-control, moderation;) and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In this growth of all right principles, there will be going on at the same time in the soul, the weakening and decay of all wrong principles. While love and faith and meekness and justice strengthen in the soul, the opposite principles of selfishness and pride, resentment and falsehood will be cast off. The folds of the creeping worm will be sloughed away by the growth of the bright-winged insect beneath. As the outward man perishes, the inward man will be renewed day by day.

II. We may overlook too much the *importance of religious growth*. While awake to the necessity of conversion, we may quite overlook the great work of sanctification. We may be in danger of feeling, and of acting upon the feeling, that when one is introduced into the kingdom by conversion and the joining of the Church, the great work is done. Not so our Saviour. How much he labored to train his disciples. He left often the multitude, to be alone with them, that he might impart such special instruction as their spiritual wants required. So too in the labors and writings of the Apostles, how much was done, apart from labors for the conversion of men, simply and wholly, for the spiritual progress of the discipleship. All the epistles were written for this end.

There is the painful necessity of looking, at times, upon those who have been in the Church of God for a score of years, and who yet give no evidence of any progress in the graces of the Gospel; who have made no advancement, but, on the other hand, appear more worldly, more passionate, more unforgiving, more

fault-finding, more avaricious, more miserly, more the worshipers of mammon than they were, when they first professedly joined themselves to the Lord.

III. Having life by union to the Saviour, we grow in grace by using *the means of grace*. There is a law of spiritual growth just as fixed as the law of natural growth. The tree, though living, grows not without earth, moisture, sun, shade, showers, and the free air of heaven. The human body grows not except as it receives daily food. So religion, to make progress in the soul, requires the appropriate nourishment. Religion will no more grow by accident than a tree will grow by accident.

The means of grace, suited to advance us in the divine life, are daily provided, not only on the Sabbath, but through every day of the week; not only in the house of God, but in every engagement of the world.

The means of grace are not limited as many seem to suppose, to what are technically so termed. Precious and all-important as are the reading of the Scriptures, private meditation, the hearing of the Gospel, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, the sacred exercises of the Sabbath, the meeting for social prayer—precious and essential as are these exercises, they form but a part, I had almost said but a small part, of the system of means which our heavenly Father has provided for our religious growth.

When we have finished the means of grace, furnished by the first day of the week, we have the same means, only under different forms, for each of the six days that follow. Properly considered, every occurrence of daily life is designed and fitted, to aid us in our religious progress. The store, the workshop, the office, the farm, the family, the home, may be as efficiently places of religious growth as the closet, and the Sabbath, and the house of God. Indeed, the very object of the Sabbath and the house of God is to sanctify all business, all employment, to make the entire round of life holy. These places and times are sacred only as they make the duties of business and daily life sacred. The Sabbath is holy only as it makes the following six days holy.

He who grows not in grace in his store, in his daily labor, in his family, will not grow in the Church. He who sells goods has in that a means of grace, for there is a Christian way of selling. And he who buys has in that also a means of grace, for there is a Christian way of buying. He who in his business is tempted to wrong his neighbor has in that a means of grace, when he resists the temptation, and keeps to the right. He who is tempted to be indolent and neglect his business, and yet for Christ's sake continues diligent in his vocation, by so doing, grows in grace. Poverty may be a means of grace by trying our submission. Wealth may be a means of grace when we use it as faithful stewards.

All our relations in life may be aids in the divine life. Civil duties are such when discharged in a Christian spirit. The sitting on a jury may be as much a means of grace as sitting in a prayer-meeting, if the man sits there to see that justice is done. So even of war and the profession of arms. The legitimate end and object of an army is not conquest and national aggrandizement, but rather the support of divinely constituted authority—the keeping of order in the world. An army, organized for such purposes, is but an enlarged police. As the magistrate is a minister of God, so the soldier, who bears the sword of the magistrate, is a minister of God. The true soldier, in his place, is *on duty*. And with this view of his work, while struggling to maintain justice and right in the world, he may be growing as a Christian as well as a patriot. So Joshua, Cornelius, Washington, Havelock, and Vickers regarded their calling, and hence they could ripen, as devout men, even in the tent and on the battle-field.

Every human being you meet, in your pilgrimage through the world, may offer you a means of grace, for there is a Christian feeling to be cherished toward all, and a Christian way of treating all, for every man is thy neighbor.

Each relation of the family has in it discipline and nurture for the soul. You have a means of grace in your children, for there is a Christian way of training them. You have a means of grace in your parents, for there is religion in reverence for father and mother. There is a means of grace in being a master or mistress, for there is a Christian way of dealing with servants. And there is a means of grace in being a servant, for there is a Christian way of serving. Thus, by these daily cares, relations, and duties of life, God has furnished us with a sort of spiritual gymnasium, where every grace may every day be strengthened and developed.

IV. That we may grow in grace, we need to use the *means of grace in their due proportion*. Nothing is more common than the almost exclusive use of particular means of growth to the neglect of others. Meditation is good, but where it becomes exclusive it is evil. So outward activity, in laboring for the salvation of men, is of the highest importance; but let this absorb the Christian; let there be but little time for the soul to pass into the shade and night of retirement, and self-reflection, and private communion with God, and the most fruitful branch of piety will wither and die. The Saviour went frequently into solitary places for prayer. He left ministering to thousands, that his own soul might be refreshed in communion with the Father.

Give the soul to any one means of religious growth alone, and it will suffer. Thought of God is a precious means of grace, but exclusive thought of God would turn the brain, and send the mis-

taken one to an asylum. Constant looking at any bright object would blind us. In times of deep religious interest, persons have lost their reason, and it has been said that religion occasioned it. It was not religion, but an exclusive attention to some one department of religion. The best food we eat, if eaten exclusively, would cause dyspepsia, perhaps death. Hence Christians are always injured when any one thought of duty or usefulness or reform of society takes possession of them, to the neglect of other spiritual nourishment or other calls upon their sympathy and assistance.

This excessive use of particular means is adopted very naturally. The Christian, perhaps, has found, on some occasion, great benefit from meditation, and forthwith concludes that this is all he needs. Or he has waked up to see the worth of the soul and the need of direct labor for its salvation, and now he feels that this is the only end of life. This is all natural, but not the less mistaken. When there has been no rain for a long season, and all vegetation is withering and dying, as we see the first shower descend, and mark its effects, we feel, Oh! this is all that is needed; but do we not know that if the shower continues unabated, it will as readily destroy as the burning sun?

Christians must grow as plants grow, not by the use of one means alone, but by every means. The plant grows by day and by night, in the sun and in the shade, in the clear sky and in the shower, by means of earth, air, dew, rain. Any one alone will injure and destroy. In combination they will cause the plant to grow in beauty and fruitfulness.

V. Nor are we to despise outward *forms and symbols as helps* in religious growth. In the ordinance of the Lord's Supper all is vain except by faith we eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of God. Yet we are to be aided by the use of bread and wine, as appointed symbols of the body of Christ broken for us, and his blood shed for us.

So with prayer. The essence of prayer is the pouring out of the soul before God; but we are not to despise even an attitude in prayer, and regularity in our devotions, as aids, which may greatly help the spirit.

It may be asked what matters the form if I have the spirit; but will you have the spirit as fully without the aid of the form? We are not purely spiritual beings; we are body as well as spirit. And there is an action of the body that harmonizes with the spirit and helps the spirit. There is a song of praise on the tongue which aids the song in the heart. The body is the organ of the soul. When Jesus prayed he lifted up his eyes to heaven. The outward aided the inward. The Son of God was not above the use of these outward helps. Men may sit in unreverential posi-

tions, or stand with an air of indifference in the time of prayer; in most cases the outward will express the inward.

Nor can devotion prosper well without set seasons; we need the aid of habit to assist in the formation of spiritual character. Daniel went to his room *three times a day* to pray to the God of heaven. We may not despise these formal helps in the divine life, remembering that while the plant feeds on air and sunlight it also sends its roots into the dark and damp earth, and finds nourishment even there.

VI. He who will grow in grace, who prays that he may advance in the divine life, *must be ready to suffer*. The soul can not be disciplined without suffering. The natural life in us dies not without some species of internal agony. The life of faith grows by trials of faith. It is a mystery to the world that the good suffer. "We wonder not," say they, "that the wicked are in trouble, but why should the holiest be afflicted?" Our Master explained all this to the disciples before leaving them. "Every branch in me, that bringeth forth fruit, he purgeth (or pruneth) it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

"Think it not strange," says Peter, "concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

Suffering then is an essential part of the appointed means of our sanctification; no matter what the form of it may be. For one Christian God has one form of trial; for another, another form. The suffering by which you will be sanctified will be probably not of a kind you may be expecting. And this is one reason why it will be more effective. Remember your present trouble, whatever may be its form, whoever may be the agents or instruments in causing it, this trial is all known and permitted by Him who pruneth the branches, that they "may bring forth more fruit."

Read the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and learn how the holiest have been sanctified by suffering; and all in different forms. Abraham must offer his son. Joseph must be hated, and sold by his brethren. This is not enough; before he is exalted, he must be brought still lower, and be cast into an Egyptian prison, under a false accusation. Moses must fly from the luxuries of a court, and wander for forty years in a desert. Daniel must enter the den of lions; the three holy children a fiery furnace; so of David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Paul, Peter, John, Polycarp, Huss, Calvin, Baxter, Bunyan, and some devout ones whom you have known. If we suffer with him we shall be glorified together.

VII. Growth demands *earnestness*. No one grows who does not mean to grow. Paul made great progress; but Paul had a great purpose. Mark his emphatic language: "This one thing I do."

This earnestness of purpose will lead one to watch for every opportunity of growth. It will turn every event, and especially every annoyance of life into a round of the ladder, by which the soul may daily ascend to God. Annoyance—what is an annoyance but something permitted by thy Father to discipline thy spirit?

That man will grow in grace who understands the meaning and value of these little but frequent trials of our temper, just as a man may become wealthy by the income of small but constant profits.

Where there is earnestness there will be growth under the most unpromising circumstances. Earnest souls may seldom hear the Gospel. They live in some destitute region; yet they grow. The Church may be dead about them; the pure doctrines of the Gospel may be so incrusted with superstitions and ceremonies, as scarcely to be recognized, yet such will grow on the little gleams of light and the little nutriment which may be separated from the gross adulterations; just as you sometimes see a living and growing tree whose roots seem to grasp nothing but rocks. As you see a flower flourishing right by the edge of a glacier—a field of ice. Fenelon, Madame Guion, A Kempis, lived the life of God, surrounded by the forms of the Roman Catholic Church. And no doubt to-day may be found many of the hidden ones of the Saviour in the midst of that corrupt communion.

The earnest Christian will find nutriment for his piety every where. Want of growth will not be for want of material for assimilation, but for want of a principle to assimilate.

VIII. Growth demands *exercise*. As fast as we learn duty we must apply it. To him that hath shall be given—that is, he who makes a right use of what he has. Every act of humility strengthens the feeling, and the man is more humble. Every act of forgiveness renders us more forgiving. Every act of faith increases the principle of faith. Abraham's faith was stronger in his return from the mount of sacrifice than when he ascended with his son for an offering. Every effort put forth, for the cause of Christ, strengthens our love to Christ; as every battle Washington fought for his country only increased his patriotism. As the human body grows by exercise, so the soul.

The pilot of a steamer, on the Ohio, saw a boy struggling for life in the rapids; he sprang into a skiff, was soon among the boiling waters, without an oar; but he saved the boy. Said a stranger to him, on hearing this: "Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?" "Yes," he answered, "at every trip he comes down to the boat to see me." "And how do you feel when you see him?" "More than I can tell," he replied: "A deeper interest almost than in any one of my own seven at home,

for whom I have run no such risk." So it is in our labors for Christ. The more we do for him—the more we deny ourselves for him, the deeper will our love be toward him. Growth must have exercise; and we have ample room for it—in the family, in the Church, the Sabbath-school, the city, the land, the world. The whole world now presents itself as a grand arena, for the exercise and discipline of the Church of God. There is enough to do for the highest spiritual development of every disciple; and our Christian progress demands that we cherish a practical sympathy with every movement by which man may be elevated and saved, and God glorified.

IX. Religious growth is no mere theory; *it is a possible and a practical thing.* A Christian who has aught of the love of Christ in him may have more of that love. He who is humble may be more humble. He who has faith may have a stronger faith. We have beautiful examples of growth in Scripture to stimulate us. Look at the Apostle John. When a young disciple, he wished to call down fire from heaven upon a village of Samaritans because they did not do as he thought they ought to do. Mark this same man after he had been some years in the school of Christ. You would hardly know the once quick and fiery disciple. Hear the aged and matured Apostle, ripe for the charity of heaven: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God." "For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" A very different spirit this, from calling down fire from heaven!

So too mark the spiritual growth of the man who wrote the text. So weak was Peter's faith and devotion, in his early history, that the taunting of a maiden, in the hall of Pilate, led him to deny his Master, even with an oath; but in process of time that weak faith was so increased, that Peter could meet scourging, imprisonment, and a bloody death without fear, for the sake of his Lord.

And so have we not known those whose Christian growth has been evident to all about them? Does not every Christian pastor's eye delight to rest upon one, here and there, in his flock, whose advance in holiness and usefulness is manifest day by day? What has been done may be done. And it is God's pleasure that it should be done in the case of each one of us; for this is the will of God, even your sanctification.

How blessed the privilege, that we may become more and more like our Saviour day by day. Men delight in growing rich, the scholar in adding to his stores of learning, the ambitious man delights in his growing popularity; but how low and mean is all this, compared with the growth of the soul in virtue, in goodness, in holiness, in likeness to God.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

WITH the advent of a new year and new volume of this work, we propose to begin a *third series*, and introduce a new feature into its original plan, in the confident hope of greatly extending its usefulness, and thus supply an important want.

1. We have chosen this heading—THE PRAYER-MEETING—because of its religious and practical significance. They are *household words* in the great household of Christian faith, redolent of privilege and duty by praying ones in all ages.

2. We believe that prayer-meetings, by the grace of God, are destined to increase in numbers and deepen in interest, till the spirit of prayer shall pervade the Christian world, and introduce the full-orbed splendor of millennial glory. We covet the privilege of aiding in the accomplishment of this blessed work.

3. We have received the approval and encouragement of fathers and brethren in the ministry cordially bestowed on this plan.

4. A leading object of this new feature is indicated by its name or title, THE PRAYER-MEETING. It is designed to place within reach, in convenient form, a rich variety of impressive and suggestive thoughts, as starting-points, when needed, for further instructive remark and comment by those who conduct the prayer-meetings.

5. It is believed that in the absence of the pastor or minister from the prayer-meeting, which is not unfrequently the case, acceptable and appropriate aid, to give interest to the occasion, may be derived from the reading of some brief paragraph, article, address, or anecdote, laden with important truth, which may stir the hearts and serve to awaken thoughts and feelings, edifying and profitable.

6. If, in this way, with any subsequent changes or modifications which may be found desirable, we can render some humble service in this most important department of Christian instrumentalities, our chief object and desire will be gained.

7. We propose to gather up original and selected articles and anecdotes, which may best subserve the desired object. We hope to gather up treasures new and old.

8. We beg the aid and coöperation of pastors and brethren in the churches, to extend the circulation and usefulness of this work. We hope to render its pages so acceptable and useful, that it will find a place in many families and among private Christians.

9. A portrait, engraved some years since, and ready at hand, prefaces this volume, in uniformity with all the volumes from the beginning of the second series, as promised.

It may not be amiss to say here, that the present Editor of the PREACHER has conducted it for about fourteen years, with an interval of several years, when it was not in his hands. During his connection with it, he has printed and published not far from one million four hundred and seventy-five thousand copies of different discourses, as the figures show, from a goodly number of the ablest and most devoted ministers and pastors of this country. The varied authors of these discourses will doubtless learn in heaven the amount of good thus done to the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls. Many of these devoted ministers have years ago gone to their reward.

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

WE hope to report each month the most interesting and instructive portions in the current history of this most remarkable prayer-meeting of modern times. We have less space for it this month than we intended. The origin, history and progress of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, during the past years, and its fruitful results, are marvelous to all observant eyes. Scarcely since the day of Pentecost has there occurred in the annals of the Christian Church such a chapter of blessed history, such answers to prayer, such a spirit of supplication, so widely diffused, and influencing and affecting so many hearts.

With such a record of results, so new and fresh, it would seem as if the praying ones in all Protestants churches would never again distrust the power of the Holy Ghost, or God's readiness to hear and answer prayer. How many prayers have been offered and answered, how much strong faith has been brought into exercise, how many hearts gladdened on earth and in heaven by the conversion of many souls ready to perish, will only be known at the disclosures of the final day.

The old South Church will ever be a memorable spot as the birthplace of souls. And as money could not buy the ground for commercial purposes, it would seem as if God had put imperishable honor upon it, as honoring him in the midst of such a city as this, and before all the world, wherever the fame of it has gone.

For The Prayer-Meeting.]

A Day on the Iceberg.

BY A NEW-YORK CITY PASTOR.

THERE are moments in the life of almost every man, which seem to him peculiarly solemn — moments when his insensibility gives way, and he feels the pressure of eternal things. He hears some startling message; he is appalled by some sudden calamity; he is summoned to take a last

farewell of some one called away before him to the silent land, or it may be that, by sharp disease, he is himself brought, for hours or days, to the verge of the grave. But these only are his solemn hours. He shakes off the impression, and plunges anew into the vanities of the world, as though probation were a holiday and death a dream.

But is not all of life solemn? Is not every moment momentous in its issues? Is there any point of time around which eternal interests do not cluster—any stage in the pilgrimage of life which is not beset by imminent dangers, or invested with solemn responsibilities?

Some years since a vessel lay becalmed on a smooth sea, in the vicinity of an iceberg. In full view, the mountain mass of frozen splendor rose before the passengers of the vessel, its towers and pinnacles glittering in the sunlight, and clothed in the enchanting and varied colors of the rainbow. A party on board the vessel resolved to climb the steep sides of the iceberg, and spend the day in a pic-nic on the summit. The novelty and attraction of the hazardous enterprise blinded them to the danger, and they left the vessel, ascended the steep mountain of ice, spread their table on the summit, and enjoyed their dance of pleasure on the surface of the frosty marble. Nothing disturbed their security or marred their enjoyment. Their sport was finished, and they made their way down to the water level and embarked. But scarcely had they reached a safe distance before the loud crash of the crumbling mass was heard. The scene of their gayety was covered with the huge fragments of the falling pinnacles, and the giant iceberg rolled over with a shock that sent a thrill of awe and terror to the breast of every spectator. Not one of that gay party could ever be induced to try that rash experiment again.

But what is this world with all its brilliancy, with all its hopes, and its alluring pleasures, but a glittering iceberg, melting slowly away? Its false splendor, enchanting to the eye, dissolves, and as drop after drop trickles down its sides, or steals unseen through its hidden pores, its very foundations are undermined, and the steady decay prepares for a sudden catastrophe. Such is the world to many who dance over its surface, and in a false security forget the treacherous footing on which they stand. But can any one who knows what it is, avoid feeling that every moment is pregnant with danger, and that the final catastrophe is hastening on?

Is it in a merely fanciful alarm that we warn you to flee from the wrath to come, that we tell you that every moment of life is full of the deepest solemnity, and that we admonish you of the treacherous character of hopes that glitter like the pinnacles of the iceberg in the sunlight, which a moment may crumble to ruined fragments, strewn over your grave? If it is solemn to die, is it not solemn to live, when any moment may be the door through which you may pass into eternity? What

are all the objects upon which you rely—health, strength, youthful vigor—but the frozen marble beneath your feet, that may yield in an hour, when you dream not, and leave you to sink in a river, which no plummet can fathom? Could you be so secure, so heedless of warning, if you realized your true condition?

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Come with all thy Family.

"COME thou with all thy house," is the divine invitation and the divine command. God has linked you by the strongest affections to others—friends, kindred, bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. How kindly, how tenderly has he bound up the welfare of others with your own! They can not suffer, but you suffer with them. They can not rejoice, but your heart beats in glad sympathy with theirs. Let their names be tarnished, and yours is involved. Let them become profligates, blasphemers, reprobates, and your gray hairs will be brought down in sorrow to the grave. Let them be brought low by sickness, so that the flame of life flickers in the socket, and you begin to fear that you must soon prepare their shroud and coffin, and how a weight of lead rests upon your heart!

But are they not in greater peril? Is not their immortal destiny at stake? Are they not living without God, and without hope? Are they not every day adding new sins to the catalogue of an ungodly life? If they were cut down now, would you have any reason to believe that they had rest in Jesus? If parted from you now, would there be any ground to hope that you would stand together at the right hand of the Judge?

And yet God has made you largely responsible for them. You can almost draw them with you into the ark, if you will truly enter yourself. You can dedicate them to God; you can intercede in their behalf; you can hold up to their view the peace, the blessedness, and hope of a child of God; you can point to heaven, and lead the way. Oh! if the venom of your example should poison their lives, if your contempt of Christ and his ordinances should be copied by them, if your prejudices and passions and schemes should be transplanted to their bosoms, if the taint in your blood should be transferred to their veins, if your selfishness, vitiated tastes or diseased piety, should become their inheritance—then, though you yourself might be saved, even as it were by fire, how would the harvest of your folly descend to them as their heritages of woe! You can not fail in duty, you can not refuse to enter, or enter hesitatingly the ark, without imperiling their salvation. Oh! bring them with you as you come! If you have found Jesus, point him out to them. You are united in affection; you are conjoined by a common sympathy. Beware how you allow any line of separation to be drawn, which will leave them excluded from the refuge in which your soul has found a shelter.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Lights Hid under a Bushel.

How many of the professed disciples of Christ are guilty of hiding their lights under a bushel! They fear the judgment of the world pronouncing them fanatics. They are so sensitive to the unfriendly criticisms of unconverted men, that they feel impelled as much as possible to conform to the fashions of the day. The "Puritan" has ever been a term of reproach.

But how extended, or rather how limited, is the field in which these judgments prevail! They have dominion only of a little corner of the universe, and an inch or two of time. They are provincial at the best. They do not reach above the turrets of palaces, or more than six feet beneath the sod. In the grave they have no place; in the realm of spiritual existence they are outlawed; in the hour of sickness or disease they share the fate of the enfeebled body, and perish with it. A few years at the longest, and he that vindicated these most boldly, repudiates them as folly. Why, then, should a Christian be moved by them? How pointed the reproof of an old divine in this matter! "What though the polite man count thy fashion a little odd and too precise; it is because he knows nothing above that model of goodness which he hath set himself, and therefore appears nothing beyond it; he knows not God, and therefore doth not discern and esteem what is most like him. When courtiers come down into the country, the common, homebred people possibly think their habit strange; but they care not for that, it is the fashion at court. What need, then, that the godly should be so tender-foreheaded, as to be put out of countenance, because the world looks on holiness as a singularity? It is the only fashion in the highest court, yea, of the King of kings himself." G.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Unspotted from the World.

A DISCIPLE of Christ can not be too careful to keep himself "unspotted from the world." Stains of sin upon his robe are spied out by a thousand eyes. Rents in it are noted with triumphant derision by the enemies of the cross of Christ. It is not merely the believer's personal welfare that is at stake. It is his Master's reputation; it is the prosperity of his cause; it is the salvation of souls.

What occasion have you—who bear the name of Christ, and who profess to be clothed in the robes of his righteousness—what occasion have you given for the world's reproach? Is your profession stained with the greed of worldly good? is it dishonored by passionate indulgence? by unbecoming speech? by violations of Christian charity? Is your Master's honor in your keeping, and have you thus betrayed it? Are lost souls looking to you, excusing their errors by your own? Are the careless and the godless comparing their lives on the score of morals, with yours? If your garments are stained with sin, or draggled in the mire of the world,

who shall estimate the evils and mischiefs that shall flow from this neglect?

Most appropriate is the exhortation of the saintly Leighton: "Let us then remember our way, and where we are, and keep our garments girt up; for we walk amid thorns and briers, which, if we let them down, will entangle and stop us, and possibly tear our garments. We walk through a world where there is much mire of sinful pollutions, and therefore it can not but defile them; and the crowd we are among will be ready to tread on them, yea, or our feet may be entangled in them, and so make us stumble or possibly fall."

The Celestial City.

GOING ASHORE.

A FEW months ago we received a brief letter from a venerable and veteran pastor — now, and for many years past, at his high post on the walls of Zion — in which he alluded, with characteristic beauty and graphic imagery, to his expected landing at the celestial city. The brief allusion seemed to drop naturally and gracefully from his pen, as if among his familiar thoughts. We caught a glimpse of the good man, through this little word-painting of less than a dozen lines, so vivid that we see him still. He seemed to be standing on the upper deck of a gallant steamer under full headway. He had taken his position there, looking onward over the bows to descry away in the distance the first sight of the celestial city and its tall spires rising before him, and looming up to his delighted eye. He seemed ready to step ashore the moment the steamer touched the pier. We saw no luggage, no incumbrance about his person, to trouble him or delay his landing for a moment. And no wonder, thought we, at his readiness to go ashore, for all his family, save one, had gone before him. His eye kindled as he gazed toward the distant spires, and his bosom swelled at the thoughts of a reünion of the loved ones who had reached the celestial city before him. He has not yet gone ashore.

As the venerated pastor alluded to has been successfully laboring for many years to bring men into sympathy with the character of God, and from his house of faith and from the windows of his belief, been pointing many to look toward the celestial city, we have used the incident above to preface the following sketch from the *Three Months' Ministry*, recently published:

"It is impossible that we can aright understand either God's word or his power, unless we are in sympathy with his character; and if, then, we are not in sympathy with that deep and patient love in which the fullest expression of God's character is given, we shall not apprehend any Bible truth as we might, and specially in its relation to future existence and eternal good. You may present to a man a book in a small type, and say: 'Can you read this?' He answers: 'No.' You present it to him in a larger type, and again ask: 'Can you read

this?' 'No.' You take the very largest type that you can procure, 'Can you read it?' 'No.' But what if he should then say: 'I am blind?' That explains all. A blind man can neither read the truth in small type nor in larger type, nor in the largest type; but the man whose eyes are weak may often read it in large type when he can not read it in small. So, again, if from your house of faith you look out of the windows of belief, and upon the distant edge of the horizon see the bright towers of the celestial city, you may take a man to the window, and you may point to the distance and say: 'Now, can you in that dim cloud see a point, just the top of a pinnacle? That is the pinnacle of one of the great, beauteous mansions of the celestial city — can you see it?'

"'No, no; not at all.'

"Then you say: 'Well, do you see yonder spire, a good way on this side — a tall object, lighted up just now with the glittering sunbeams?'

"'No, no.'

"'Then do you see, much nearer to us, to the right — it is almost in a line with the spire — do you see a beautiful tree covered with spring verdure, green leaves, beautiful white and red blossoms?'

"'No, no.'

"'Well, do you see, then, just below — it is almost in the same line — just below, in a valley, but upon its opposite slope—do you see a house, a broad, kindly, hospitable-looking house?'

"'Yes,' he says, 'I think I see the house.'

"'Then look right across the house steadily. Do you see, now, the tree?'

"'Ah! I see something dimly.'

"'Do you think you see the spire beyond?'

"'Hardly; and yet there is a point of light.'

"'Well, now, look right to the very edge of the sky. Do you see any thing?'

"'No—yes! but only a cloud; still I had not noticed that cloud before.'

"Now this house which lies near us is the house of affection and friendship; and that beautiful tree which grows further off is the tree of poetry, of the blooming, enthusiastic, feeling heart; and the spire that rises up beyond belongs to the temple of religion, in which we worship; and quite in a line with this you may observe, on the edge of the sky, the towers of the celestial city, half hidden in a luminous cloud. And if a man has those full human affections, which are interpreters, he will be able, when we point him to the spire, to see beyond it the city in the distance; and if we point him to the tree, he will see the city; and if we point him to the house, he will see the city; because they all, as it were, lie in one line; and he that can see the last object — that can note it distinctly, even as a cloud — can see all the other objects which lie in a line with it. But it may happen that a man can only see clearly the first object. He can see how holy and how lovely human friendship is. Well, if he has affection enough just to discern that, the other things behind

it he can at least see dimly. You can not have an eye for love without looking toward heaven, though heaven itself may remain for a while invisible. For you can not behold this house of friendship without getting a dim sight of the tree of poetry, whose beautiful blossoms soon come clearly into view; and if you can behold the tree of poetry, it is impossible that you can have any clear view of it without seeing something of religion beyond. You will see the spire, as it were, through the leaves of the tree, and yet above them. And if you see the spire, why, then, it is quite certain that you will soon see the celestial city; for these four rise up one above the other."

The Voice of God.

GOD speaks to men in a thousand voices: sometimes loud, as in the death of friends, and calamities; sometimes soft and gentle, as in the tender mercies of his providence and grace, and in the gentle whisperings and breathings of his gentle Spirit to win them back to life and heaven.

Reader, God calls in *health*. He speaks to us when we are well, for he knows we need to be in full possession of all our powers to attend aright to the great concern. In health we read his calls on the printed pages; hear them from the sacred desk; trace them in the events of providence; feel them in our hearts.

And in *sickness* God calls. He awakens in us apprehensions of danger, turns our thoughts to the past, carries our imaginations to the future, lets us look into the grave, discloses the solemnities of the judgment, gives an earnest of eternal retributions.

God speaks in *prosperity*, where all is bright and cheering; reminds us that our sun may soon be obscured, "and storms of sorrow fall."

And he speaks in *adversity*, when all is dark and gloomy; directs our thoughts to a better world, where sorrow and sighing flee away, and tears are wiped from every eye.

God calls in *youth*, when the heart is tender, before the world has bound it in iron fetters, and before evil habits are fixed; he says: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

And in *manhood* God calls, impresses us with the importance of being ready for early death, and urges the duty of spending the remainder of our days in his service.

And then in *old age* he calls; reminds us that our sands are nearly run; that soon the silver cord will be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, probation ended, destiny fixed.

In seasons of *revival* God calls. When others are converted and enter the ark of safety, he leads us to think that now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation. He impresses us with the belief that one call will be the last; that there will be a last time; that we may refuse Christ and grieve the Spirit once too often; and he excites the apprehension that now may be our last opportunity, and that, if we now neglect to secure an interest

in Jesus Christ, we may never have another offer of mercy!

Reader, will you listen to *this* call of God? It may be your last! Disregard it at your peril!

Prayer-Meetings.

READER, do you attend the prayer-meeting? Does your heart exult in the prospect of meeting God in the social-circle, and of mingling your prayers and your praises with the lovers of Jesus? Have you a relish for this employment, which will lead you to forego your ease, and worldly gain, and carnal joys, in order to participate in it? Does conscience answer: No? Shall heaven's King offer you an audience of himself, and will you throw an indignity upon him, by voluntarily absenting yourself from the place where he unvails his glory? Shall heaven's gate be flung open, and you invited to behold its beauties, that your soul may be ravished, and your heart made to leap for joy, and will you refuse to look? Shall better than angels' food be furnished, and will you refuse to go and taste?

Reader, we again ask, do you attend the prayer-meeting? Why do you not? Are you fatigued with the labors of the day? Who has required you to exhaust your bodily powers, and thus to unfit your mind for its noblest employment? Are your worldly concerns numerous and pressing? Who has required you to spend every hour in caring for the body, while the soul is starved? But, you say, I can not spend *so much* time in social prayer. *How* much? Have you three prayer-meetings in a week? And can you not spend three hours, out of every one hundred and sixty-eight, in the praying circle? Can you not give this fraction of time to God, in this way? You would blush to tell the meanest friend you have, that you could not devote so small a portion of your time to him, when either your interest or his requires it. If you can command the time in no other way, redeem it from sleep, from useless conversation, vain musing, or light reading. Three prayer-meetings a week! Why not have one every day? We know of some Christians who have a daily prayer-meeting. They rise before the sun, and spend a half-hour together every morning, in reading, and praying, and praising God. And they are ten-fold better prepared to discharge the duties of the day than those who have spent that half-hour upon their beds.

"But our prayer-meetings are dull, formal, and lifeless, and I receive no benefit from attending them." That is the very reason why you ought to attend them. Why are they thus dull and lifeless? Have you contributed to make them so, by your tedious, monotonous prayers, your sluggish singing, your drowsiness of manner, and your coldness of feeling? A prayer-meeting is composed of its members. Let every member come with a right frame of spirit, and the meeting will be full of interest. Let all come seeking for God, and God will visit and refresh them.

The benefits to be derived from attending a prayer-meeting depend very much upon the state of mind with which we attend upon our daily business. Do you indulge a worldly-minded and covetous spirit? Do you suffer yourself to *forget God* in your worldly business? In a word, instead of living for the glory of God, are you living for yourself? If so, you have only to look into your own heart for the cause of the dullness and unprofitableness of the prayer-meeting.

"But the prayers are *so tedious.*" We wish there were no ground for this complaint. The petitions of a *hungry soul* are soon offered up, as a hungry child asks for bread in few words. In social meetings, no prayer should exceed five or eight minutes.

Let the hymns also be short, and the singing animated. The exercises should be varied. Something more should be introduced than mere singing and praying. The reading of a few verses of Scripture, a striking anecdote, or some appropriate remarks, will add greatly to the interest and profit of a prayer-meeting.

"But we have no prayer-meeting in our neighborhood." And are you a Christian, surrounded by fellow-Christians, and yet without a prayer-meeting? To what purpose is man made a *social being*, if in the most important business of life, his social nature is to be entirely lost sight of, and his social feelings disregarded? if, in the purest pleasure of which his nature is capable, he may not participate with kindred spirits? We love to share our joys and our sorrows with others. And if *the heart* is interested in religion, this principle of our nature will bring us together in the social circle, to pour forth our united prayers and complaints into the bosom of our common Parent. And we venture to say, that where prayer-meetings are neglected, the closet is seldom or never frequented.

Pray for your Minister.

FEW Christians are fully impressed with the importance and advantage of this duty, both to themselves and the church of which they are members. This duty faithfully performed blesses the pastor—blesses the Church and cause of Christ, and blesses him who offers this prayer of faith. If Christians were united and importunate in praying for their ministers, how would revivals be multiplied, and conversions to God be greatly increased! Pray, then, for your minister.

1. For divine grace to renew, quicken, and preserve him as a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for his Maker's use.

2. That the Holy Spirit may so apply his studies, that he may ever be a learner, and always a teacher.

3. That the Lord would so order and sanctify his experience, and direct and bless him in the use of his talents, as to prove that he was sent and is owned of God.

4. That he may always be *faithful* as a *preacher*, *diligent* as a *pastor*, and *exemplary* as a *pattern*.

5. That he may never trifle with the word of God, the souls of men, or the delusions of Satan.

6. That he may be preserved from diminishing his usefulness by a political, a worldly, or a careless spirit.

7. That he may be watchful to discover, and labor to improve opportunities of usefulness.

8. That his hands may be strengthened; by God's providence restraining the wicked — his grace renewing and comforting penitent believers—and his power preserving his spiritual children in truth, righteousness, and peace.

9. That his principles and conduct may invariably be regulated by the commands and example of Christ.

10. That he may realize and diffuse such an *unctional spirit*, as may be most salutary to himself and profitable to others.

11. That God may dispose him to ascribe the success of his labor to the divine purpose, mercy and power.

12. That he may be blessed with such encouragement in his work, as may prove a constant stimulus for renewed exertions.

Remember that the most enlightened, faithful, talented, and consistent minister is but a man; and pray for your minister, as St. Paul exhorted the Romans to pray for him.

"Now I beseech ye, brethren, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe, and that my service may be accepted of the saints."

The Night in the Garden.

It seems to me that the history of the world can not exhibit an act of higher, nobler courage than our Saviour performed in coming down to meet Judas and the armed band, the night before he was crucified. Just imagine the scene. On the eastern side of Jerusalem, without the walls, there is a sudden descent to a stream, which flows through the valley. Across this stream, on the rising ground beyond, was a quiet and solitary place, where Jesus often went for retirement and prayer. He understood very well his approaching torture and crucifixion; he had taken, the evening before, his last sad farewell of his disciples, and with the day of agony and death before him on the morrow, he could not sleep. It was a cold night, but a sheltered dwelling in the city was no place for him. He asked his three dearest friends to go with him, that he might once more cross the valley, and for the last time take his midnight walk upon the Mount of Olives. Oppressed with anxiety and sorrow, he fell down alone before God and prayed that he might be spared what was to come. He had gone on firmly thus far, but now his heart almost failed him. Six long hours of indescribable agony seemed too much for the frail human powers which must necessarily bear the whole. He prayed God to spare him if it could be possible.

But it could not. His strength failed under the exhaustion produced by his mental sufferings and by the more than death-like

tion which the night-air, at this season that even ly soldiers needed fire, t chill. Mysterious help ıven restored him a little, ugh refreshed through y sympathy, we must re- that it was human pow- had this trial to bear.

ıt there is heard through ı, at a distance down the he sound of approaching Lights are seen too; and then a glittering weapon. e coming for him. Fly! ; sufferer, fly! Turn to k solitudes behind you, for your life! No. The is over. The Saviour, l and composed, rises and ı to meet the very swords ırs sent out against him. ıst remember that there ɔody to encourage him, to defend him, or to share

It was in the darkness lness of night, the very fear and dread; and the h of those whose dim nd suppressed voices ar- ıis attention, was the sig- of danger but of death; leath merely, but of pro- and unutterable torture. arose and went forth to em. "Whom seek ye?" ; "I am he." We have is story so often that it its impression upon us; ld we come to it afresh, lly appreciate the gloomy, l circumstances of the re should feel that the de- Saviour, in coming down, these circumstances, to e torches and the weapons were to light and guard him back to such enemies and such a death, exhibits the loftiest example of fortitude which the world has ever seen. There was less noise, less parade, less display than at Thermopylæ or Trafalgar; but for the real sublimity of courage, the spectacle of this solitary and defenseless sufferer, coming at midnight to meet the betrayer and his band, beams with a moral splendor which never shone on earth before, and will probably never shine again. —J. ABBOTT.

The Little Coffin.

FEW households have been saved from the sad sight of the little coffin:

> "There is no flock, however watched or tended,
> But some dead lamb is there."

The births and the early deaths of little children are a great mystery. Nature has nothing to say in the way of consolation by the infant's grave. Wordsworth says:

> "In an obscure corner of a country churchyard I once espied, half overgrown with hemlock and nettles, a very small stone laid upon the ground, and bearing nothing more than the name of the deceased, with the date of birth and death, importing that it was an infant which had been born one day and died the following. I know not how far the reader may be in sympathy with me, but more awful thoughts of rights conferred, of hopes awakened, of remembrance stealing away or vanishing, were imparted to my mind by that inscription there before my eyes, than by any other that it has ever been my lot to meet with upon a tombstone."

It is a great mystery, but who shall say how many hearts have been kept tender by the death of

a little one? We knew a hard man ourselves—a hard old man, a solid piece of human earth, nearly seventy years of age, who often wept when it came to him to think of, or remember, or speak of a little only child, who died at the age of four. Nothing else moved him; but the memory of that little creature had power to turn the heart to rivers of water. The wondrous words and ways of the little ones, inarticulate words, and sounds, and unconscious little cleverness, come very clearly and sadly upon the heart.

"Two little children were one day seen very ill in the same room. The oldest of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word 'Hallelujah!' but without success; the dear little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death he was silent for a moment, and then, looking up at his mother, said: 'Johnny can say Hallelujah now, mother!' In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing hallelujah together."

Thus with the words of their departed darlings, parents should comfort each other, as parents only can.—*Wm. Logan's Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children.*

A Council in Heaven!

THERE was a council in heaven. Jehovah assembled the holy intelligence of light around his throne. He informed them man had violated his command by eating of the forbidden tree. "My justice," he said, "requires the execution of the sentence passed upon him; or that the broken law be honored by the perfect obedience and death of another in his stead. Can any of you devise a plan upon which I may spare the rebel, and yet preserve the dignity of my character and the honor of my throne? Can any of you take his place, obey my law, bear my wrath, and die for him? Or must the rebel die?"

Go to the Prayer-Meeting.

LET attendance on the meetings be regular and constsnt. If your faith is weak, go. If your love is chilled, go. If hope be clouded, go. Every professed Christian should be sure, if possible, to go, that the activities of the soul may be stirred up and drawn out in the service of Christ. If you have for a long time staid away, and the Christian armor has got rusty, go. "Prayer makes it bright," burnishes the shield, the sword, the helmet, and the breastplate of righteousness. Go, if only a few are expected to be there, for if you stay away the number will be less. Go, expecting the presence and refreshings of the Holy Spirit, and expecting to meet Christ there, agreeably to his promise, that where two or three are gathered together in his name, he will be in the midst of them. Be sure to go, *always to go*, to the prayer-meeting, when possible, even at the sacrifice of ease and profit in worldly things, and you will find a rich reward in it to your own soul, and see blessings descend upon the Church of Christ.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON III.*

BY REV. GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D.D.,

OF NEW-YORK CITY.

SOME OF THE PROVIDENTIAL LESSONS OF 1861.

WILL remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings. Thy way, O God, the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God! Thou art the God that doest lers: thou hast declared thy strength among the people."—PSALM 77: 11–14.

HE close of the year has always been regarded as a period l adapted to a serious review of life. On reaching it, a ghtful man will instinctively turn back to consider the path has been traveling, and the principles which have guided him. s quite impossible to attain a high degree of personal wisdom culture without occasional seasons of calm, honest self- ection; and there is a natural fitness in the closing of the r for such a task. It is a favorable moment, also, for consider- the ways of God, and studying those great principles by which governs the world. I recollect hearing the celebrated Professor ter, of Berlin, remark, that if one wished to understand the figuration of the earth, he should begin by going forth into

* Preached on Sunday afternoon, December 29th, 1861.

nature, and observing carefully the structure of the hills and plains just about him; he would thus become virtual master of the laws which explain the geography of the globe. The saying is not inapplicable to the course of Providence. He who marks well the manner in which God governs the world for a single year, will have little difficulty in understanding the general principles upon which he has governed it from the beginning, and will continue to govern it to the end of time. "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." There is no caprice, no vacillation in Providence. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Although as free as it is almighty, both its freedom and its power are immutable. Its methods may and do differ; some of them being plain to every eye, while others are exceedingly involved and obscure, baffling human insight; but its principles and end never change; and they are always most wise, just, beneficent, and true. Like the roots of the everlasting hills, a part of God's designs may be deep out of sight; but like the summit and massive sides of those same hills, seen under a clear sky, how distinct, grand and substantial are oftentimes the visible parts! As we contemplate them, how they seem to lift us to the very heavens and to inspire us with the consciousness of a strength and repose immovable like their own!

Let us spend a few moments, then, in looking back over the year on whose outermost verge we now stand, and gathering up some of the lessons which it so impressively teaches us. I say *us*; for although its events, I do not doubt, are intended for the ultimate instruction of mankind, we are the party principally concerned with them at present. Foreigners and foreign nations may be prepared to understand their import by and by; we see that they are not at all prepared now. It is a domestic, American trouble; we are the chief actors and the chief sufferers; and whatever the issue, whether good or bad, ours will be the immediate gain or loss. What the next year may bring forth, we can not tell; the circle of trouble may be so widened as to reach the Old World and involve other nations; but even should that occur, which may it please Heaven to forbid! the stress of conflict will still be here; and we shall still be the foremost actors and sufferers. God is plainly executing in the United States one of those great historic movements which notch the centuries; and he is not likely to be diverted from his foreordained plan by any foreign interference whatever. The strategy of Providence is exceedingly sagacious, comprehensive, and far-reaching; and is very apt to be successful, let who will attempt to thwart it.

What, then, are some of the more obvious lessons taught us by the momentous events of 1861?

1. I reply, first of all, that God really governs the world. I

know we all professed to believe this in 1860, and never remember the day, perhaps, when it was not a leading article of our creed. Providence itself, as well as the Bible, had often impressed it upon us. But who is not ready to confess that the course of events during the past year has taught this truth, especially as it regards our national life and affairs, with an emphasis altogether extraordinary! How dimly the most of us had been wont to perceive God's hand in sustaining our republican institutions and government! We had almost come to feel that the Union and Constitution and liberties of our country needed no divine support; that they were as incapable of being overthrown as the Alleghanies or the Rocky Mountains; yea, as the great globe itself. But we have been rudely awakened out of this delusive dream. We have seen our idolized ship of state going upon those fearful breakers, which we knew had proved the grave of many a powerful and renowned government; we have listened through long, long months of agony to the creaking of her timbers, the dreadful sound of the rocks and the fury of the raging sea, until at length it became clear to us as noonday, that only one Pilot was wise enough or strong enough to weather the storm and save her from utter, hopeless wreck; and that was the Almighty Pilot, who planned and built the ship! And how well He has thus far justified our confidence! "If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side, now may Israel say: If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us; . . then the proud waters had gone over our soul." I have recently called your attention to the many irresistible proofs that we owe our deliverance to the special favor and interposition of Providence; and I need not repeat them now. You will, I am sure, agree with me in the feeling that they ought to excite within us mingled awe, astonishment, and thanksgiving. If as a people we ever forget to praise the God of our fathers for the manner in which he hurried to our rescue in this appalling crisis, our tongues should forever cleave to the roof of our mouths!

But it is not merely in reference to what he has done for the salvation of the republic, that the past year teaches us how real is God's government of the world. This whole civil convulsion, in all its aspects, proclaims, trumpet-tongued, the same truth; it does so, at least, to every thoughtful and devout observer.

You recollect the opening words of the famous French preacher at the funeral of the Grand Monarch, "God only is great!" In a similar strain we might well exclaim, as we recall the strange scenes of the vanishing year, and bid them a final adieu: "God alone rules among the inhabitants of the earth!" In the presence of such awful troubles and desolation — in the presence of such vast changes, coming home to the very bosoms and involving the dear-

est interests, the happiness and the national existence even of thirty millions of human beings — it seems a kind of impiety to recognize any hand but that which made the world. Some, I know, deem it an easy thing to show exactly how this storm arose; who and what were the agents in producing it; and how it might have been avoided. They can see in it nothing but the natural effects of obvious human causes. For myself, I can not assent at all to this view. It is only half the truth. Of course, I do not deny that this trouble has real and deep-seated human causes. It is no bare miracle, nor has it sprung up out of the dust. Never was there a great civil convulsion, whose historical grounds and motives were more distinctly traceable, or more worthy to be studied. But when we have gone as far in this direction as it is possible to go; when we have philosophized upon the matter to the extent of our ability, we shall still find ourselves confronted with difficulties whose only solution is the decree of Omnipotence. Both reason and religion will compel us to cry out with the psalmist: "Come, behold the works of the Lord! what desolations he hath made in the earth! He is terrible in his doings toward the children of men." If there be a chapter in American history crowded with providential events and judgments, it is certainly that which contains the records of 1861. The very insignificance of most of the human agents only serves to bring all the more clearly into the foreground of the tremendous scene that mysterious Power, which led the hosts of Israel through the wilderness, which stood by Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace, which St. John, in his vision of heaven, saw riding forth in righteousness to judge and to make war, ruling the nations with a rod of iron and treading the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God — that august Power before the breath of whose nostrils kings and statesmen and mighty men are as chaff driven by the whirlwind. The first great lesson, then, taught us by the events of the past year is the reality and beneficence of the divine government.

2. The next lesson which we have been learning from the same events, is the inestimable worth and sanctity of rightful human government. What loose and false notions used to prevail among us on this subject! How imperfectly we were imbued with the sentiment that civil society is a divine institution; that rulers are ordained of God for the terror of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well; and that they are responsible to him for the faithful performance of their duties! Not that we directly denied this truth; on the contrary, it was not unfrequently inculcated from both the pulpit and the press; but we had only the faintest conception of its fundamental position in the moral order of the world; we hardly dreamed of its immense practical meaning and importance. We had been in the habit of regarding

overnment so exclusively on its mere earthly side; of consider-
ng and treating it as the creature of our own will and of
attering ourselves for the skill with which we and our fathers
ad framed and carried it on; political power, too, had been so
rostituted to evil purposes, so divorced from the nobler influ-
nces, intelligence, and character of the nation, that there was a
atural repugnance to mixing up what seemed so utterly worldly,
rith the thought of God, and giving it the sanction of his author-
ty. There is nothing more antagonistic to the sentiment of rever-
nce than honest contempt; and this is the very feeling which
ad for years been growing stronger and more intense among the
est portion of the American people towards mere politics and
olitieians. The two terms were fast becoming synonymous for
hatever is most groveling, mercenary, and unprincipled in hu-
an conduct. How, under such circumstances, could government
self retain any deep hold upon the respect and veneration of the
eople? The effect was exactly analogous to that which follows
n the sentiments of a community toward the Church, when
eligion and its professors become widely infected with formalism,
ow morals, and hypocrisy. At such a time it is of little use to
alk about the Church as an institution of God; men are in no
ood to receive the doctrine. They are rather disposed to wish
here were no church in the world. And thus thousands of the
ost intelligent and virtuous people in this country had grown so
eart-sick of the political degeneracy, meanness, and corruption
f the times; so filled with indignant shame and disgust at the
anner in which power was prostituted to selfish and wicked
nds, that, instead of looking up to government as an ordinance
f God, they were rather inclined to wish there were no such thing
n existence to stimulate men's bad passions with its huge tempta-
ions!

But the experience of the past year has taught us new and
ore scriptural lessons on this subject. It has taught us that if
here were no such thing as government in the world, human society
ould be changed into a hell upon earth. It has taught us that
e can no more dispense with law, order, and civil authority than
e can dispense with light and air and daily bread, in the sphere
f our physical, or with property, marriage, and the family, in the
phere of our moral being. We have found out that God has
laced us under government for the largest and most robust disci-
line of our nature; for developing in us the manliest virtues,
oyalty, honor, fidelity, obedience, self-sacrifiing courage, and pub-
c spirit; and that the proper way to show our discontent with
s abuses is to labor with religious zeal for their correction, and to
ulfill all the duties of a good citizen. We have, in a word, been
aught deeper lessons respecting the true nature, the necessity, the
ust claims, and the boundless beneficence of rightful government

during the past year than during all the previous three-score years of the century. And alas! for us, if we do not mark, learn, and inwardly digest them! What solemn lessons, too, have been given us respecting the real character and fruits of a government founded in lawlessness and treason! The grandest and best things are the most fearful when converted into instruments of unrighteousness. No sort of impiety equals that which comes of turning the grace of God into licentiousness. What form of social pollution is like that of an adulterous marriage? It was an "archangel ruined" who led on the rebel host of heaven. And so when the majesty of government is made the cloak and shield of unnatural rebellion, we have one of the most terrific spectacles ever witnessed among men. Such a monstrous spectacle has suddenly presented itself to the astonished gaze of heaven and earth, in the midst of this Christian land—in this second half of the nineteenth century. Mankind never looked upon one more strange or impressive. I firmly believe it is designed by divine wisdom to teach the unhappy people of the South and the whole nation lessons, which neither they nor their children after them will ever forget. When we emerge out of this dark night of trouble, as with God's blessing I believe we shall, it will be with such a sense and such memories of the power and benignity of rightful free government on the one hand, and of the cruelty and terrors of a lawless, tyrannical government on the other hand, as shall compensate, in no small degree, for all our sacrifices. We are a youthful people yet; and we shall still be assailed by gigantic temptations to break asunder those bands of righteous law and restraint which, with such pious wisdom, our fathers wrought into the whole framework of our national life, and which no people can long set at naught but at the risk of being dashed in pieces, like a potter's vessel. May it not prove to us, in times of future trial, a bulwark of moral strength that thus, in the early manhood of our career, we had borne the yoke and learned obedience by the things which we suffered?

3. Another weighty lesson, vividly taught us by the events of the past year, is the extreme weakness of good men, and their liability to be carried away by popular frenzy. I know of nothing connected with this great rebellion more unspeakably sad than the hearty approval it has received from thousands of the best men and women in the South—persons of unquestionable virtue, intelligence, and Christian principle. Instead of regarding it as a colossal crime, they profess to regard it as one of the holiest wars ever waged. No Crusader ever fought for the recovery of the holy sepulcher with a fiercer zeal than many of them have displayed in this assault upon the life of their country. And if we had lived in the South, who can say how few of us would not have followed their example? I do not allude to this subject

here for the purpose of uttering harsh words; I have no heart for that. The simple fact is painful and dreadful enough without angry comment; at least from the sacred desk. It is something to weep and wail over. May the Lord forgive them; for they surely know not what they do! And for ourselves, let us learn from this appalling instance what a poor protection mere personal virtue, intelligence or piety affords against a thoroughly demoralized and frenzied popular sentiment; how readily the most solemn oaths and obligations and opinions may be swept away when once the public reason is dethroned, and mad passions installed in its place; above all, what an unutterable curse it is for society to carry in its bosom and idolize as divine an institution, which, like slavery, is essentially at war with the first principles of Christian justice, humanity, and civilization. I am very far from thinking that good men at the South were any worse than good men at the North. But they breathed a social atmosphere, charged with perilous stuff; they had long eaten of an insane root; and it only needed the favoring circumstances to concentrate the poison, and plunge them in one common, universal delirium. Not with pharisaic pride, but with heartfelt grief, pity, and prayer let us contemplate their deplorable state, and thank God, not that we are better than they, but that our lot has fallen to us in higher latitudes and on freer soil. But it would be wrong to forget here that there have been bright exceptions to the general madness, which has swept over the revolted States. History does not record finer instances of patriotic fidelity and heroism than have tinged with a silver lining this black cloud of conspiracy and insurrection. Not a few have been found to whom Milton's beautiful description of the seraph Abdiel might be justly applied:

> "Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
> Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,
> Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
> Superior ——"

4. And this leads me to note another lesson written as with the point of a diamond upon the events of the past year; I mean the paramount claims of our country to our services, property, life, and every thing earthly that is ours. We had often felt the supremacy of these claims in reference to other times and former generations; and we had read with admiration and delight of the manner in which they were met by the noble army of patriots and martyrs to liberty from the Hebrew, Grecian, and Roman ages down through all the Christian centuries to our venerated sires. But we ourselves have lived in quiet, prosperous times, and it has

been only to a very limited extent that we have felt in our own persons the more severe pressure of public duty. As a consequence, it can not be denied, the patriotic sentiment had been greatly weakened and injured for want of discipline; private interests had assumed a dictatorial power; we were giving ourselves up, without let or hindrance, to the pursuits of gain, to the buying of pieces of land, of oxen, and of merchandise, and to the building of fine houses, and doing our own pleasure — in a word, to making money and to self-indulgence. I do not say that this was all, that no higher motives actuated our lives; but simply that the overwhelming tendency and temptation was to move along a very low plane of thought and action, to regard life as chiefly intended for our private use and profit. Was it not so? Did we not read and hear about deeds of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to great principles very much as of a winter's evening, around his own fireside, one reads about shipwrecks and storms at sea? But the case is altogether different now. This year has initiated us into a higher love. It has taught us that next to God we belong to our country, and that at her bidding there is no sacrifice we ought not cheerfully to make—no toil we ought not to undergo—no danger, though it be to march to the cannon's mouth or stand in the imminent deadly breach, which we should shrink from facing; it has made us comprehend that almost all the things we had been used most to think of and to prize, are as nothing compared with her approval and benediction. How vividly conscious we now are, that in serving our country we are in the glorious service of justice, law, freedom, humanity, and religion! that in spending and being spent for her, we are helping forward the great cause of God, and treasuring up blessings for our posterity and for all mankind. Who can estimate the elevating and transforming influence of such thoughts as these, suddenly awakened as they have been during the past year, in the minds of millions whose existence before had been chiefly absorbed in mere material interests! what an education for the public spirit, the loyalty, and whole manhood of the nation! Certainly it is some compensation for the woful losses and suffering and horrors through which we are passing, that they serve as the providential occasion for developing in the heart of the American people that sublime consciousness of truth and duty which is at once the strength and the crowning grace of a free Christian state. Thousands of loyal citizens who began the year in health are now sleeping in a soldier's grave or pining in gloomy prisons and hospitals, or weeping the tears of widowhood and sharp bereavement; tens of thousands more who began it in wealth will end it in poverty; innumerable fortunes have been thrown overboard and sunk out of sight in this sea of trouble. It would be hard to estimate the grief, waste, loss, and destruction

of property, of business, and of solid schemes of life which have come upon the nation; and yet if we reckon wealth and prosperity as Heaven does, the country and the people are incomparably richer than they were twelve months ago. How much richer in patriotic confidence and affections, in devotion to the general good, in patience and virtuous self-control, in manly valor and unboastful self-reliance, in gratitude to the past, in hope and high resolve, in reverence for both law and liberty, and in the assured feeling that the God of our fathers is still our God and will be the God and guide of our children! This is a kind of wealth which, though coined out of hearts' blood, is more precious than rubies; there are no jewels which adorn the brow of a Christian people with such resplendent beauty.

The lessons of which I have spoken by no means exhaust the impressive teaching of this year of wonder. What new and terrible light it has poured in upon the hidden depths of American slavery! What amazing proofs it has given us of the power and resources of political crime, when once organized into a system, actuated by the spirit of a domineering social caste, backed by popular frenzy, and led on by a band of resolute, remorseless, and desperate conspirators! Only amidst the horrors of the first French Revolution does modern history offer a parallel. What light, too, do the events of this year cast on the disputed problems respecting the progress of Christian society, and the effect of that progress upon individual character and the old depraved passions of human nature! But important as these points are, I will not stop to dwell upon them now. Some of them, indeed, have been considered in previous sermons; and all of them are likely to acquire fresh interest and meaning as this fearful drama of Providence shall be more fully developed.

5. I pass, therefore, to a closing lesson, which brings the subject home directly to our own bosoms, and is a most fitting reflection for this last religious service of the year. It is the vanity of the individual man, except as he stands related to God and eternity. I spoke a moment ago of the paramount claims of our country and the general good over our private interests. But, after all, how insignificant is any one individual among thirty millions, is any single life in the great perennial life of the nation! It is like a single grain of sand upon the sea-shore; it is a fugitive wave among the infinite, multitudinous waves of the ocean! You and I are bound to give all we have to our country, and to die for her if need be. But how easily our country can dispense with your services or mine, with you and me! Our friends would miss us, and mark the spot and the hour when and where we vanished from sight; but the nation, busied and oppressed with its tremendous cares, would move on as if we had never existed. There may seem to be exceptions now and then, like

that of the illustrious soldier and patriot whose loyal solicitude has just hurried him back across the wintry Atlantic, and whose career has contributed so largely to shape that of our Union. But even these rare exceptions are so chiefly in appearance. It is the personal virtue and nobleness, which especially entwines such men's names with the history and fame of their country. If Washington had not been a man of consummate personal worth, would he ever have been so enshrined in our grateful love and veneration? Here, then, public and private duty are reconciled. We serve our country and the world best when we most diligently cherish those pure, generous and holy affections, those immortal virtues, which prepare us for a better country, that is, an heavenly—for the eternal fellowship of saints and angels, and for the presence of our God and Saviour. Thus is the ideal of a perfect Christian culture one with that which makes us good men and women, good citizens, and good in all the varied relations of our earthly life. Let us see to it, then, that first of all by prayer, repentance, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a devout imitation of his sinless example, we perform aright our inalienable personal work. Let us allow nothing—no pressure of public care, no excitement of the times, no worldly attraction or interest—to seduce us for a moment from that inward, spiritual allegiance which we owe to the adorable Captain of our salvation.

Let us live in Christ and to Christ, and we shall then live most wisely for all about us. This is the best method of rendering ourselves useful and a blessing to our homes, our friends, our country, the church, and the whole world. This is the way to enjoy "central peace" amidst the endless agitations of temporal existence, and to secure a seat among the happy few

> "Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
> Sons of the morning——"

Thus standing at the post of duty, like faithful sentinels, we shall not be surprised or affrighted by the coming of the Son of Man, whether he come in the second or in the third watch. "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants."

SERMON IV.*

BY REV. GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D.D.,

OF NEW-YORK CITY.

HOW TO MEET THE EVENTS OF 1862.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of ...son, and righteous. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, ...g in the Lord. His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his ... upon his enemies."—PSALM 112: 4, 7, 8.

I CALLED your attention on last Sunday afternoon to some of ... providential lessons taught us by the extraordinary events of ... past year. My present aim will be to show in what spirit we ...ht to look forward to the events of the new year, and how we ...uld prepare ourselves to meet them; or, to express it in another ..., let us consider what is the most Christian posture of mind ...rds the future at such a time as this.

The subject, I think, every one will admit, is eminently practical ... seasonable. It comes home to the business and bosoms of us ... If we have any real faith in God, never was there a moment ...er fitted to test and to illustrate it. If there be a fundamental ...rence between the religious man and the worldling, now is the ... for letting it be seen. If Christ's Gospel, as in several recent ...nurses I have tried to show, is intended and able to trans...e our earthly life with sacred beauty, to give us comfort, ...ld our fainting spirits, and brighten the darkest cloud of ...ble with the bow of celestial promise, let it do so now. Never ...re had we such an occasion to put in practice all the noblest ...ciples of our religion. Never before had we such an oppor...ty to do signal honor to our Lord and Master by the manner ...hich we represent him to the world. Never before were we ...moned by so loud a voice from heaven to take unto us the ...le armor of God, and quit us like true Christian men and ...men. If, in such a storm as this, we are found faithless and ...en-hearted, it will only demonstrate how unworthy we are ...e name we profess, and of the privileges we enjoy; it will ... show that we deserve to be cast overboard as so many mere ...bs and cumberers of the ship.

... what spirit, then, ought we to look forward to the events of ..., and how should we be prepared to meet them when they come? ...ur blessed Lord himself, or one of his inspired apostles, should ...ar to answer this question for us, what would that answer be? ... know what it would be; for in effect they did answer it

* Preached Sunday afternoon, Jan. 5th, 1862.

eighteen hundred years ago. It is truly marvelous how much in our Lord's teaching, in that of his Apostles, and in the Old Testament, has reference to the manner in which great public troubles should be encountered; nor is there any thing in the Holy Scriptures that exhibits, in a light more impressive, the moral elevation, power, and magnanimity of the Christian spirit. It is not, however, in the teaching of the Bible alone that we get the right answers to the question I have asked; we have it answered practically a thousand times over in the whole history of the Church. How large a portion of that history is a record of suffering! If there is any thing that the Church ought to understand well, it is the Gospel art of meeting great tribulations—of facing every kind and degree of public and private calamity; for her experience has sounded their lowest depths. There is no wave and no billow which has not gone over her. It is hardly possible to conceive an exigency so momentous or so perplexing, that nothing analogous to it can be found in her annals. There were, no doubt, some events in the year just closed which form an altogether new chapter in the book of universal history; it could not be otherwise. Providence is not wont to copy itself. Its principles are always the same, because they are perfect and eternal; but its lessons, like spring-flowers, have an infinite variety and freshness. There is always something unique about them. They carry the race on to a higher point of view, and a more complete knowledge of the truth and ways of God. They shed new light upon the great problems of humanity and Christian society. They help to bring nearer the day when the reign of Divine Justice shall be fully inaugurated from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same. It will be so, we may rest assured, with the lessons and events of 1862. The events of 1862! How little we foreknow exactly what they will be; how they will affect our country and the world, or how they will affect us individually! Never before was the immediate future so utterly inscrutable. Changes which, not long ago, would have consumed half a century, now occur in a single year. Events move on with a rush like ice issuing in the spring from one of our Northern rivers. There is something in their magnitude, rapidity, and prodigious effects which baffles and defies all foresight. A thousand years used to be with the Lord as one day; now one day is almost as a thousand years. Never was the sagacity of men most profoundly versed in the knowledge of affairs, and of the past, so utterly at fault. Whether this is owing to material, social, or rather to specifically providential causes, or to all three combined, we need not stop to inquire; enough that the fact is indisputable. This new year is likely to be quite as eventful and exciting as the past. We can not tell what the course of things will be; but be it what it may, we know it must be one of incalculable importance. It will, perhaps,

decide the fate of our country; nor would it be very strange if the destinies of several other countries should be virtually fixed this year. One has only to glance at the colossal forces arrayed against each other in mortal struggle; one has only to consider what interests, what principles, and what opinions are also arrayed against each other, all striving for the mastery; one has only to reflect that peace and readjustment are now impossible, except through a great victory, or a great defeat, and the understanding of a child can perceive that we are drawing near to events, the fame of which will "roll sounding onward through a thousand years."

And now, I ask again, in what spirit does it become a Christian man to look forward to and meet them?

1. In the spirit of devout filial trust in God. This is the first and best thing. Nothing else can supply its place. Prayer and faith put the soul at once in the right temper for meeting whatever is coming to pass. They connect the events by anticipation with that Almighty Power without which not a sparrow falleth to the ground. God will govern the world this new year, from beginning to end, just as wisely and effectually as he governed in the past; and who of us can refuse him the tribute of our grateful praise and adoration for the manner in which he governed it last year. Who is disposed to charge him with having made any mistake? He will commit no mistake in 1862. He will allow no one to thwart or circumvent his plan. That plan is already formed, even to the minutest detail; it includes all the events of the year up to its dying second; many of them will be strange and unexpected to us, but not one of them will be so to God. There is not a shadow of doubt, not a shadow of reason to doubt that he will manage the affairs of our country, during the next twelve months, with infinite skill. There will be a great deal of bad management on the part of men, as there has been in the past; but out of these very errors the divine skill is sure to elicit some ultimate advantage. If there should be no human mismanagement; if every thing should be done exactly as we might wish, or think best, it would be something unheard of in the history of the world.

Now, if this be a true statement of the Christian doctrine of providence—and I ask you, if it is not?—if, moreover, that doctrine is no barren theological dogma, no pious illusion, no mere theme for the pulpit, but the most fruitful and substantial fact in the sphere of human affairs, then, what a sublime resting-place it affords to our anxious thoughts, as we listen to the roaring of the waves, and try to peer out into the midnight darkness that enshrouds the future! We have heard, during the past year, a great deal about the masterly strategy of our generals, and the triumphs which in a little while were sure to crown it. But expe-

rience has already taught us that this is no certain reliance, and that able combinations may be formed on the other side. It is eternal Providence alone whose combinations are unerring and always successful; for God sees the end from the beginning, and can cause the victory of enemies and the discomfiture of friends alike to further his own designs. If any one is afflicted with a feeble impression of this truth, let him read through his Bible again, and see how from the book of Genesis to the book of the Revelation it shows God's sovereign hand in the world. That ruling hand is strong and skillful as in the beginning. It is as busy in our affairs to-day as it was in the affairs of the chosen people at any moment in their history; it is as busy in our affairs to-day as it was in any events described in the Apocalypse; as it was in the blessed Reformation of the sixteenth century; in the civil wars of England; or in our own struggle for national independence. How absurd to believe that God notes the fall of a sparrow, and yet takes no part in a contest which shakes the world, and involves the most vital interests of Christian civilization! Rest assured, he not only takes part in it, but the chief part. Rest assured, the struggle is his, and intended to secure his ends. This is not denying the proper freedom of the human agents, nor the reality of the human causes; it is merely asserting that above all these, and running through all these, is a Providential cause and agency to which they are subordinate, and which is the true key of the moral situation. Such is the simple teaching of religious faith. Let us endeavor to practice it to the full. While others are floundering in the bog of endless conjecture and worldly calculation, or tossed to and fro in the whirlpool of excited popular opinion, let us stand firmly upon this Rock of Ages, lifting up our heads in the strength of filial trust and prayer. It is always folly to try to walk through this world by sight only; it is madness to do so now. If we would not be confounded nor put to shame; if we would look the future in the face without dismay, we must learn to keep step to the music of Providence, and say continually in our hearts: Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

2. Armed with such a joyous and devout trust in God, it will not be difficult for us to exercise in all things a spirit of Christian patience and moderation; and that is the next point. I am aiming to show how we may most honor our religion by the manner in which we demean ourselves in a time of public calamity; and I have said that the first requisite is to put ourselves in direct communion with God, reverently intrusting our cause to him, and leaning upon his arm. This is a posture of the human mind than which nothing nobler can be conceived of. But it is not easy to attain it: a bare wish, a volition, a sermon will not make it ours. It has severe conditions, like all eminently good things; and one of these conditions is a spirit of Christian patience

and moderation. You can not rest in God without a corresponding equipoise and rest in yourself. A state of reasonless excitement and passion is utterly hostile to prayer and religious trust. It needs only a slight acquaintance with our mental constitution to see—what is indeed evident from daily observation — that lawless passion, in all its forms, and whether it express itself in word or deed, discomposes and enfeebles the soul. It is, for the time being, a dethronement of reason, converting the wise man into a fool, and the bad man into a maniac. It casts a cloud over whatever is fair, generous and strong in human character. If it once gets possession of a whole people, its effects are like a conflagration. Nothing that stands in its devouring path is sacred any more. The solemn temples, the halls of justice, the venerable monuments of other times, the galleries of art, the sanctuaries of misfortune and distress, and the homes of the people — all turn to ashes before it. It is indeed a fearful thing, and we can not guard against it with too much vigilance. Many seem to feel as if the exciting times justified almost any amount of impatient and furious emotion. But that is certainly a strange mode of reasoning; it is as if one should argue in favor of the freest use of strong drink, because there was an extraordinary prevalence of intemperance; or, as if one should think it a good time to set all sail, because a hurricane was blowing. No doubt, the exciting times supply inexhaustible fuel for the stormy passions of our nature; they render it exceedingly difficult for the wisest man to keep his balance; but is that any good reason why he should not keep his balance? Because the temptations to cutting loose from the safe anchorage-ground of Christian principle are overwhelming, should we, therefore, deem it a light matter to cut loose and be driven forth, rudderless, upon the wild, tempestuous waves? No, my brethren; that would be a very childish course, dishonorable equally to our manhood and to our piety. Exciting and perilous times are the ones, of all others, for the exercise of the most heroic and religious qualities; they are the times appointed for the highest triumph of Christian fortitude, calmness and self-control; they loudly call for and presage general ruin unless they find silent, thoughtful, self-poised and lion-hearted men, who loathe boastful noise and bluster, who fear God, and will not swerve from the path of justice, duty and honor, though a million of voices clamored never so fiercely for them to do so. It is always easy to give way to the petty, selfish and malignant passions; at such a time as this it is easier than to think or speak. There is nobody so bad or so foolish that he can not do it; and there is nobody so wise and good that he is not in constant danger of doing it. Of course, I am not arguing against strong feeling, nor censuring or deprecating its reasonable expression. No one, it seems to me, can now feel right without feeling deeply. Indifference, while such issues are

pending, is a sort of moral treason, and I pity the man who is cursed with it. But there is a world of difference between profound and boisterous, unbridled or rancorous feeling. Our rightful emotions can not be too profound; but they may be readily vitiated and wasted in fretful talk, clamor and empty rage. They may get extravagant and lawless. We ought to husband them with religious care; we should aim to concentrate them upon the best objects, and to elevate them into deliberate convictions and principles of action. Without them there is indeed nothing truly generous and grand in human character; we can not be thoroughly and effectively in earnest if not impassioned. But Christian passion is not that of gall and wormwood; it is the wise inspiration of love, and pays dutiful homage to truth and justice. When roused to the utmost pitch of righteous indignation, it still remembers the saying that is written: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Nothing, in fine, is more beautiful in times of general distress and agitation; nothing indicates more plainly a soul planted above the turmoil of the hour and in close alliance with heaven; nothing is surer to exert a soothing, benign influence than the gentle spirit of Gospel patience and moderation:

> "A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
> And to one's greatest haters kind."

As a people, we are taking lessons on this subject, which ought to make us wiser. We have witnessed, during the past year, the frightful and barbarizing effects of unrestrained passion, on a scale unknown before on this continent; and our ears have recently been stunned by loud reports of the same explosive mischief from beyond the ocean. We have seen the public sentiment of the first Christian nation in the Old World completely frenzied by sudden rage, and, casting all patience and moderation to the winds, pour itself forth in a torrent of vindictive menace and vituperation; and that, too, against a kindred Christian people, perplexed in the extreme, and agonizing in a desperate struggle for their very existence. Were not such a fancy precluded by the practiced literary skill and unmistakable Anglican manner of the assault, one might easily imagine that the cunning emissaries of the great pro-slavery rebellion itself had all at once been installed in the responsible editorial office of guiding the public opinion of the British nation, already so prejudiced and misled by their stealthy machinations. What a comment upon Christian civilization in the second half of the nineteenth century! What a fine illustration of the boasted progress of society! I do not forget that this tempest of wrathful abuse and threatening was met on the spot by generous, brave words of Christian rebuke and moderation; we may feel quite certain it found no echo in the heart of England's most excellent and beloved, but now, alas!

widowed Queen, as we are assured it did not in that of her deeply lamented consort. Neither do I forget to what an extent it was raised, by the artful appeals and misrepresentation of an unscrupulous press. But after taking all these things into account, it still remains an exceedingly painful and disheartening spectacle. Nor have we ourselves always been guiltless of similar violence. But let us hope that a better day is dawning. The dignified and considerate demeanor of the American people under the recent severe trial of their temper, is highly auspicious, and seems to me a fit matter for devout thanksgiving. They would not have met such a provocation two years ago with the same calmness. It will be no light reward for all our present sufferings if, exorcising the aggressive, unclean spirit of national pride and self-conceit, they teach us to understand that the real glory of a Christian people, as of a Christian man, is to be just, patient, and reasonable, as well as strong.

3. But I hasten to note another thing that ought to mark the spirit with which we go forward into the new year. It is a courageous willingness to make any and every sacrifice to which our country may call us. The year opens with many favorable omens. As we look back and recall the beginning of 1861, it seems as if a mountain had been lifted from the heart of the country. Then we were in horrible fear lest the Lord God of our fathers had abandoned us; lest the ancient ancestral glory which, from the day it was set up, had filled our political tabernacle, was about to depart, and our life as a people was to be extinguished in an abyss of national idiocy, cowardice, and shame. That hideous dread God has been pleased mercifully to remove from us. He has breathed upon the hearts of the people, and summoned them to arise and shake themselves from the dust of their selfish interests and old vices—to put on their beautiful garments, and array themselves for both the battle and the altar of burnt-offering. Nor have they been disobedient to the summons. Never in our day did they stand on so high a moral vantage-ground; never, I firmly believe it, were they in closer alliance with eternal justice, or more ready to do its bidding, than they are now. But a vast work is yet to be done; a work of whose magnitude the most of us have only the faintest conception, and which no man can adequately comprehend; a work requiring consummate wisdom, fortitude, valor, energy, perseverance, loyal self-devotion, and faith in God; a work worthy to have tasked any generation of good citizens, soldiers, and statesmen that ever walked the earth. And if Moses, David, Nehemiah, Daniel, and the most renowned patriots of Greece and Rome—if King Alfred and Washington were before me, I would still say so! This is clear as daylight, take what theoretical view you please of the past, the present, or the future. If victory should henceforth perch upon the national

standard on every battle-field; if peace should hasten to come back and spread her white wings over the whole reünited republic, even then it would be so. We can not be too deeply impressed with this truth; especially should it be engraven, as with the point of a diamond, upon the consciences of our public men, our President and his Cabinet, our Senators and Representatives, the leaders of our army and navy, and all others, of whatever calling, who occupy places of influence and authority in the land. That man is not fit—that man is utterly unworthy to have a voice in the national councils, or to direct the national forces, or to guide the popular opinion at this awful moment, who does not see and is not greatly sobered by the thought that he is not living in ordinary times, nor fulfilling ordinary functions, but that, by the appointment of Almighty Providence, he is transacting business for unborn generations and for the human race. If, instead of this, he is merely looking out for some plank which he may appropriate from the wreck of the public prosperity; if his chief thought is how to make money out of the distresses of the nation, or how to further his petty, selfish political ends, then, I say, he is a traitor to God and his country, and, if he does not repent, will doubtless at the day of judgment, if not sooner, receive a traitor's doom. All our ends now should be for God, our country, and mankind. What are we individually, and what are all our earthly interests—what is any man in the land, I care not how high he stands—and what are his individual interests, that we should stop to weigh them or ourselves in the balance against such public claims as now press upon us? Let us, then, face this new year and its unknown events armed with a courageous willingness to perform any service and make any sacrifice for the sake of helping on the good cause. It is not impossible that foreign war may be added to our intestine strife. If so, let us pray that it may be thrust upon us wrongfully; and then, conscious of right, we may calmly, reverently, without boasting, yet without dismay, join issue with a world in arms. Then the stars in their courses will fight for us, as they fought against Sisera. Friends innumerable will spring up throughout Christendom, and even in heathen lands. Above all, the Lord of hosts will be with us, and will take part on our side. This, my brethren, is the way to peace in calamitous times: an unflinching loyalty to duty and to God. This will keep any man from

> "Starting and turning pale
> At Rumor's angry din;
> No storm can then assail
> The charm he wears within:
> Rejoicing still, and doing good,
> And with the thought of God imbued."

4. The subject is so important and fruitful—it is so emphatically a life-question for us all, that we might well spend many hours in

considering it. But I will detain you with only one further remark. Let us enter upon the new year in the full assurance of hope; that is the natural conclusion of all I have been saying, and it is, moreover, our Christian birthright. Let us not hang down our heads like bulrushes, but lift them up, as our Lord bids us, assured that, amidst all these troubles, our redemption is drawing nigh.

> Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
> Amid the roar of smiting seas
> And ship's convulsive roll,

let us still keep our eye fixed steadfastly upon the eternal Pole-star, and our souls staid upon the promise and oath of our Almighty Leader. Then in due time shall our light break forth as the morning, and our darkness become as noonday. Let us not be afraid of evil tidings. The future of the republic extends beyond a year, and will be long enough, let us not doubt, for the complete triumph of law, justice, freedom, humanity, and Christian truth. Wherefore, my brethren, be strong, and rejoice always in the Lord and in the power of his might; for surely the wrath of man shall praise him, the remainder of wrath shall he restrain. Pray without ceasing. Let patience have her perfect work. Let your moderation be known unto all men.

Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work. AMEN.

REV. GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D.D.: NEW-YORK, January 8, 1862.

DEAR SIR: We respectfully ask, for publication, copies of the two sermons on "The Lessons of 1861," and "The Events of 1862." The times urgently demand the employment of every influence calculated to inspire the public confidence, allay impatience under existing evils, and to excite a proper spirit to meet the dangers and difficulties which impend over the country. The sermons in question seem to us so well designed to effect these results, that we wish to extend their influence beyond the congregation to which they were addressed. Hoping for a favorable answer to our request, we are, dear sir,

Yours very truly and respectfully,

WM. E. DODGE, LEGRAND B. CANNON,
GEO. B. DE FOREST, R. H. MCCURDY,
HERMON GRIFFIN, HENRY B. SMITH.
D. D. LORD,

NEW-YORK, January 9, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: The sermons, of which you request copies for the press, were written in haste and without any thought of publication. But if you deem them fitted to further in the least the righteous cause, they are entirely at your service.

Believe me most truly yours, GEORGE L. PRENTISS.

Messrs. WM. E. DODGE, LEGRAND B. CANNON,
GEO. B. DE FOREST, R. H. MCCURDY,
HERMON GRIFFIN, HENRY B. SMITH.
D. D. LORD,

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

A Catechism on Prayer-Meetings.

QUESTION. What is a prayer-meeting?

ANSWER. An assembly where Christians meet for prayer, and are met by their Saviour. (Matt. 18 : 20.)

Q. How shall prayer-meetings be made interesting?

A. By keeping our hearts at all times in a devout and spiritual frame.

Q. How are prayer-meetings often spoiled?

A. By going to them with a cold heart.

Q. How may those who lead in prayer, pray to the edification of the people?

A. By being direct, earnest, fervent, *short*. All prayers recorded in Scripture are *brief*, and generally for *particular* rather than for *general* objects.

Q. What are "vain repetitions"?

A. To go over the same ground in the same prayer repeatedly, by circumlocution; or by repeating, with every breath, the name of the Supreme Being. Some persons will begin every sentence with, "O our heavenly Father!" whereas in the Lord's Prayer it is introduced once only, at the beginning. Vain repetitions are wearisome and painful to the hearer and unacceptable to God. (Matt. 6 : 7.)

Q. What should be most prominent in our prayers?

A. In the Lord's Prayer there are three petitions for the glory of God, and the coming of his kingdom, before any for ourselves. But men often reverse this, and make a long prayer for themselves, and then put in a single petition, at the close, for Christ's kingdom.

Q. Should the Scriptures always be read in prayer-meetings?

A. Yes; for we need not only to speak to God, but to hear God speaking to us.

Q. What is the greatest defect in social prayer?

A. Formality.

Q. How is formality induced?

A. 1. By cold or languid affections. 2. By always running the same round in our prayers.

Q. How may formality be corrected?

A. 1. By keeping our spiritual affections lively and active. 2. By getting out of the *rut*.

Q. How may we hinder the devotions of others?

A. By using low, uncouth, or ungrammatical expressions, misquoting Scriptures, etc., or by a wandering, tedious, dull or languid manner.

Q. How are these things to be corrected?

A. By studying propriety of expression; by a lively sense of our wants, and by stopping when

we have expressed all that we really *feel*.

Q. What should be the character of *exhortations* in a prayer-meeting?

A. Direct, confined to a single point, and *short*. It is better to hear a few words from many, than many words from a few.

Q. How long should a prayer-meeting be?

A. Never so long as to weary the people; for "where weariness begins, devotion ends." The Fulton-street meeting, which has excited so much interest, is limited to one hour.

Q. Is it the duty of every Christian to attend the prayer-meetings of the church to which he belongs, whenever it is in his power?

A. If not every one's duty, whose duty is it? The professor who does not regard it as a privilege to attend the prayer-meeting, has reason to question his own good estate.

Q. Ought unconverted persons to attend prayer-meetings?

A. If they desire God's blessing, where can they find a better place to seek it?

Q. What is predicted of God's people concerning prayer?

A. Zech. 8 : 20, 21; 12 : 10.

The Four Circles.

IMAGERY, when graphic and appropriate, often flashes impressive truth into the mind and heart, even as the burnished mirror when it reflects dazzling light from the face of the sun. The sainted Payson once used the following imagery, as a kind of spiritual chariot to convey his meaning to the hearts of his hearers:

"Suppose professors to be ranged in different concentric circles around Christ. Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they can not bear to be at any remove from him. Even their work they will bring up and do in the light of his countenance; and while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eye to him, as if fearful of losing one beam of his light.

SECOND CIRCLE.

"Others, who to be sure would not be content to live out of his presence, are yet less absorbed by it than these; and may be seen a little further off engaged here and there in their various callings, their eyes generally on their work, but often looking up for the light which they love. Who among you, brethren, are in the second circle?

THIRD CIRCLE.

"A third class beyond these, but yet within the life-giving rays, includes a doubtful multitude, many of whom are so much engaged in their worldly schemes, that they may be seen standing sideways to Christ, looking mostly the other way, and only now and then turning their faces toward the light. The question arises: Am I in the third circle?

THE FOURTH CIRCLE.

"And yet farther out, among the last scattered rays, so distant that it is often doubtful whether they come at all within their influence, is a mixed assemblage of

busy ones, some with their backs wholly turned upon the Sun, and most of them so careful and troubled about their many things, as to spare but little time for their Saviour."

Christ an Intercoder.

How very different are Christ's prayers for us, from any thing which we can do for one another! He can always aid us. We can not always do it. Let me try to show you the difference.

Many years ago there were some men in the State of P. who would not obey the laws of their country, but tried to destroy the laws, and have their own wills. When men go so far as to unite and say they will not obey the laws, this crime is called "high treason." Among these men who did so, was one by the name of J. F. He was carefully tried by the court, and found guilty and sentenced to be hung. The death-warrant was signed by the President of the United States, and the day was fixed on which he should die. But just before the day came, some people went to the President and asked him to permit a woman to see him who had something to say to him. The President said he would see her. A few kind friends went with her to the house of the President. The President stood up to receive her. But what was his surprise to see this woman with ten children all kneeling before him in tears! They were the wife and the ten children of J. F., kneeling and weeping, and interceding for the life of their father, who was condemned to die! The President stood in amazement, and then the big tears came gushing down his cheeks, and his voice was so choked that he could not speak. With his eyes streaming with tears, and his hands raised toward heaven, he pushed a way out of the room. Oh! what a moment of anxiety. Would he hear the petition, or would he let the man die? In a few moments he returned with a paper in his hand. It contained a full and free pardon for her husband, and their father. He gave it to Mrs. F., and she went away, and returned joyful to her home, having her husband with her.

This was interceding before a human being; Christ intercedes before God. This was interceding for one man; Christ does it for all his people. This was for one short life; Christ asks for us eternal life. This was for one sin; Christ intercedes for all our sins. This was for a friend; Christ does it for those who had been enemies. This saved from the curse pronounced by human laws; Christ saves us from the curse of God's law. This was a little stream; but Christ carries us over the dark river of death.

Suppose one of these children were condemned to die, and were shut up in prison, and were going to send a petition to the governor for your life—whom would you wish to carry it? The most worthy man in the whole town, certainly. Christ is the most worthy being in the universe, and therefore he is a good intercessor. If you were to petition

: your life, whom would you
sh to carry your petition—a
anger, or some warm, intimate
end of the governor? The
end surely. You would say,
e governor will be more likely
hear his friend than a stranger.
ns; and God is ever well-
eased with his dear Son, and is
lling to hear him when he in-
ceedes for us.

History informs us of a man
10 was doomed to die for some
me which he had committed.
is brother had lost an arm in
fending his country. He came
ward and held up the stump
his lost arm and interceded
: his brother. The judges were
affected by the remembrance
his past services, that they
ely pardoned the guilty bro-
er for his sake. Thus is Christ
scribed to us as sitting on the
rone, with his wounds yet
eeding, (Rev. 5 : 6,) and inter-
ding for us.

Christ.

MEN have no saving views of
d, but in Christ; and God has
gracious view of men, but in
rist.

The Son of God, bearing the
nishment of sin in our nature,
ls us what is the enormity of
, more than can be told by
e torments of wicked men and
len angels through all eternity.

Seek to be pardoned through
rist; but, above all, seek to
beloved of Christ.

There is no honor like a rela-
n to Christ; no riches like the
ace of Christ; no learning like
e knowledge of Christ; and
there are no companions like the
friends of Christ.

All our hope, as to freedom
from guilt and ruin, and as to ac-
ceptance with God, is in Christ.
Where can we obtain pardon and
peace but in him? Through
him alone, we receive all, from
the least drop of water to the im-
mense riches of eternal glory!

What should a sinner do, but
go to Christ? What can become
of a sinner, if Christ do not re-
ceive him?

The love of Christ is a vast
ocean, that can not be fathomed,
and is without a shore.

When conviction opens the
eyes of the natural man, the first
object he sees is Christ on the
cross, dying for him.

The Wonders of Prayer.

THE Bible abounds in great
historic facts, which strikingly
illustrate the nature and the
power of prayer, when addressed
in strong faith to God, whose arm
wields, at will, the resources of
the universe, to accomplish his
designs, and answer the requests
of his people.

We quote the following from
an eminent writer, richly suggest-
ive of topics enough for twenty
discourses, and ample food for
private Christian meditation for
many hours:

"Abraham's servant prays—Re-
bekah appears. Jacob wrestles, and
prays, and prevails with Christ. Esau's
mind is wonderfully turned from the
revengeful purpose he had harbored for
twenty years. Moses cries to God—
the sea divides. Moses prays—Ama-
lek is discomfited. Joshua prays—
Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—

Samuel is born. David prays—Ahithophel hangs himself. Asa prays — a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat cries to God — God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray — 185,000 Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays — the dream is revealed. Daniel prays — the lions are muzzled. Daniel prays — the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai and Esther fast — Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays at Ahava— God answers. Nehemiah darts a prayer — the King's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elijah prays —rain descends apace. Elisha prays— Jordan is divided. Elisha prays — a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The Church prays ardently — Peter is delivered by an angel."

Strange Questionings.

DR. LEASK, in his new work *Happy Years at Hand*, just published in London, asks: "What does God intend to do with this world—this great, beautiful, and populous world, the scene of so many miseries, so many mighty acts, so many divine miracles, and so many and such long-continued struggles between the powers of good and evil? Shall it be converted? If so, by what instrumentality, and when? and that 'when?' has come back from every idol temple and lofty mountain in a long and sickly echo. And again the dreary 'when?' has gone up to heaven from the prayer-meeting, falling doubtfully from the preacher's lips, rolled heavily in the large missionary meeting, and passed around the globe like a desolate thing seeking a resting-place, and finding none. Or does God intend suddenly to destroy the works of his hands, to set fire to the earth, and sweep it to destruction, just at the time when multitudes were beginning to hope that signs of better days were budding forth to gladden the eyes of the nations? Shall the earth — Adam's earth, man's earth, Christ's earth—speedily be seen by startled angels flying in its orbit through the heavens, one vast globe of intensely heated fire, like a steamship in flames rushing madly through the hissing sea?"

Historic Prayer

A COPY of the following remarkable prayer, preserved by a descendant of Col. Talmage, of revolutionary memory, who was present on the occasion, was recently obtained and read on a public occasion, at a meeting of the Sons of Connecticut:

"In the year 1781, a squadron of cavalry passed a Sabbath in Litchfield, Ct., and attended public worship in the meeting-house, when Rev. Judah Champion, the pastor, made the following prayer:

"'O Lord! we view with terror and dismay the approach of the enemies of thy holy religion. Wilt thou send storm and tempest to toss them upon the sea, and to overwhelm them in the mighty deep, or scatter them to the uttermost parts ofthe earth? But, peradventure, should any escape thy vengeance, collect them together again, O Lord! as in the hollow of thy hand, and let thy lightnings play upon them. We beseech thee, moreover, that thou do gird up the

loins of these thy servants, who are going forth to fight thy battles. Make them strong men, that 'one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.' Hold before them the shield with which thou wast wont in the old time to protect thy chosen people. Give them swift feet, that they may pursue their enemies; and swords, terrible as that of thy destroying angel, that they may cleave them down when they have overtaken them. Preserve these servants of thine, Almighty God! and bring them once more to their homes and friends, if thou canst do it consistently with thine high purposes. If, on the other hand, thou hast decreed that they shall die in battle, let thy spirit be present with them and breathe upon them, that they may go up as a sweet sacrifice into the courts of thy temple, where are habitations prepared for them from the foundations of the world."

Fire Low.

In addressing the multitude, we must remember to follow the advice that Cromwell gave his soldiers: "Fire low." If our eloquence be directed above the heads of our hearers, we shall do no execution. By pointing our arguments low, we stand a chance of hitting their hearts, as well as their heads. In addressing angels, we could hardly raise our eloquence too high; but we must remember that men are not angels. Would we warm them by our eloquence, unlike Mohammed's mountain, it must come down to them, since they can not raise themselves to it. It must come home to their wants and to their wishes, to their hopes and their fears, to their families and their firesides. The moon gives a far greater light than all the fixed stars put together, although she is much smaller than any of them; the reason is, that the stars are superior and remote, but the moon is inferior and contiguous.

Some of our Brethren.

There are times in the history of every church, and in the lifetime of church prayer-meetings —for prayer-meetings have a recorded history on high, if not below — when a few words timely and kindly uttered, will be like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Suppose a pastor should say, in kindly and tearful tones, when facts seem to call for such an expression: "Your presence, brethren, at the prayer-meeting is encouraging." But is not the prayer-room too often neglected? And are there not many spurious excuses offered to palliate this neglect? Some of our brethren who possess talents of a high character, which might be used to great advantage in the prayer-meeting, are bound in the napkin, and if not buried in the earth, are laid aside but for a little better purpose. This is what disheartens the minister of Christ. He has, perhaps, been instrumental in your conversion; presented to you in behalf of the Church the right hand of fellowship; recorded your names in the records, and fondly congratulated himself on the noble accession to

the cause of Christ. He knows, and God knows, that you have talents too valuable to be lost. But, alas! he is disappointed. He goes to the prayer-room, and to his surprise, finds you absent. Marvel not at his depression of spirits. He must mourn, when so few come to Zion's solemn feast. By this neglect of the prayer-meeting you give decided evidence of your indifference to the cause of God, the prosperity of the Church, the salvation of souls, and personal piety.

Sabbath-School Children.

AT an anniversary-meeting of the London Sunday-school Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked, that in catechising some children on the subject, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," the following are the questions and answers:

What is to be done?
The will of God.
Where is it to be done?
On earth.
How is it to be done?
As it is in heaven.

How do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are our pattern?

The first replied:
"They do it immediately."
The second:
"They do it actively."
The third:
"They do it unitedly."

Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl rose and said:

"Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

Prayer.

PRAYER is not the labored, loaded, complimentary address to the Deity generally dignified with the title of adoration. Of all the definitions of prayer none ever struck us like the one given by an Irish divine: "Prayer," said he, in his usual abrupt and sententious style, "is a sense of want seeking relief."

Prayer is This.

To look into the Bible and see what God has promised; to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what we want; and then, for Christ's sake, ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.

Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ: that he might be found in Christ, that he might be with Christ, and that he might magnify Christ.

"Leaps the Live Thunder."

I LOVE living thoughts; one thought that awakens interest and leaves an impression on the mind, is of more practical value to me, than twenty thoughts of greater weight, if they fail to make a distinct and abiding impression. To secure such an impression, the thought must be good and the mode of expression must be perspicuous.

Moreover, the thought must be either peculiarly weighty, or original, or possess a happy adaptation, or be couched in a peculiar vocabulary, or dressed in a style which shall be to it as a robe, "white and glittering," or it must be communicated in tones that thrill and melt the soul.

"You can not print thunder," aid a minister of the Gospel to ne, when solicited to give his ermon to the press. "I know t," sir; "yet I can not hear some trains that fall upon my ear from he pulpit, without feeling a trong desire to communicate the mpression to others." My pastor nce remarked, that "one im- ortant thought, issued afresh, ike a coinage in full weight, duly ssayed, and with a sharp image, nd resplendent surface, would edeem all the defects of even a oor sermon."

What is Prayer?

PRAYER is not a rapture, a rhap- ody, a flight into the third hea- en. It is not the proud ascent f the imagination into some igh region of splendors and sub- ime abstractions. It is not ne- essarily the ecstasy of the soul verwhelmed with a rushing tide f irresistible emotions. It is a imple, every-day business. It is imply communing with God — ommuning with him, not in eaven among the seraphim, not 1 some mid region of the air, emote from the range of human usiness and trials and burdens, ut here on earth, just where we eed his grace and help. In or- er to this communion, God does ot call us up to himself; he omes down to us—down to the evel of our infirmity. Thus he akes prayer a simple thing, as mple as the expression of a hild's desires, whispered into 1e ear of a kind father. If you ould see what prayer is, or ra- ier what it ought to be, study the Lord's prayer, that model of Christian devotion. How little do you see there of sublime imagination! how little of enraptured sensibility! how little of intellectual abstraction and effort! how much of a common-sense plainness, and a childlike simplicity, in matter and in manner! After this manner, therefore, pray ye.

What is not Prayer.

MUCH that has the appearance and the name of prayer is not prayer, in the proper application of that word. There is no such thing as genuine prayer which is offered without a belief in God, as the hearer of prayer. There is no genuine prayer which is not offered under the power of an expectation that it will take effect on the mind and counsels of God. Prayer that is uttered mechanically, and as a mere ceremony, for decency's sake, is not prayer. Prayer that is poured forth merely for the sake of an expected reaction, or an accompanying excitement on the mind of the worshiper, is not prayer. In like manner, the prayer that is pronounced with a leading view to produce an effect on the mind of an audience, is not prayer. Whatever may be the design of him who leads a congregation, or a family, or a little praying-circle, in their professed addresses to God, whether it be to argue them indirectly into a certain opinion, or to kindle them into a certain excitement—whatever design he may have, other than to lead the minds of that assembly to God,

and to give form and utterance to their desires, in all simplicity and humility—so far as that design influences him, his prayer is not prayer. So if the congregation merely *hear* the prayer which is offered in their name; if they hear it only to sit in judgment on its diction, its tones, its spirit, and power; if they hear it only to surrender themselves to the flow of delighted sensibility, awakened by the voice, the imagery, the fervor of the speaker, it may be prayer on the part of him who gives it utterance, but it is not their prayer; it is not united prayer; the listeners are not praying.

This—need we say it distinctly?—accounts for the inefficacy of many prayers, not only such as are cold and lifeless, but such as have much glow of feeling, and much power of solitary or social excitement. There may be feeling where there is no faith. There may be excitement in the prayer-meeting or in the closet, where there is no humble, simple-hearted supplication. How often is this illustrated in the history of a revival of religion! The commencement and progress of such a work in a congregation, is characterized by nothing, perhaps, so much as by a tenderness and directness of faith, and a simplicity of aim, in the prayers of the church, for their unconverted children, friends, and neighbors. The minds of those who pray are filled only with the object and the subject of their supplications. They pray, because they believe the unconverted must perish, unless God interpose to save them, and because they confidently hope that God will interpose in answer to request. Theirs is the energetic prayer that prevails with God. How happy are such worshipers! how sweet the fervor of such prayers! The worshipers are happy, without thinking of it; happy, because their minds are fully occupied with subjects worthy to fill their spiritual and immortal faculties. There is a sweetness in those prayers, which is nothing else than the sweetness of a humble and childlike communion with the Father of spirits.

Silence in Heaven!

THERE was silence in heaven. Cherubim and seraphim were astonished at the baseness of man. They felt, too, that they were the workmanship of God, and that he required all their services. Hence they knew they could do nothing toward atoning for human guilt. They spake not.

Then saith the Father: "Man must perish. Go, Justice, take thy sword, and let him feel the consequence of disobedience."

Here spake the Son: "Spare him, Father, spare him; I have found a ransom. I will take his place; I will bear thy wrath; I will die for him. Let him live."

Joy beamed in every countenance. "Go, my Son," said the Father. "Thou art my only, my beloved Son; but the time of thy humilitation is short, and I shall again receive thee to my bosom. Go."

In the fullness of time the Son of God came into our world. He

nade flesh; he took upon him
form of a servant. He was
in a stable, in Bethlehem of
a. And Jesus increased in
om and stature, and in favor
God and man. He went
t doing good, healing the
and giving sight to the blind.
vas persecuted, betrayed, con-
ned, crucified, and laid in a
).
ut it was not possible that he
ld be holden of death. He
e, showed himself unto his
ples, and ascended into heav-
And now at the right hand
od, exalted, he ever liveth to
e intercession for us.
e is the Saviour of the world.
offers himself as such to fallen
. None are so vile that they
not be forgiven, if they re-
t of sin and come to him.
he came into the world to
sinners, and his blood cleans-
from all sin.

Prayer-Meeting Week.

THE week of special prayer for
conversion of the world, an-
lly observed by many church-
was a season of peculiar and
mn interest in Fulton street.
Rev. Dr. Vermilye conducted
services on Monday. The
ler of subjects for prayer was
ch the same as that adopted
the Christian Alliance, at its
eting at Geneva, Switzerland,
ne months since. Most of the
ir was spent in prayer. It
s a season of deep feeling and
miliation. A few days ago,
v. Mr. Morrison was present
m Northern India, and twenty-
r years on missionary ground,
who had been the means of originating the world's week of prayer. He had urged upon the missionaries to invoke the churches throughout the world to observe the week of prayer. With a quivering lip and faltering voice he endeavored to make some mention of how God had answered prayer. Beyond — oh! yes; said he — beyond all our expectations, God has answered prayer by the effusions of his holy spirit upon missions and missionary effort. He could scarcely command his emotions when he remembered how universal had been the spirit of grace and supplication, and how universal had been the blessing to the churches. This call to prayer had been responsive to the great work which began in this country in 1858 and 1859, convincing Christians, by the great revival, of the *mighty power of prayer.*

Rev. Dr. Clark, of Brooklyn, conducted the meeting on Tuesday, and in the opening service dwelt upon the encouragements to prayer and effort and the fidelity of God's promises.

The subjects for prayer were those of home, the conversion of sinners, the cessation of vices, the spread of vital religion in our families and households, among our rulers and people, the high and low, the rich and poor, our soldiers and seamen, and the authors of our literature, both secular and religious. The meetings seemed to deepen in interest and fervor of prayer each day.

Rev. Mr. Reinke, a Moravian minister, conducted the devotions on Wednesday. The chief bur-

dens of prayer this day were revivals of religion in Eastern and Oriental lands, and for the conversion of the Jews of the old world and the new.

A minister of the Baptist Church led the meeting on Thursday, when many prayers were offered on behalf of a higher standard of piety and power among all ministers and their fellow-laborers; the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all our universities, colleges, schools; the conversion of the young in our Sabbath-schools, and other kindred subjects.

Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., conducted the meeting on Saturday, which, from its solemn and pervading interest, was the great day of the week of prayer-meeting impressions. One leading subject was that of the holy Sabbath, for its greater sanctification. As it became known that more or less were anxious for their souls, more fervent prayer was offered. The influence of this week will doubtless be felt in many hearts and minds for great and lasting good.

Double Answer to Prayer.

A YOUNG minister narrated to the Fulton-street prayer-meeting recently, nearly as follows: He had been invited to preach in a church near the east end of Long Island, which had been closed for a number of months. An earnest request had been sent to the Fulton-street meeting for prayer to God for his blessing on the effort. The church was reöpened, and for many weeks there was preaching on the Sabbath, and often in the evenings during the week. The members were revived to new efforts and prayer for the conversion of sinners. God heard and answered. The preaching was blessed, and a considerable number became anxious for their souls. The number of hopeful conversions soon amounted to some thirty-five, if we heard correctly, and the work was still in progress. The preacher sat down after hearing this testimony to the answer given to prayer. Another minister arose immediately and said, there was another request sent up to the Fulton meeting for the same purpose, which his young brother had not probably heard of. It was for prayer on his behalf who went to preach to this church. One request was for prayer on behalf of the church; the other was prayer for the preacher, and both requests had been heard and answered.

The answers to prayer in the Fulton meeting have been so numerous and marked, that it would seem as if God delighted to answer prayers offered up at the altar of this solemn and consecrated spot.

"Don't you see the Angels?"

AT the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, some days since, a pious father related, with deep emotion, the circumstances attending the death-scene of his little son, a lad of some ten years of age. He had been an attentive and faithful member of the Sabbath-school. He was a praying boy. He had given his young heart to the Saviour. He was quite an

ample of Christian life and
nduct. Recently he sickened,
d his life rapidly drew toward
close. His friends and his
stor were gathered around his
ing bed. He was calm and
nposed. He manifested no
r of death. He was in a frame
mind such as might be looked
in a case so marked. Sud-
nly, with intense gaze upward,
exclaimed: "Don't you see
angels?" His pastor at first
posed his mind might be wan-
ing, and that his reason might
impaired from the effects of
ease. He questioned him kind-
; but with calmness and clear-
s of mental vision, he said:
Don't you see the angels?"
e impression on the minds of
pastor and friends was, that
was favored with a vision of
gels, though unseen by the
s of all others in the room;
; to the mental eye of this lit-
dying saint, the Saviour kind-
granted him a sight of the
gels, who do always behold
face of our Father in heaven,
l that they were in waiting to
ry his departing spirit safe to
raham's bosom. The father
down under deep feeling of
scene thus hastily sketched.

Interesting Conversions.

IT is always instructive to ob-
ve the workings of the Holy
rit in conversion. As an in-
nce of this, we condense the
owing recent case from the
ristian *Mirror*. The writer
s:

'At the close of the service
evening, I noticed a young
lady just before me who seemed
undecided about remaining to
the inquiry meeting. Once or
twice she rose to go, but finally
sat down. When you asked
those who felt that they loved
Jesus to rise and sing a hymn,
she kept her seat. After the
hymn I leaned forward and asked
her if *she* could not say she loved
Jesus. She burst into tears. I
then asked her if she did not wish
to become a Christian. 'Yes,'
she said, 'but I shall never be a
Christian.' I begged her not to
say so, and tried to lead her to
the Saviour by telling her how
ready he was to receive her, that
he was more than willing, that he
was waiting with outstretched
arms to take her. But she said,
'No, Christ would never take
her;' she had rejected him for
three years. She had once had se-
rious impressions, but had stifled
them. During the last revival she
had been somewhat concerned
for her soul's salvation, but had
danced all night afterward, and
since then had never felt any fur-
ther anxiety about it. For three
years she had been treading
Christ under foot, and in all that
time had never offered a single
prayer, even of words, to say no-
thing of the heart. You came
and talked and prayed with her,
but still her answer was, 'I can
never be a Christian. Jesus will
never take me.' You asked her
if she thought she was a greater
sinner than Paul. She said:
'Yes, for Paul thought he was
doing God service, but she knew
she was not.' She had ridiculed
religion and these meetings, and
came only to make sport of them.

You prayed with her again and left her with those who tried to persuade her to give her heart to Jesus then; but she could not believe, and went home sorrowing still.

"The next day she was invited to go to the afternoon prayer-meeting. She went, and her countenance still indicated her deep distress. She said she had passed a sleepless night, but could obtain no relief. When you spoke with her after meeting, she begged you, if you ever knew any one anxious for the first time, to entreat them, from her, not to delay, but to come to Jesus then. She thought Jesus would have taken her at first, but now it was too late. She had said that only weak-minded, nervous people were affected by this revival; now God was showing her her condition, but would not save her. She still insists that she can never be saved: that she is willing to give up every thing, but can never be a Christian. God grant that she may find that it is her own heart that is keeping her from her Saviour, and that she may yet find peace in believing.

"This young lady remained in that state of mind for two or three days and nights, unable to sleep or feel any peace till one night she remembered this verse: 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Light broke in upon her. Yes, she said, I will trust him. I will believe. I have confessed my sins, and—'He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' Oh! I will believe him! I will take him at his word.' She had begun to trust him, and she was very happy in doing so; she feels that Jesus is her only refuge, and she is determined to try and serve him, hoping that she may eventually find that peace and joy which makes the Christian's life a heaven begun below."

"Count the Cost."

It costs something to be a true Christian. Let that never be forgotten. To be a mere nominal Christian, and go to church, is cheap and easy work. But to hear Christ's voice, and follow Christ, and believe in Christ, and confess Christ, requires much self-denial. It will cost us our sins, and our self-righteousness, and our ease, and our worldliness. All — all must be given up. We must fight an enemy, who comes against us with twenty thousand followers. We must build a tower in troublous times. Our Lord Jesus Christ would have us thoroughly understand this. He bids us "count the cost."

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SERMON V.

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THE POWERS OF DARKNESS HAVE THEIR HOUR.

"BUT this is your hour, and the power of darkness."—LUKE xxii. 53.

IN every great struggle, whatever the character of the cause, or f the combatants, and however decisive is to be the ultimate vic- ry, there is a season of uncertainty and suspense, when success ems to sway now this way and now that, and the party destined be defeated has his turn of confidence, and the lookers on are doubt how the day is to be decided. But such seasons are not dinarily of long duration, though they may be renewed again d again before the final victory is reached. And they have ons to teach us of vast importance; and uses, toward the great d for which every wise and righteous struggle is attempted, of calculable value.

It is too obvious to have escaped the notice of discerning minds, en without the aid of revelation, and still more with it, that ere is going on, and has been ever since creation, a mighty con-

test between two great moral powers. The wise men of the ancient pagan world saw this, though they were entirely at fault when they undertook to account for it. The system of dualism which prevailed extensively in former days all over the East, and is exemplified in the Persian doctrine of a good and evil being dividing the supremacy of the universe, and ever contending for the mastery, does but represent what is the result of observation, true in respect to its outward facts, though failing to penetrate to the interior causes. The Scriptures teach us that there is no equality nor approach toward equality, either in power or extent of dominion, between good and evil. The one is omnipotent, the other a finite and only permitted exception. The Lord of righteousness and truth holds the Prince of Darkness, error, and sin subject to his irresistible sway, and is sure ultimately to destroy all his works and "bruise" him "under his feet." And yet, for wise reasons, inscrutable to us, he has seen fit to give both him and the malignant and hateful cause which he represents a certain latitude, purposing to overrule the whole for the wisest and best ends.

Hence we find, all the world over, manifest tokens of such a contest. Good and evil are militant here, truth and error, are militant. The Church, which is the great earthly representative and embodiment of the cause of truth and righteousness, is militant. Its members and advocates are set forth by their divine Master as sheep among wolves. They are obliged to watch, to take to themselves the whole armor of God, to resist steadfastly, to be on their guard against the seductive influence even of the smiles and frowns of the world. Nor have we reason to believe that this external struggle is anything more than the out-cropping of a far deeper antagonism that goes down to the very foundations on which all our hopes rest. Under the permission of the great Lord of the Universe, there is a contest going on at the very seat of empire. Evil is measuring its strength with good on the largest scale. The Prince of Light himself is assailed by the Prince of Darkness, and that with hope to succeed. And as in the struggles which we witness on a small scale in this lower sphere, such is the swaying to and fro of the battle, that the weak hearts of good men often palpitate with apprehension, so it would not be strange if, in the grander and to us invisible sphere, strong angels, looking on, should sometimes need to summon all their faith to feel perfectly unmoved, though under the banner of Omnipotence. The uncertainty is in *us;* that is, in our short-sightedness not in the cause, assuredly not in God, who from eternity decrees, and it is fixed.

It has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to allow one grand action in this mighty contest to take place on earth—a grand encounter, not between subordinates, but between the rulers them-

selves of the conflicting hosts. Its field was the life of Jesus, in which the Lord of glory stooped to conquer. It culminated at the cross, where in being vanquished, he was the vanquisher, and submitting voluntarily to be overcome, he rose triumphant and led captivity captive.

That was a dark hour when the Son of God, all bleeding with the sweat of Gethsemane, was seized by a ruffian band and hurried off to be crucified—when Judas kissed him, and Peter denied him, and the fearful train of his mockings, scourgings, and buffetings began. We need not wonder that the weak faith of his disciples flickered, and they were ready to give up and say it is all over, for his own fainting flesh needed an angel's strengthening, and even his human soul revealed itself as ready to faint, in the bitter cry: "My God! My God! why hast they forsaken me?" That was the hour in which the hosts of Satan, which invaded and took possession of this world of ours at the fall of Eden, but to subdue which the Captain of our salvation had himself come and taken the field in person at the head of his faithful ones, seemed on the point to get a finishing victory. "This," said he to the band that were sent to take him, "is your hour, and the power of darkness."

It becomes us to beware lest we presumptuously and profanely apply to ourselves and our petty trials and struggles what belongs exclusively to him, who as far surpasses us in the depth of his sufferings as in the dignity of his exalted nature. And yet we can not but remember that he is our pattern; and, in all the opposition when he encountered, was fighting our battles and bearing our infirmities. We can not but remember that he embodies in himself, in his own person and history, the whole cause of truth and righteousness which it is his purpose to establish. Every one of its struggles are but part and parcel of his great struggle. It is the same, essentially, whether it takes place in some secret corner of a Christian's heart, or on the broad historic field of a nation or a continent—the same when the war is that of the flesh against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, as where lust, pride and selfishness, taking on some outward organization and persuing some outward object, contend in arms or with the weapons of detraction, sophistry, or political combination, to obstruct the progress of religion and humanity, or to establish some destructive falsehood. The human combatants may be partly wrong or partly right on both sides. But wherever there is a right and a wrong *principle* contending for the mastery, there is the cause of Christ on the one side and the cause of error, sin, and Satan on the other. And in every such case, as the disciple is not above his Lord, the sincere supporters of the cause of truth and righteousness must expect to experience, in their degree, the same vicissitudes, and be subject to the same sort of conditions.

1. Taking our stand, then, upon these principles, and judging in the light of the great fact in our Lord's history brought to view in the text, we conclude, in the first place, that, in the progress of every great and good cause, occasions must be expected to arise when, to a superficial eye, it would seem as if the evil power was going to triumph.

It is manifestly not the plan of divine wisdom to give to the righteous cause an easy victory. It must be won by effort. It must be pursued with patience and perseverance against discouragement. The best of our resources and strength must be put in requisition. Ease and comfort and every sort of inferior interest must be subordinated, and, if need be, sacrificed in order to secure it. After all, we must be made to feel that our best and strongest efforts cannot but fail, unless a higher power interpose in our behalf, working with us and for us; that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor the merit to those who might seem to have achieved the most, but the glory and the power belong wholly to Him in whose hands the ablest and most faithful men are but instruments.

In order to bring about these and the like conditions, discouragements, and what we are wont to call ill-success, perform an essential part among the forces of progress. It has been so throughout the history of the world at all its memorable stages. The most rapid advancement has not been made at those periods when the current glided smoothly over an even surface: but rather at those when, choked with vast obstructions and confined in narrow space, it gathered up its chafing waters, and, defiant of opposition, rushed on, carrying every thing before it. The point of time immediately preceding those on-rushings has been almost always one not of fierce conflict only, but of painful discouragement. And for this reason it is, no doubt, in the wisdom of that far-reaching and deeply-penetrating providence, whose prerogative it is to bring good out of evil, and whose grandest opportunity is ever found in man's extremity, that we find these points, black as the curtains of midnight sometimes to the eye of nature, all down the progress of the world in the experience of every good cause.

If we look into the history of the individual soul, in those cases in which the moral struggle constituting the birth-throes of the new spiritual life is most apparent, the moment of divine peace and the sense of safety in God is very apt to be in close proximity with the hour of fiercest agony, and the near approach to a state of despair. The experience of the Apostle Paul shows us that the same is true of the fierce conflict of which the Christian's heart is the arena. His cry of agony, "I am carnal, sold under sin!" "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" is the immediate precursor of the comforting assurance: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation."

And what is true of the inward conflict, is equally so of those more material ones which take place on the open field of the world. Review the annals of much-favored and heaven-guarded Israel. How dark seemed the prospect of their future when, in Egypt, they cried unto the king, and received for answer: "Ye are idle, ye are idle, there shall no straw be given you. Get you unto your burdens!" How low lay the crushed cause of true religion when that mighty man Elijah, the Tishbite, ran away three days' journey into the wilderness, and sat down under a juniper-tree and cried: "It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers!" How utterly lost seemed it when, the ark of God being taken captive, the aged Eli fell back in his seat and his neck brake! And how almost desperate when in the rebellion and civil war which broke out in the reign of David, "tidings came to the king, saying the hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom, and the conspiracy was strong, for the people increased with Absalom;" and the king himself, being a fugitive, "went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his his head, and they went up weeping as they went." Ahithophel, the king's trusted counsellor, had gone over to the rebel side, and lent all his shrewdness and experience against the master who had trusted him; and Shimei, taking advantage of his monarch's weakness, cursed, and taunted, and threw stones at him, as if he were some contemptible vagabond.

Turning from these ancient days to those subsequent to our Lord's ascension, we hardly know where to select, so numerous and striking are the examples that crowd themselves upon our notice. The little shivering band assembled in an upper room, the martyrdom of Stephen, the imprisonment of Peter, the conspiracy against Paul at Jerusalem, the martyrdom of almost all the Apostles, the persecutions under the Roman Emperors, the spreading heresies and schisms, the internal contentions, the fearful papal apostacy, the martyr deaths of Wickliffe and Huss, of Ridley, Latimer, and Rogers, the triumphant prevalence of infidelity at certain periods in France, England, Germany, and America, and more disheartening than all, the periods of almost universal apathy and worldliness among those who professed to love and honor the holy Gospel, are witnesses, standing all along the line of the Christian history, that the most sacred and divine of causes has not been without its season of deep depression. The attentive reader of history marks them (and almost shudders as he reads) at several memorable crises in the progress of the Protestant Reformation. The cause of missions to the heathen has again and again fallen upon them in almost all parts of the field of its efforts. They form a conspicuous feature in the struggles for civil

liberty in England and on the continent of Europe. They sorely tried the patriotism and perseverance of our fathers at many a disheartening crises in our own revolutionary struggle.

II. At periods like these, the question that springs most spontaneously to the lips is that of the souls of the saints under the altar: "How long?" While they last, the faith and courage of the best and strongest men are put to the severest test. Troubles thicken upon them, and come trooping in from the most unexpected quarters. Resources fail where they were expected to be most abundant. Disasters, as unlooked for as they are overpowering, frustrate the most prudent schemes and render nugatory the most laborious and expensive preparations. Dissentions and betrayals within the camp correspond to plots and hostile onsets from the beleaguering forces. Faint-hearted friends fall off and say it is of no use to contend farther. False friends, no longer kept in awe by the idea of power, take occasion to unmask themselves. The really indifferent throw the weight of their numbers against what now appears the unprosperous side. The sympathy of the world, which was fondly counted upon, discovers itself to be only sympathy for what favors their own interest. Foes take courage to do what they would not dare to do in other circumstances. Demolished foes—old vanquished principles of error and inhumanity, rise and re-assert themselves with startling impudence. Calumny is busy; taunts and sneers abound; cursing tongues are let loose. It almost seems, so strange is the concurrence of adverse influences, as if the providence of God itself was setting the mark of his disapproval on the cause which was undertaken in simple obedience to his will. And the enemies of all good cry: "Aha! so would we have it."

IT IS THEIR HOUR, and they must make the most of it. It is the hour of trial, of discipline, of severe testing to the champion of the righteous cause. He was as certain to pass through it, when he undertook the holy enterprise, as night to follow day, or storms to alternate with sunshine. He does but share in this experience the lot of the most noble and excellent.

It is their hour. But these words suggest an animating truth adapted to sustain the patience and nerve the perseverance of good and true men under their severe discouragements. It is *but* for an hour, for a certain limited and comparatively short time, that the hostility of the powers of darkness will be suffered to hinder the righteous cause. So it has always been throughout the history of the world, and so the explicit teachings of the holy Scriptures and all the known principles of God's government over the world assure us it will be. Longer or shorter, severer or lighter, more extensive or more limited, more frequent or at greater intervals, such seasons are exactly marked by that divine

Wisdom which, to accomplish the best ends, afflicts his people "in measure," and does not "leave them wholly unpunished."

Looking back upon the past, who of us would have wished our Revolutionary fathers to have had an easier task? It was their sufferings and heroic conflict with opposing difficulties that procured some of the best elements of the inheritance they left us. And looking back upon the vicissitudes which have attended thus far our own fearful struggle, what discerning mind, bent on securing, not peace and union only, but the highest permanent well-being and true excellence of a great Christian nation, can have the slightest regret that God did not permit victory to perch at once on our vain-glorious and self-confident banner? We were not fit for it. We were in no condition of mind to make a worthy use of it. There was need, first, of the fiery baptism of national suffering, apprehension, and mortification, to consume the encumbering chaff of our follies and purge out the corruption of our public and private vices; to arouse the people to a true sense of their privileges and the noble mission for which God's providence had planted them here: to call forth their best energies, and supplant selfishness and party spirit with generous patriotism and a spirit of self-sacrifice, and, more than all, to awaken in us a sense of our dependence upon God, and make us feel how completely we lie in his hands and are subject to his providential disposal. If in this hard school we prove ourselves docile scholars, and if, as we confidently believe, the line of God's great purposes of beneficence, of the establishment of wise laws and healthful authority, of securing liberty and the blessings of brotherhood to all that wear the form and possess the attributes of man, of diffusing Christian knowledge, order, and virtue among all nations, and proclaiming the Gospel of salvation to the remotest corners of the earth—if the line of all these great and glorious aims of the divine bounty lies in the path of our success in this great enterprise, we have no occasion for discouragement. Assuredly the hour of darkness and solicitude will ere long pass away, and all these numerous and formidable obstacles, both at home and abroad, which have thus far tasked our faith and perseverance, will give place to the serene consciousness of having accomplished a most noble work for our age and for posterity, for humanity and for the cause of God.

It is their hour. It will last, in this case as in every other, whether on the field of the world or within the narrower walls of the individual heart, in the mere spiritual struggles which the Church carries on against infidelity, heresy, and cold impenitence, or those in which the moral force comes in collision with material ones and demands material weapons and the intervention of the State, just so long as Divine Wisdom sees the need of its fierce but purifying fires, in order to prepare his people for a true victory, not of selfishness and pride, but of truth, beneficence, and godliness.

III. And now the question, most important, because most practical of all, presents itself, in the third place: What will the wise man do during the continuance, or in view of the possibility of such seasons? I can of course, in the time that remains to me, offer only a few cursory suggestions.

In the first place, it seems most obviously the part of wisdom that we betake ourselves to the profoundest thoughtfulness, study, and self-reflection. The difficulties that, like armed bands, come trooping upon us, summon us to measure carefully not only our abilities and resources, but the real strength and virtue of our cause, the motives which animate us, and the precise aim which is to be kept steadily in view. We are so apt to get corrupted in our motives, and wander, before we think of it out of the high road of duty, into some by-path of selfishness or ambition; we are so apt, even where we have "begun in the spirit," to be caught seeking "to be made perfect by the flesh!" It requires the most vigilant watch, the most careful and frequent re-examination, to prevent the worthiest cause from being betrayed in such hands as ours. In view of such seasons, our faith and courage need to be re-inforced by new contemplations on the sacred and binding reasons which impelled us to the undertaking—the unanswerable *must* and *ought*, which left us no alternative but to contend and conquer. The question, too, requires to be considered, whether we have done our duty thus far, and brought to bear upon the enterprise that strength and zeal and patience and heroic self-devotion which its intrinsic worthiness and pressing claims on us entitled it to demand. We need especially to consider where our great strength lies, and whether forgetfulness of *that* be not the reason that Samson finds the murderous Philistines upon him, and he, with all his giant muscles, weak like any other man!

We are summoned in the next place, to divest ourselves, and, as far as may be in our power, divest others who act with us, of every encumbering passion and side interest, that we may devote ourselves with concentration of energies to the duty and work of the hour. Thousands lose their immortal souls, because, in seeking salvation, they are divided in their purposes. Thousands of professed Christians almost waste their lives because, in their purpose to serve God and get the victory over the world, there is no singleness. So in the struggles of the Church. So in those great national struggles in which, under the guise of material and temporal issues, are involved great fundamental principles of humanity and religion. The State is just as much a divine institution as the Church. The sword, when wielded for the defence of a nation, in accordance with the law which bids the powers that be bear it not in vain, is as truly an instrument of God as the sword of the Spirit. And fearful as it is, if a cause demands the taking of it, it demands equally the wielding of it effectively. Our pres-

at struggle is either all wrong, and every man who gives it the ightest encouragement to be condemned, or we are bound, at hatever cost, not for our own sakes chiefly, but for the world's, or the sake of the progress of the blessed Gospel, for the Church's ake, and for God's sake, to carry it through. Oh! how poorly ave we appreciated, how feebly have we risen to the conception f the high, awful, and most responsible trust which divine provience has committed to us! Rebellion is resolute, rebellion is losely compacted, and with singleness of purpose has staked all n the terrible issue. But we with duty, loyalty, the memory of ur heroic ancestors, and all the hopes of poor, oppressed humanity purring us forward, dally and hesitate, and ask, How is this or hat going to affect *me*?—the politician with a sharp eye to the nture position of his party, the merchant and manufacturer to his ontracts, the money-holder to his property, the military officer o his chances of preferment, and the private citizen to his comorts. We must get over all this, and, with honest, earnest patriotism, put all we have at stake, if need be, for the accomplishnent of so high a sacred and wide-reaching an enterprise. Else fear God will find it needful to apply the goad of still sharper roubles, and perhaps, which, may his mercy spare, let loose upon us those "strong bulls of Bashan," which already, with their hosile preparations and menaces of interference, have begun to eset us.

But I hasten to call your attention to one further lesson. The acts and principles which we have just been contemplating, instead of disheartening us, should prompt us, when we have done our full duty, to a cheerful reliance on the grace and overruling providence of God. There is our chief, our only ultimate dependence. We have seen enough, during the past year, to give us a taste of what such seasons are; enough, too, to evince how adequate is the divine faithfulness to bring good out of temporary evil. It may be asked, Why, if our cause be his, did he allow rebellion to obtain such fearful headway? why afflict our armies with so many defeats and repulses? why allow corruption to assume such hideous proportions, wasting the resources of the nation? why permit the angry jealousy of foreign powers to rise to such a menacing height? why let loose two of the most fearful storms of the year, just when our two great sea-expeditions were most exposed to their fury? In my turn, I ask: Why, when the conspiracy was so strong and well prepared, and treachery so rife, was the menaced Capital saved, and not one hostile foot permitted to cross the boundary of the loyal States? why, in spite of corruption and wastefulness, have the resources of the nation proved so abundant, and the people been made so willing to supply them? why, in the terrible temptest, when the power of God alone could save, were our fleets only damaged, not disabled? why was the

almost insane anger of a foreign power curbed, as if by a strong arm at the height of its vaunting? and why after so many reverses, are our fleets and armies quietly taking possession of post after post, and every day growing stronger and stronger? My single answer to both series of questions, and they require but one is: "Chastened but not killed!" "CHASTENED, BUT NOT KILLED!" It is just so that God deals always with those whose cause he acknowledges. And these experiences, while they teach us our dependence, ought, it seems to me, to animate our confidence. Let us remember that, in this as in every other just contest, our reliance is alone upon God. Our strength, our members, our resources, the skill and valor of our leaders, all are nothing, unless we have the favor of God's providence. Daily, importunately, in all our various experiences, let us commit the cause of our dear country, with all the precious and sacred interests with which we see it freighted, to our heavenly Father. And when we have done that, let us not easily be disheartened. Many a noble cause has gone through worse embarrassments. And we can go through worse. As yet the struggle has but grazed the surface of our strength and means. If need be, we must plow a deeper furrow, to reach the hard subsoil of our self-devotion. Would we but sacrifice, as a people, our vain glory, our unworthy pride, our false ambition, our revenge and self-seeking, and, trusting in God, bring out our best strength in the cause of truth and righteousness, such a people as ours might meet the world in arms. This, I believe, is no vain boast, but the simple truth. I would not fear, in such a case, England and France combined. They might sorely afflict, but could not crush us. We should come forth from the struggle battered and torn, no doubt, but with renewed confidence, and prepared for a new career of glory and beneficence *

This cause of ours, if it be worth any thing, if it be not a mere struggle for power, or for the gratification of sectional pride, hatred and revenge, is the cause of God, and as such, only dare we lift a finger to promote it. As for England, let us not be too bitter in our resentment, but while we calmly and heroically prepare to meet any emergency, forbear the angry and provoking retort, although she did smite her best friend in the face in the time of his adversity. As for the south, millions no doubt, among its population, are but victims of a frenzied hallucinations! They are sincere. They have been practised upon. They are the victims of a deep-laid and cunningly executed conspiracy. Our hearts beat

* When the above was delivered, February 9, 1862, the aspect of our affairs was discouraging. The most recent advices from Europe represented France as resolved on interference, and England as only partially pacified after the affair of the Trent. But the next week produced a marked change. The Emperor's speech arrived, giving assurance of continued neutrality, and news of the victories of Fort Hentry, Fort Donelson, and Roanoke Island, followed in rapid succession.

warmly toward them. [illegible] pang. But we must [illegible] State and corner of the land [illegible] bulwark of their [illegible] strike down. In the name of [illegible] demon of rebellion [illegible] would hear the [illegible] philanthropy. [illegible] will do.

But I must [illegible] recall your thoughts for a moment [illegible] this particular case is but an illustration. [illegible] if, in our thoughts and prayers [illegible] at such a time as this [illegible] and which constitutes the [illegible] not stand prominently [illegible] our minds too exclusively upon [illegible] Christians, only so far as it forms a part of that great struggle by which an oppressed [illegible] ion of evil. [illegible] world, of the same [illegible] is a struggle, too, for the [illegible] throw of paganism, [illegible] gle, on the arena of [illegible] vice and crime, [illegible] of Satan and the [illegible] wherein the sinner, in his first [illegible] works, and, penitent and believing, [illegible] become his disciple, and enlist for life and death under his banner, is lost forever; and wherein the Christian, at best only partially sanctified, must "take to himself the whole armour of God," and resist even "unto blood, striving against sin."

I apprehend, my friends, the time is not far off when the demand for a holy manliness on the part of all who would be saved in Christ's kingdom, is to be peculiarly urgent. The powers of evil, foiled and driven back on many a field, by the dissemination of Christian knowledge, by the work of missions, by the sweet and sacred revivals which have visited our own and other lands, seem gathering themselves up for another desperate campaign. Infidelity and worldliness, and all ungodliness, will try their strength again. There will be wars, there will be dissensions among brethren, there will be sophistries and scoffings, there will be seducings and persecutions. The righteous cause will repeat, in its degree, the experience of its blessed champion. Its enemies will again have their hour. But it will be only an hour. We cry: "Who is on the Lord's side?" It is time that men take their positions. Neutrality in such a conflict is rebellion. Our Captain says "He

that is not with me is against me." "If any man will be a friend of the world, he is the enemy of God." The impenitent must be converted; for his heart is against Christ. Though his hand may wield a valiant weapon among his friends. The undecided, the almost persuaded, are in the hostile ranks. Who will give himself, with a loyal self-devotion, to the Prince of Light and the great Captain of our salvation? His professed followers need to gird their armour closely about them. The stirring title of a Christian soldier is to be henceforth no unmeaning metaphor. We must follow Christ where he leads, though it be to prison and to death. All heaven follow him. And he is going to conquer. The victory over the world will be gained presently, and the shout go up from disenthralled millions: The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." Satan, with all his evil hosts, will lie bruised under his feet. Thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers, will fall before him; and, as he rises to take possession of his kingdom, with his saints all clad in robes of righteousness, leading captivity captive.

——"All
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven ring
With jubilee and loud hosannas fill
The eternal regions."

SERMON VI.

THE CROSS A REMEMBRANCER.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." LUKE xxiii. 42.

Shortly after midnight, passing out at the east gate of the city, and crossing a narrow valley, through which a mountain-torrent flows during the rainy season, you might have entered a garden and found in one place eight men seated on the ground, silent and sad, and proceeding a little further, you might have discovered three men more, locked in slumber, lying upon the cold earth. As you stop to warn them of their danger in thus sleeping on the damp ground that chilly night, you might just hear the voice of a lone sufferer some six roods further on. As you leave the sleepers and go toward the supplicating voice, you hear, in plaintive tones, these words: "O my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Going up to him who is praying, you find his soul in agony and his body covered with bloody perspiration. While you behold the sufferer, ready to sink under the load of sorrows with which he is oppressed, you hear the rustling of wings as a heavenly agent flies to his succor, and imparts to him new strength for the mighty conflict.

. . . . . .

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." What a deep interest they felt in their suffering Lord. As appalling as the sight is, they can not turn away from beholding it. On that cross are suspended all their hopes. They trusted that it had been he who should redeem Israel. Little did they think that their hopes were to be realized by Christ's dying, and not by his remaining alive with his friends. Little did they think that his sufferings and death were infinitely more value to the universe than his life could be—that without the shedding of his blood there could be no remission—that by his death the human family may have eternal life.

"Oh! the sweet wonders of the cross
Where God incarnate loved and died!"

OF WHAT DOES THE CROSS REMIND US?

1. Of our fallen and hopeless condition without Christ. Why must the Son of God suffer? Because man hath sinned and fallen under the everlasting curse of his Maker. Either he must endure this curse or Christ must be made a curse for him. It was utterly

impossible for the transgressor to repair the violated law. As there had been sin, there must be suffering. The law must be satisfied, either by the eternal sufferings of the sinner himself, or by the infinitely meritorious sufferings of the Son of God in his stead. Gaze upon the cross, O my soul! and be reminded that thy condition, without Christ, is that of the helpless infant cast out into the open field in his blood, without power to help himself, and without any other eye to pity or arm to save.

2. The cross reminds us of the infinite love of God toward mankind. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son." "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The cross exhibits love such as the universe never before witnessed.

3. The cross reminds us of the infinite compassion, condescension, and love of Christ. When there was no eye to pity, he pitied.

"This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

As to condescension, Christ "though in the form of God, and though he thought it no robbery to be equal with God, yet made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." "Though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." Can we conceive of greater condescension? As for love, how could there be a stronger expression of it than is presented in the cross?

4. The cross reminds us of the infinite demerit of sin. Sin is such an evil that the sinner must die eternally, or God's incarnate Son must die for him. "The wages of sin is death." When tempted to sin, let us hear a voice coming down from the cross, saying: "Oh! do not this abominble thing that I hate."

5. The cross reminds us of the immense value of the soul. When our divine Master inquires. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and loose his own soul?" he intimates that the soul is of more value than all the world. But of how much more value than the world we could not know without visiting Calvary. There we learn what it cost to purchase re-

ption for it; and estimating its value by the price paid for its mption, we conclude that the soul is of infinite worth.

The cross reminds us of the reality of the atonement. Here we he JUST ONE suffering for the unjust—tasting death for every —receiving wounds for our transgressions, and bruises for our nities—dying that we need not die.

. The cross reminds us of our obligations to love and obey Christ. hrist has done so much for us, can we ever do enough for him? iew of the cross should make us willing to do any thing, to go where, and to suffer any thing which his cause and glory ire.

. The cross reminds us of our obligations to love one another. hrist has so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

. The cross reminds us of our duty to try to draw all men to ist and to heaven. On Calvary is the only door into heaven n our world. And as often as we behold the cross, we should called upon to direct every sinner's eye to this only door of e.

REMARKS.

. What a blessed privilege to have a cross in our world. This he only world, as we have reason to believe, on which a cross ever been erected. Let us adore the distinguishing love of God! at a dark and dreary world this would be without a cross! How , how hopeless!

. There is no salvation for the sinner except through the cross.

. It is the privilege of all men to be saved through the cross. Whosever will, let him." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in rise cast out." "As Moses lifted the serpent in the wilderness, n so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Look unto and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

. The cross has attractions strong enough, it would seem, to w all men, who have any knowledge of it, to it. It is wonder- that any stay away and perish.

. Sinners who sink to perdition from a Gospel land, will wish to get that there was ever a cross. Thoughts of it in hell will be y uncomfortable and unwelcome.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

For the Prayer-Meeting.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

THE divine mind has given expression in human language to the character, attributes, law, and government of God—the doctrines of grace in the great plan of redemption for the recovery and salvation of a world, with no variableness or shadow of turning. How striking and beautiful the unity of the Spirit, when viewed in contrast with the most accurate and careful writings of uninspired men!

"The unity of the Spirit," as strongly and clearly expressed in the following brief sketch, is impressive, instructive, and worth preserving. Long since written, we know not where its duplicate can be found. It was without name, save the letter B; but from the condensed and powerful thoughts which glitter through it like gems of light, we suppose it must be from the pen of Dr. Lyman Beecher, in his palmy days:

"By the Spirit, I understand the Holy Spirit, to whom is committed the efficacious moral government of the world—convincing of sin, and converting from sin, and building up believers for heaven in their most holy faith.

"By the unity of the Spirit, I understand the agreement of his work with itself in all ages; that he has every where revealed the same doctrines, produced the same experience, and prescribed the same duties.

"Whoever traces the doctrinal instruction of the Bible, can not fail to perceive in its unity, the traces of its divine origin. Though the work of revelation began soon after the fall, and was continued by the agency of holy men through a period of four thousand years, the results are one harmonious system. Though the individuals employed lived in different countries and ages, and were of different education, occupation, and condition in society, they all taught the same doctrines, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

"In confirmation of this, you will perceive that the Old Testament and the New give the same account of God, his mode of being—as tri-personal in one nature, his attributes, and his character. The same account of the moral law, as the comprehensive standard of right and wrong, in respect to the relations, affections and intercourse of social intelligent beings with their Creator, and with one another. Of man, as fallen, despoiled of moral excellence, and polluted with sin, evil and only evil continually, till quickened into a new and holy life, by the grace of God. The same account of the atone-

ment, as commensurate with human guilt and ruin, and of the terms on which men may have life abundantly. The same account of holiness, and of the special influence of the Spirit, in its production, continuance, and consummation. Of faith, as an affectionate, confidential surrendry of the soul to Christ—the same conditions of justification by the merits of Christ through faith: the same moral precepts, stretching from early time their straight and lengthened way, down to the present hour. The same account of the relations of time to eternity—of death and judgement, heaven and hell.

"And whosoever traces the movement of the sanctified affections which constitute Christian character, will perceive that the Holy Spirit has fashioned men's hearts alike. Religion is every where the same thing; the element of the Hebrews developes the energy of faith, working mightily in all, through successive ages. And the adorations, and confessions, and petitions, and thanksgivings of all, flow evidently warm from the same fountain, because he who hath wrought them to the self-same thing is God.

"Moses, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Watts, Edwards, Davies, Finley, Dwight, Payson, all sung one song on earth, as they do now in heaven. It was the unity of the Spirit.

"There is another unity of the Spirit, no less signficant—the perfect self-consistency of all his teachings and experiences. The doctrines of the Bible, as the bright links of a golden chain, fastened upon the throne of God and the Lamb, hang in blessed dependency upon one another.

"From the eternity of God results his eternal purposes and universal providence, in which he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, causing his counsel to stand, and doing all his pleasure. From his goodness and wisdom emanate the creation of intelligent beings, and the establishment and preservation of moral government. From the nature of free agency, the possibility and fact of sin entering his dominion. From the nature of law, the impossibility of universal forgiveness, and the necessity of an atonement, to render pardon, upon any terms practicable and safe. From the loss of holiness and the entire predominence of sin, and the obstinacy of the will, results the necessity of regeneratoin by the special influence of the Holy Spirit, by the instrumentality of the truth, and as an act of free and sovereign grace. From the benevolence of God, the necessity of law, the incorrigible obstinacy of the wicked, and the exigencies of public justice, result the sufferings without end, of the future state.

"The unity of the Spirit in doctrine, experience, and practice, marked on every page of the Bible and the perfect self-consistency of the doctrines one with another, is the exclusive peculiarity of the Bible. Authors who have

written much have not been able to maintain consistency with themselves.

"The philosophers of one age have contradicted those of the preceding, and errorists, having no consistency of truth to unite them, have found no end in wandering mazes lost, while the Bible, like the gallant ship, has come down from distant ages, through darkness and storms, surrounded by the wreck of those who refused her chart, and despised her light."

For the Prayer-Meeting.

"HOW FAR IS IT TO HEAVEN?"

"THIS day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," said the dying Saviour on the cross. It is not far to heaven; it is not a day's journey. The angel messenger came all the way from heaven, and touched Daniel about the time of the evening sacrifice. The Saviour ascended to heaven from Olivet, and was soon out of sight. The dying saint closes his eyes in death—sleeps in Jesus—and opens them in heaven. Sometimes the departing Christian hears the songs and the music of heaven strike on his ear, even before his immortal spirit stretches its wings for the final flight. How far is it to heaven?

Reader, in all your inquiries in this anxious, inquiring world, have you made this one an inquiry of the heart and of the head? We often hear the weary traveller inquiring how far is it to the place of rest. We hear the lost wanderer inquire how far it is to his home. You profess, gentle reader, to desire an eter home in heaven. Why not, th utter the anxious inquiry; "H far is it to heaven?" It may but a little distance from some the readers of this paper. Y may be already within the so of happy voices, and but for " vail of humanity" they wo even now fall upon the ear. I you shall soon hear them. O a little, little further on, t heaven shall be attained.

"How far is it to heaven How few make the inqui How few desire to know; could you be assured that hour more would end the je ney, how startled, and even afraid you would be to k that heaven was so near. "H far is it to heaven?" You not often made the inquiry. are not ready to make it. have a thousand plans to fu a thousand adventures to —a thousand hopes to r before you are ready for hea

"How far is it to hea Perhaps some reader does wish it near. Heaven ma far from you, and may ne nearer than at this moment. the comet that is wandering the sun, the great centre traction, and shoots off in terminable space, so you a wandering from heaven, an tined always to wander.

How many of our read earnestly seeking to make the end of their journey? many feel that they are t along the narrow way th to heaven? We earnes hort you to take this matte and make it a subject of

ry. One great object of all
abor is to bring you on your
The great and paramount
of our hearts is, that you
re may meet in heaven.

LESSONS OF THE CAVE.

Y one who has visited lime-
caves has noticed the sta-
e pillars, sometimes large
massive, by which they were
ed and supported. They
nature's masonry of solid
formed by her own slow,
, but mysterious process.
little drop of water perco-
through the roof of the
and deposits its sediment,
another follows it, till the
of stone is formed; and
y reaching to the rock be-
, it becomes a solid pillar,
rble monument, which can
be rent down by the most
ful forces.

t is there not going forward
imes in the caverns of the
n heart a process as silent
ffective, yet infinitely more
ntous? There in the dark-
that shrouds all from the
of the outward observer,
thought and feeling, as light
aconsiderable perhaps as the
drop of water, sinks down-
into the soul, and deposits
in a form almost impercep-
—what we may call its sedi-

And then another and
er follows, till the traces
ll combined become more
est, and at length, if these
hts and feelings are charged
the sediment of worldliness
vorldly passion, they have
within the spirit perma-
nent, and perhaps everlasting monuments of their effects. All around the walls of this spiritual cave stand in massive proportions, the pillars of sinful inclination and the props of iniquity; and only a convulsion like that which rends the solid globe can rend them from their place and shake their hold.

Thus stealthily is the work done; mere fancies and desires, and lusts unsuspiciously entertained, contribute silently but surely to the result. The heart is changed into an impregnable fortress of sin. The roof of its iniquity is sustained by marble pillars, and all the weight of reason and conscience and the divine threatenings are powerless to lay it low in the dust of humility.

Such is the power of those light fancies and imaginations and desires which enter the soul unobserved, and are slighted for their insignificance. They attract no notice. They utter no note of alarm. We might suppose that if left to themselves they would be absorbed in oblivion, and leave no trace behind. But yet they form the pillars of character. They sustain the soul under the pressure of all those solemn appeals to which it ought to yield.

How impressive, then, the admonition, "Keep thy heart with all diligence!" Things which seem powerless and harmless may prove noxious beyond expression. The power of inveterate sin is from the silent flow of thought. Your habitual desires or fancies are shaping your eternal destiny.

THE FEW ENCOURAGED.

WHAT if few meet to pray! There are promises for the few—promises not made to the many. The few have some peculiar privileges, some special reasons for encouragement. One false reliance, trust in numbers, is taken from them. They can and should feel more deeply their dependence and insufficiency. They are thrown more directly upon the help and strength of God. They come to the throne of grace with a deeper sense of their own weakness. They are forced more thoroughly to realize that all their resource is in a prayer-hearing God.

And what a plea can they have in the fact that if a blessing is bestowed, the glory of God will be more conspicuously displayed? It will be a blessing manifestly not secured by the array of numbers. Gideon's host had to be sifted down to three hundred before victory could be assured. It was essential to the success of God's designs that the triumph should be secured not by human might or power, or the force of numbers. The little band trusts itself more unhesitatingly to the guidance of its great leader.

So, when few in number, we are led to look up more trustingly to God. We honor him most when we most deeply realize our own insufficiency. Instead of looking to one another and being disheartened, we should look the more to God and renew our strength. We are warranted to feel that our very sense of insufficiency is a new and stre motive to apply to Him wl all-sufficient.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

YOU complain of your Cl ian brother. Perhaps the reason for it. But have done your duty toward l Has your own example such as it should be? Has been no mote in your eye? you sought to bring him back the gentleness of Christian ity? Have you prayed for i Have you spoken to him that sympathy that should be extended even to an e brother.

Perhaps he also complain you. Perhaps he discerns in faults of which you are u scious. Possibly he has al weighed these against his and has struck the balance in your favor. What, if f ting all about faults, you sl go to him and speak of the of the common Saviour? if you should put him forwa some task of duty, and assur of your sympathy and suppor

There are many ways to his heart. Reproach is not of them. Bitter reproof is one of them. You will not the spring of love by tram on the earth around it. will only mire and conce But if you will kindly ope spring, and remove the obs which it is in your power t move, the stream may flow. clear and free, and its bea waters may yet refresh an thirsty soul.

FURNITURE OF THE SPIRITUAL DWELLING.

WITH what care does the man who builds himself a house to dwell in, construct, arrange, and furnish it! He seeks to avoid all that is inconvenient, unsightly or incongruous. He will have nothing there to offend the eye or taste.

But is not each one building for himself a spiritual house in which he will dwell forever? Is he not storing his own soul with thoughts and images and impressions that it will always retain? Is he not continually hanging about the walls of memory the portraits of his own deeds? Is he not thus arraying before him the objects with which he will always be conversant?

The longer we live, the more we live in the past. As the prospect of future years is narrowed, we fall back on those which have gone before. A thousand times, scenes, which as they occurred we scarcely noted, come back to us. We gaze upon them and live them over and over again.

Thus we furnish our spiritual dwelling. We store up the past in memory. Our deeds and thoughts and experience do not perish. The thing done abides imperishable. It is stamped unchangeable It is chained to its place. It becomes a part of the furniture of the soul.

And how are you constructing and furnishing the halls and chambers of memory? What portraits are you hanging on the walls? What kind of acts and thoughts and purposes are you setting in imperishable frames to confront you forever? Are you adding one vain pleasure to another? Are you multiplying the forms of your selfishness? Do you examine your course with a jealous eye? Are you saying to yourself, I must admit nothing within my spirit with which I shall not be content to dwell forever?

The memory of vain mirth is one of the saddest to gaze upon and retrace. It is the memory of a withered joy. It is the memory of the thorn as well as the flower. How different that of a good deed, of duty done, of charity bestowed! How brightly will it shine in the retrospect of the past! The satisfaction of selfish pleasure is transient as a meteor. That of humble devotion endures and shines like the fixed star.

The time will come when you shall live, as it were, under the roof of memory; when you shall be more than ever surrounded and confronted with the still living forms of the past! What sort of a home shall the spirit have then! Surely such an one as you are constructing and furnishing now. Beware what you admit within it. Beware lest repulsive forms and hateful features frown upon you from its walls. Beware lest painted sins and sculptured crime gain a place within. See that nothing unseemly, repulsive, incongruous, be found there. Only in the fear of God, the exercise of a prayerful spirit, the watchfulness of Christian sobriety, can you have a safeguard against the threatened danger.

PRAY ON, TOIL ON.

THERE are times when the prospect of Christ's cause looks dark, and his followers are tempted to despond. They have labored and prayed long and earnestly, and yet they are unable to discern even "a cloud no larger than a man's hand" on the distant horizon. They are perhaps ready to sink under their burden. Like the prophet under the juniper tree, they are just on the brink of despair.

But they ought ever to remember that "faithful is he that hath promised." There is nothing lost that is given or done for Christ. Praying breath is not spent in vain. The blessing is sure to come at last, although perhaps in other ways than we expected or should have advised.

Sometimes the rain falls upon the earth and seems to produce immediate results. The showers of spring wake the flowers from the cold sod, and to-morrow's sun causes the seed of yesterday to germinate.

But it is not always so. There are other showers of the winter season. They fall on the frosty earth, or sink down through the chilly clods, and bring back no visible return. And yet they feed the springs, and swell the rivulets, and enrich the tributary streams that combine to form the rivers that water a whole land, and become the arteries of a nation's commerce.

So there are results of prayer that find their type in April showers, and there are others, invisible in their processes, by which the springs of a nation's piety are fed, and the current of its benevolence is made to roll forth at last with enlarged volume. The eye of God alone can trace all the connections between the cause and the result. But just as not an atom of water is absolutely lost, not a single raindrop is squandered in nature's system, so no breath of prayer, no tear of penitence, no sigh over a guilty world, can be wholly in vain.

Despond not, then. Pray on, toil on. Nature opens to you her book of parables, and tells you not to distrust God, in his providence or his grace. Man is impatient. But he who sees the end from the beginning, and with whom a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, can afford to wait. And yet he will hasten it in his own time.

COMPASSION FOR SOULS.

THE real basis of all true revivals, and all power to do good in the Church, is to have our desire for the conversion of sinners an all-absorbing passion. Parents must feel so deeply for their impenitent children, husbands for their wives, and wives for their husbands, neighbor for neighbor, and friend for friend, that they can not rest till Christ be formed within them. Their eyes must be held waking, in their earnest pleading with God in behalf of those for whom Christ died. Every successful movement in the Church, of every age and nation, has taken its date from precisely this state of things. While John the Baptist contented him-

elf with the austere virtues of is desert life, his piety did not end toward propagation. But s soon as his heart began to burn n the cause of human reform, to earn over the surrounding deso- ation, and to impel him to reach the baptism of repentance, hen came out to him all Judea nd Jerusalem and the region round about Jordan, and were aptized of him in Jordan, con- essing their sins.

What, also, could the apostles do for the conversion of the world, while they remained hid in the private dwellings of Jeru- salem for fear of the Jews? Did not their success take its date from that spirit of active zeal which was poured out upon them on the day of Pentecost? From that moment their timidity was commuted into courage, and the feeblest of them was not afraid to die in the work of man's salva- tion. Clothed with thunder, their words fell like a bolt from heaven, which no malice could quench and no resistence divert from its course. Passion made them elo- quent; passion rendered voice, gesture, look, demeanor, action, all instinct with energy, and gave them a resistless power in bearing away the thronged audiences of the synagogue or temple, of the market or the forum. The love of Christ transported them above the fear of danger or of death; and the fishermen of Galilee become more than a match for the legalized wickedness of all nations. The world in arms could not resist the spirit and wisdom by which they spake.

This is what we want: passion, fire. Learning, money, worldly influence, an orthodox creed, and many other things we have in a respectable degree, but the passion to concentrate all upon the conver- sion of sinners, is lamentably deficient among us.

A PASTOR'S TROUBLES.

1. It troubles him, that his own emotions are not more deep and fervent, in view of the glo- rious doctrines of the Scriptures. Those doctrines do sometimes rise up before him, as the result of great pantings after God, in inexpressible sublimity and glory. The veil seems a little removed, so that radience enough gleams forth to show that eye hath not seen as yet, nor ear heard, the immensity of the good involved in the great facts of redeeming love. But these are only flashes of the heavenly light, and he has to reproach himself with the re- flection, that were his soul in the moral state it might be and ought to be, these transient gleams might be the steady brightness of an unclouded sun.

2. It troubles him, that while there lies before him a sermon he has just completed, he is con- scious that the truth it contains has not gone farther into the depths of his soul, and that it has not been a greater spiritual advan- tage to himself, that he has pre- pared another repast for his people.

3. It troubles him, when the Sabbath services are over, that, interested though he may have been, he has not done full honor to the glorious truths he has de-

livered, by the deep responses of his own soul to their amazing value.

4. It troubles him, that while at one time, divine truth penetrates and makes every chamber of his soul resound with its powerful and joyous voice, at other times there are but faint whisperings of it, the distance his soul had wandered from God creating this melancholy change.

5. It troubles him, that while he looks around upon the people of his charge, he beholds so many unmoved by his ministrations and can not but reason that, had his ministerial course been one of more glowing love and stronger faith, and more ardent zeal, these aliens might have been living stones in the spiritual temple of God.

6. It troubles him to ponder the deficiences of his own piety, while he reflects that had his own personal example been one of higher conformity to the spotless character of his Lord, the disciples about him would have felt the glowing radiance of it, and the moral verdure of their hearts would have burst forth in vastly greater luxuriance and beauty.

7. He is often troubled by the thought that perhaps he has mistaken light for love, intellectual excitement by truth for the holy emotions it should inspire, and that his ministerial labors, through the false motives that inspired them, shall but add deeper gloom to the drapery that shall hang about the prison of his eternal despair.

Here are a few of the troubles of a faithful pastor. They are not morbid imaginations and groundless fancies. They are serious, stern, sometimes terrible realities. At not long intervals they cover the sky with threatening clouds, and sometimes they gather such gloom over it, that not a solitary star glitters in the darkened firmament. Disciples, these are sorrows of the pastor's heart that do not belong to your history. But they set up many a monument of sadness in his. These sorrows grow out of that sacred profession he has entered for your sake, and the welfare of others Shall not the few items —a very few among many—shall they not make a promptly answered appeal to your sympathies, and in behalf of your prayers? "Brethren, pray for us."

REASONS FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

Because it is clearly the will of God, whose displeasure is expressed against the families that call not on his name.

Because it is a dictate of right reason that, considering the relations we bear to God, we should thus formally recognize him.

Because when properly conducted, it is exceedingly refreshing and profitable to the soul.

Because it operates as a restraint on sin in those who conduct it, and checks worldly-mindedness.

Because it is an excellent example to children and servants, and has a sensible effect on their principles and conduct.

Because family blessings are not to be expected, when they

are not sought after in a family capacity.

Because families will grow up in irreligion, and in the neglect of all that is holy and good where family devotions are not maintained.

Because it is an unnatural and impious thing to live without it.

Because experience has proved that where family religion is devoutly maintained, the greatest amount of happiness is to be found; children are most obedient, servants most faithful, and the various members of the household are bound together by the strongest bonds of affection.

Because it is one of the best means of aiding us in our journey to heaven.

PRAYER IS POWER WITH GOD.

THE only proper idea of the efficacy of prayer, is the idea of its efficacy with God—its actual effect on his counsels and proceedings, on the dispensations of his providence, and of his grace.

That prayer has such an efficacy, and that a mighty one, can not be denied by any who admit the authority of the numerous Scripture testimonies which are direct to this point. While the Scriptures of both Testaments abound in assertions and illustrations of the power of prayer with God, they never once allude to the possibility of its being useful in any other way. That prayer is effectual with God must be admitted, too, by all who are not prepared utterly to abrogate a duty taught by all the lessons and enforced by all the impulses of natural conscience. To say that prayer is a duty, and at the same time to say that prayer has no effect on the counsels and proceedings of God, is not far from an obvious contradiction.

Christ sets forth the efficacy of prayer in the simplest and most unequivocal terms, and explains it by the clearest illustrations. "Ask and it shall be given you. Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. What man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, he will give him a stone? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things, to them that ask him?" "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Shall not God avenge [vindicate] his own elect, who cry to him day and night, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will vindicate them speedily." What can be more simple than this? What more explicit? What theory, what philosophy, can avoid the force, of such testimony, without directly contradicting it? Who can help seeing that the only idea of the efficacy of prayer, which Jesus Christ intended to inculcate, was the idea of its efficacy with God?

"IT IS FINISHED."

WHAT other three words in any language are so full of meaning, so full of soul-stirring importance? Who can read the following lines without feeling his heart burn within him, as did the

disciples on their way to Emmaus:

"'It is finished'—the Saviour cried, 'It is finished,' not in a tone of regret or despondency, but a tone of triumphant exultation, for he knew the application of the words to the great work in which he had embarked, and had now brought to a glorious and successful termination. Yes, he exclaimed, 'It is finished,' in a tone of triumph. The vail of the temple heard it, and rent in twain from the top to the bottom! Hell and the grave heard it, and their power was paralyzed at the declaration! Satan heard it, and felt that he was defeated! Angels heard it, and tuned their harps to nobler strains, and notes more lofty than they sang when the God of heaven became incarnate! Earth heard it, and the saints refer to it whenever they present themselves at the throne of grace! Justice heard it, and, sheathing her sword, pronounced the blessed, the irrevocable, the eternal Amen of satisfaction, and opening her treasures, poured forth the richest blessings with a liberal hand on the sons and heirs of glory! The bright inhabitants of the heavenly world heard it, and cried: 'Blessing, and honor, and majesty, and glory be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever!' Yes! He that sitteth upon the throne heard it, and exchanging the accents, 'Awake, O sword, against the man that is my fellow,' shone forth in all the lustre of a God of peace and reconciliation to the trembling and repenting sinner!"

FULTON-STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

THE Fulton-street prayer-meeting still maintains its vitality of prayerful interest. Each day the rooms are crowded. Merchants, business men, and ministers from the country, who come from widely different portions of our land, here convene, and find their hearts kindled with celestial fire, as they listen to the remarkable answers to prayer which are related by different persons who have sent in requests for prayer, or have had knowledge of the facts. Perhaps few persons could derive more benefit to their spiritual interests, on their temporary visits to the city, than to spend an hour each day in the Fulton-street prayer-meeting.

For the Prayer-Meeting.

THE FUNERAL.

THE funeral is a solemn and touching scene. It is the end of man on earth. It is the closing scene of his probation here below. Hence, onward across the dark river is the endless and returnless journey. It was but last week (February, 1862) that we stood by the coffin of a man of years, in this city, who had been long in public life, full of energy and achieved more than most men. He had all that wealth need procure. But his end had come. He lay sleeping his long sleep of ages, with calm and placid features. Numerous friends stood around the sleeper, taking the last lingering look, and imprinting the last kiss on the cold, marble forehead.

But the funeral. This is one

of the necessities of mortal man. No day, no hour is without its funeral. So common is it in the experience of man, that he lets it pass, and thinks no more of it. Especially does this heartlessness exist in the city. They are less careless and unthoughtful in the country. Have you spent a summer in a New-England valley, along those rich sides the tones of the Sabbath-bell are heard to reverberate at the church-going hour? But why is the bell tolling suddenly on the ear in the middle of the week, at an unusual hour of the day, perhaps early in the morning, or at the going down of the sun, as if matins or vespers were about to be solemnized in the land of the Puritans? Ah! it is not for the living, but for the dead. It does not imperiously call to prayers for the dead, but announces the simple, solemn fact, that some one, perhaps known to all, has died! But is it a tender child or a strong man? Has blooming youth or hoary age fallen? Wait a few moments, till the measured and melancoly stroke shall cease. Now, after a solemn pause, while all ears are attent, may be heard a number of strokes in rapid succession. There may be six—there may be twenty—there may be forty, or seventy. If the first, childhood has received its last earthly remains. If the second, a young person is no more. If the third, middle age soon to be shrouded for the grave. If the last, some old inhabitant has at length completed the weary journey of life. Thus the village bell gives notice that the villagers must prepare for a funeral. Could words or forms speak like this to the living?

The crowded city could not hear such an admonition. And yet amid all the business and bustle of the city, every day some hearts are breaking. Maternal love is weeping over the image of departed infancy. I say image, for the infant's mind—the soul is not there. Not colder, though more endearing is the marble statue itself. Yet even to the lifeless statue of her child does she cling with undying affection. And ere that lid, which must close on us all, is fastened down, how many warm kissss does she impress on the pale clay! To say that I respect not such anexpression of maternal affection, would be stoical. I love to see it, not for the agony of that parting moment, but for the beautiful development of an affection of which God is the author, and for the relief which it brings to a burdened heart—the greater if tears can flow, impearling the cheek of infancy. Yes, mother, restrain not the tenderness of a heart which can only be relieved by opening its secret and mysterious channels, and letting the tide of emotion flow through them.

Nor when the picture is reversed, does the scene less strongly grasp the chords of sympathy in the heart. I have seen the deep stillness of the funeral agitated by the sobs of a motherless child, and heard him break forth in the most natural exclamations of filial love, at that moment so agonizing to bereaved survivors,

when the coffin that encloses the precious treasure sinks into the grave. "I can't go away—I can't go away," cried a little girl erewhile, as the grave was receiving its charge, and depriving her forever of her natural guardian on earth. She could not leave the spot. "Let me be buried with my mother," repeatedly begged a little boy, who could scarcely believe they would be so cruel as to separate her from him, and never again permit him to see that lovely face, and lay his head on that fond bosom, the dearest to him on earth.

When I have witnessed these things; when I have heard the artless, but heart-penetrating questions asked by children, while the mournful preparations for the funeral engaged the attention of these argus-eyed observers, I have been ready to exclaim, O sin! what hast thou done! Thou hast rudely, ruthlessly violated the most sacred affections of humanity. Sighs and groans are the aliment of thy life. The tears and trials of the afflicted attend thy pathway through this wilderness. No wonder that Divine inspiration personifies thee as a remorseless tyrant, or that he who drank so deeply of the spirit of the sacred muse, the poet of Paradise, the sublime painter of heaven's joys and hell's terrors and tortures, should sketch such pictures of thee, O sin! who "hath reigned unto death." An angel could not hold such a pencil. It must be in the hand of one who has himself sinned or been sinned against. Thus has fallen man been compelled to write his own history, and lay bare the anatomy of his own heart. And his doom on earth is to witness funerals, till his own shall be attended "waiting all the days of his appointed time till his change come."

As there never was a man who had a keener relish for domestic life, with its "home-born delights," than Cowper, so none could describe them with superior skill and beauty. He fondly loved his mother, as none could doubt who ever read his poetry. How did his imagination kindle, when his cousin, Ann B——, presented him with a picture of his departed mother!

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

. . . . . .

"I heard the bell tolled on thy funeral day
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow
And turning from my nursery window drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more!
. . . . The record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid."

Thus image after image, simple and natural, and continually associated with home, is brought forth, the offspring of the memory and the imagination united.

all for a serious and valuable purpose. They seem copies from nature, rather than inventions of art, and to spring from the heart, rather than fancy. Nor did he pen a line, which, "dying he could wish to blot." At length his own funeral was attended, and reader, so will yours be!

SIX MELANCHOLY FACTS.

1. THE FACT of SIN. Who dares deny it? The world is full of evidence of the dreadful fact. It "lieth in the wicked one." The powers of man feel it. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain. Pallid death testifies to it. The silent grave confirms it. Conscious guilt is dumb. It openeth not its mouth. Every flower of Paradise has withered, and the sweet fragrance thereof has been exchanged for that moral miasma, which sin, pestilential sin, every where exhales.

2. THE FOUNTAIN of SIN. It is not in the earth. How rich its harvest. It is not in the hidden strata. Pure waters gush out thence. It is not on the mountain-top. Beautiful verdure is there. It is not in the sea. Health sits on every wave. "The depth saith, it is not in me; and the sea saith, it is not with me." The winged warblers of heaven own it not. The flocks and herds graze on the uplands in guiltless security. The seasons, in their annual round, confess it not. Spring, in her fresh beauty—Summer, in her gay and joyous attire—Autumn, with her loaded basket, all thankful, all serene—Winter, in his snowy robe, symbol of purity, and with his sublime voice, saying, OBEY GOD—all, all disown the accursed thing. Even the stormy elements contend against it Where, then, is it? In the heart of man.

3 THE FAULT of SIN. Who can describe it? It sticketh not to the substance of the soul, as matter to matter; but is a living exercise. It is active violation of law. Its malignity is intense. Its burden is intolerable. The world groaneth under it. Who art thou that judgest another? Thou condemnest thyself. Thou art the man. O sinner! thou hast destroyed thyself!

4. The FILTH of SIN. Its pollutions are monstrous. The imagination is utterly corrupted. It is only evil, and that continually. Look at the mass of sin—corruption. The waters of the ocean can not wash it out. The storms of ten thousand winters could not sweep it away, and leave a pure atmosphere. The blood of hecatombs of animals could not expiate it. The fires of a million of sacrifices—even the burnt offerings on the altar of ages, could not consume the thing. No lustration but that of the Son of God is equal to this work—a "sacrifice of nobler name, and richer blood than they."

5. The FOLLY of SIN. Its folly is coequal with its fault or guilt. What more can be said? Is he a fool who refuses some high gift of God—who plans against his own interest—abuses his own friends—throws away

his possessions, and rejects the drink from the cool fountain, when panting with thirst—or the nourishing loaf, when dying with starvation? Less foolish, less mad is he, than the sinner, who spurns the bread of life that cometh down from heaven. Madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

6. The FRUIT of SIN. Bitter, bitter as death. It is death itself. "They shall eat of the fruit of their own way." "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." This fruit is like the apples of Sodom —ashes in the mouth. What fruit had ye in those things, whereof ye are ashamed; for the end of those things is death.

REV. CHARLES STEWART.

THIS devoted chaplain of the United States Navy, formerly a missionary at the Sandwich Islands, who went to Japan with the ambassadors from that country, on their return home in the steam ship-of-war Niagara, writes to the pastor of the Mariners' church in this city as follows, which was read in the Fulton-street prayer-meeting.

"FLAG-SHIP NIAGARA,
Ship Island, Jan. 30th, 1862.

"MY DEAR BROTHER JONES: We are much in our accustomed state spiritually. There have been no openly avowed conversions for some time, but there are still comforting and cheering evidences of the Spirit of the Lord with us. Souls are serious and inquiring, and some interesting young men, both among the officers and crew, are now regular attendants at our prayer-meeting, who not long ago stood afar off, caring for none of these things, and whom I had almost given up as hopelessly unimpressible. Our meetings generally are lively and animating: at one of the last there rose not less than sixteen or seventeen officers. The Lord has been very gracious indeed to us. We give thanks to him, and to you all, for the many prayers in our behalf of which you give us the assurance. Pray on, dear praying people of God; we need your prayers, greatly need them; you can have ours in return. The Lord hear and answer both you and us.

"The special prayers of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting were requested for the Niagara, at the beginning of her cruise. They were given, and were not unanswered. Earnestly request them for us on our return at the end of that cruise, that we may have a fresh blessing on our way home; those of the Old Ship meeting, too, if still sustained, and of your own church and meetings. Scatter my love as freely and as widely as it will be received. A daily prayer-meeting, I know from experience, keeps the heart warm.

"Affectionately yours,

"CHARLES S. STEWART."

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SERMON VII.*

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IMPORTANCE OF THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

"Send men to Joppa, and call for Simon, whose surname is Peter; who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved."—ACTS xi. 13, 14.

THESE are the words of an angel from heaven to Cornelius. Cornelius, we are told, "was a devout man, one that feared God with all his house, and gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." It was in answer to prayer that the heavens were opened unto him, and that he was favored with the remarkable vision referred to in the text. He saw an angel coming in to him and saying: "Send men to Joppa, and call for Simon, whose surname is Peter; who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved."

Cornelius was a Gentile, an officer in the Roman army, and Peter was a Jew. The Jews were forbidden by their law to have intercourse with the Gentiles, to eat with them, or to associate

* A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. Benjamin W. Pond, as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in Barton, Vt., January 28th, 1862.

with them in any way. This prohibition continued in force till the passing away of the old dispensation, and the ushering in of the new, at the death of Christ. Accordingly, when our Saviour first sent out his disciples to preach, he told them not to go to the Samaritans and Gentiles, but to "go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." They could not at that time go to the Gentiles, in consistency with the injunctions of the Jewish law. But after the death and resurrection of Christ, when the vail of the temple had been rent in twain, and the old, restricted Jewish economy had passed away, his commission to his ministers was vastly extended. They were no longer to confine their ministrations to the Jews, but were to "go out into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." They were to publish the glad news of salvation to the ends of the earth.

Still the Apostles seem not to have understood the full extent of their commission, and were not prepared at once to act upon it. They fondly lingered about Jerusalem; or if they went to other places, they confined their ministrations to the Jews; and they needed a miraculous interposition to convince them that the middle wall of partition was broken down, and that the door of faith was opened to the Gentiles. And a miraculous interposition was granted for this very purpose. While Peter tarried at Joppa, he saw a supernatural vision, thrice repeated, the import of which was, that he was henceforth to consider nothing as common or unclean, and that he must have no more scruples about preaching to the Gentiles. At the same time, or a little previous, an angel was sent to Cornelius, as before related, directing where to go, and for whom to inquire, that he might secure to himself and family the faithful preaching of the Gospel.

In these high and wonderful transactions, in which heavenly beings were so deeply interested, we see, my friends, the exceeding value of the Gospel. It was of so much importance to Cornelius and his family to hear the Gospel, that an angel was sent from heaven to inform him where to obtain it. At the same time, the heavens were opened to the wondering Apostle, and he was directed in a supernatural vision where to go and to whom to preach it.

But if it was of importance to Cornelius and his family to hear the Gospel, it is important for us. It is important for all people. The importance of Gospel privileges, the importance to all men, every where, of hearing the faithful preaching of the Gospel, this is the subject of the present discourse.

What, then, is the Gospel, and why is it of so much importance for men to hear it? Let us consider briefly each of these questions.

The Gospel, my hearers, is something more than a system of philosophy, a collection of moral precepts, a book of instruction

o our conduct in the present life. Some of the wiser heathen
e renowned philosophers, and delivered excellent moral pre-
ts. This did Socrates and Plato and Seneca, and many others.
t not one of these heathen philosophers ever preached the
pel, or ever had, so far as we know, the remotest conception of
Gospel.

The Gospel is an annunciation from God to the world of par-
and salvation through a Redeemer. I say it is an annucia-
of pardon and salvation. But this necessarily implies that
se to whom it is announced are guilty and lost. How can any
pardoned who have no guilt? And of what salvation do
se stand in need who are not in a lost and ruined state? Ac-
lingly the Scriptures teach, and the faithful dispenser of the
pel must proclaim that men in a state of nature have broken
law of God, and incurred its penalty; that they are guilty
undone; that they lie at the mercy of their offended Sove-
n, and must be saved by mere mercy, or they are lost for
r.

And not only is the Gospel an annunciation of pardon; it ex-
ins the method in which alone God can consistently bestow
don. It brings into prominent view the great atoning sacrifice
Christ, by which the sins of men have been fully expiated, and
ough which "God can be just, and yet the justifier of him who
eveth in Jesus."

But it was not enough for God to announce to the world that
atonement had been made, and that pardon and salvation were
ly offered. It was not enough for him to repeat the offer, and
e it upon his sinful creatures with all the eloquence of motive.
ir hearts were hard enough to resist every appliance of this
ure, and their wills obstinate enough to go on in their wicked-
s, though in doing it they must trample under foot the blood
atonement, and trifle with and resist the warnings of heaven.
was necessary, therefore, unless all were to be given up for lost,
t some further provision should be made. And the Gospel
ounces that further provision is made. It announces the
sion and ministration of the Spirit. In the Gospel, God tells
that he has sent his Holy Spirit into the world to enlighten
dark minds of men; to awaken their consciences; to soften
ir hearts; to subdue their wills; and lead them, in all
nility, to accept the kind offer of mercy which is so freely made
so tenderly urged upon them.

An atonement having been provided, on the ground of which
l can consistently offer pardon to sinners, and the Spirit hav-
come to bow their wills, and bring them to accept the gracious
r, the Gospel announces to lost and perishing men that all
ngs are ready. It sounds forth to the world that the great
k of preparation on the part of heaven is done, and calls out

In showing this, I might insist on many things. I
you how much the Gospel does to enlighten the minds
ordinary subjects; how much to humanize their fe
soften their manners, and to render their social state n
esting and improving. No barbarous people in modern t
ever been civilized till they were first Christianized; till
brought under the softening influence of the Gospel.

I might describe to you the salutary effects of the
states and nations, in forming and correcting public s
in promoting order and uprightness of conduct; in gi
to law and preventing crimes; in preparing a people
joyment of liberty, and laying the foundation of free i
on an immoveable basis. I might show you, what is
there is not now a nation under heaven in the enjoym
considerable degree of rational liberty without the Go
that the failure of some recent efforts to establish free i
was just because the people had not the light and the
of the Gospel. I might show you that the Gospel has
nation what it is; and that if our religious institution
stroyed, our civil institutions would not be long ret
might dwell on considerations of this nature, and prove
that the Gospel is worth vastly more than it cost, ever
point of view; that no people can afford to do withou
that our beloved New-England is more indebted to t
which our Pilgrim Fathers brought with them to these s
to all other causes combined.

But I have not time to dilate on these minor thou
interesting topics: more urgent considerations demand
The grand characteristic excellence of the Gospel is tha
ed in the text. It explains the only method of salvati
lost. It opens and teaches the way and the only way

was mostly concerned for; not the mere temporal advantage of Cornelius and his family, but their salvation, their eternal salvation. And this is what I am chiefly concerned for, my friends, in addressing you, and in endeavoring to urge upon you the value of the Gospel. I am not indifferent to your temporal comfort, and am sure, as I have already hinted, that the Gospel is every way conducive to your temporal welfare. It has "the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come.

But suppose it were otherwise. Suppose the blessings of the Gospel were purely spiritual, and that in a temporal point of view it was a dead loss to those who possessed it, still, is not the soul worth more than the body? Are not the riches of heaven worth more than the fleeting treasures of earth? Is the salvation of our immortal souls and those of our families a matter to be computed in dollars and cents? Surely, if the Gospel explains the only method of salvation to the lost, if it points out the way and the only way in which sinners of our race "can 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven," this consideration is alone sufficient to impress its importance upon every child of Adam.

Suppose, my friends, that you were literally sick—very sick; that your physician had despaired of your recovery; that the faces of your friends were beginning to gather paleness; and that they were expecting in a few days to be called to give you the last look and the parting hand. Under these circumstances would not the offer of a remedy, an infallible remedy, be hailed by you as one of great importance? and would not this be the crowning excellence of the offer, that it proposed a remedy by which your natural life might be spared? Well, now, my friends, you are sick, and your children and families and neighbors are sick around you, and sick with a more dreadful disease than ever attacked the mere bodies of men. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint;" and you are drawing near to the gates, not of temporal dissolution, but of eternal destruction. And now the Gospel comes in with the news of a remedy—an infallible remedy: "There is balm in Gilead, and a Physician there."

Apply to him at once in faith and trust, and you shall be healed, restored, and live forever. Such, in this view, is the Gospel.

And now is not this message important to you—important above every thing else, and important in this view particularly, that it opens a way in which you may be saved? It brings to your ears the news of salvation—eternal salvation; and what object in the world around us can bear comparison with this?

Or suppose that either of you was in prison, under a just sentence of death, and that the day of your execution was fixed, and there was no possibility of escape, and you had nothing in prospect but to be led forth in a little time and suffer the sentence of the law, and be made a public example. And suppose a messen-

ger of mercy should come into your cell and hold out to you a free and full pardon; would not such an offer be greeted by you as one of great importance? Would it not be welcomed as life from the dead? But, my friends, dreadful as the thought may be, we are all under a just sentence of death; and the day of our execution is fixed; and there is no possibility of escape; and (aside from the Gospel) we have no prospect of any thing better than to be made examples to the universe, of suffering the fearful penalty of God's law, which is eternal death. And now it is the Gospel which brings to us the news of pardon. It is the Gospel which comes into our prison-house, and sounds in our despairing ears: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." And now who shall estimate the value of this Gospel? By what arithmetic shall its worth and importance be computed? When we can compute the worth of the undying soul? when we can estimate, in round numbers, what it is worth to be ransomed from everlasting suffering, and be raised to the possession of unmingled and immortal joys—then shall we be able to form some conception of what the Gospel is worth to us, and of what it is worth to every sinner under heaven.

The importance of the Gospel message may be shown in another way. I refer to the deep interest which heavenly beings have manifested in it, and the great sacrifices which they have made in preparing the way for its publication.

We have reason to know that this mighty subject occupied the counsels of eternity. It was then that the mysterious covenant of redemption was formed. Then, "ere sin was born, or Adam's dust was fashioned to a man," the "busy thoughts" of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ran on this wonderful subject, and the part which each of them was to perform in the work of man's redemption was assigned. And since the creation of the world, and the formation and fall of man, how much has been done by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to open the way for the publishing of the Gospel message? The Father has given up his Son to death, and the Son has consented to give up himself to lay a foundation for the preaching of the Gospel. Holy men have been inspired, a revelation has been made, and miracles have been wrought, to attest its truth. Ordinances have been instituted, preachers have been commissioned and sent forth, the Holy Spirit has been pleased to work with them and by them, and angels have been their ministering servants. And now shall we suppose that heavenly beings are thus deeply interested and intently occupied with trifles?

Would the Son of God come down and die, and the Holy Spirit descend to give efficacy to his blood, and holy angels become

ministering spirits, and all for trifles ? Or, do we not see, in these high and wonderful transactions, in this long-continued and mighty work of preparation, that the Gospel is a matter of measureless importance ? So God views it certainly; and so it is viewed by all the inhabitants of heaven. And so most certainly it ought to be viewed by men. Shall heavenly beings feel so much interest in the Gospel, and we neglect it ? Shall they make such exertions and be at so much expense to provide a Gospel for us, and we trifle with it, and tread it under foot ? No, my friend we ought not, must not be so ungrateful and unwise. This world is (what inspiration has declared it to be) a vanity; riches are trash, and honor is a bubble, and pleasure is a delusive phantom; in the pursuit of which thousands after thousands have sunk down to eternal pain. But the Gospel, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which brings to our ears the news of pardon, and opens to us the portals of immortal life, to provide which the Son of God poured out his blood, and to apply which the Spirit of God is now operating in the earth—this is a vast concern indeed.

This is a subject which will bear looking at and thinking of in our soberest moments; and the more it is examined, the more it will seem to rise in greatness, in interest, and in worth, above every other subject which can occupy the mind of man.

The discourse will be concluded with some reflections. And, first, we see, from the inestimable value of the Gospel, that the preaching of it must be a noble, as well as a most responsible employment. To be an ambassador from God to men, and that too on such an errand—an errand involving, not the disposal of crowns and kingdoms, but the salvation of immortal souls—what employment on the face of the earth, within the reach of human capacities and powers, can bear comparison with this ?

And so the matter has been viewed by some of the best and wisest men that have ever lived. They have chosen this employment above every other; they have gone into it with their whole hearts; and would not be diverted from it by more attractive pursuits, or driven from it by danger or by death. And now does any doubt the wisdom of such men ? Are any disposed to call them enthusiasts, and look upon them with pity, if not contempt ? Then let us stop a moment, and see who some of them were. There was the Apostle Paul; what are we to think of him ? Was not he a great and wise and good man ? Was not he capable of looking carefully at subjects which came before him, of estimating them according to their true, relative importance, and of forming just conclusions respecting them ? Yet Paul was a most devoted, indefatigable, self-sacrificing preacher of the Gospel. He spurned the most flattering worldly distinctions, and devoted all his energies and wore out his life in publishing salvation to his fellow-men. And was not Luther a great and wise man ?

Who has given better evidence of true greatness than he? And to whom is the world under more enduring obligations than to this dauntless, uncompromising preacher of the Gospel? And were not Whitefield, and Edwards, and Bellamy, and Brainerd, and Dwight, and a great many others which might be named, both in our own country and in foreign lands, who wore out their lives in the service of the Gospel, great and wise and good men? These men are not to be regarded as amiable enthusiasts who spent their days in laborious trifling. They did not confess on their death-beds (as a certain baptized philosopher is reported to have done) that they had "wasted their lives in laboriously doing nothing." But they saw and felt in every fibre of their being the exceeding value and importance of the Gospel. They were in close sympathy on this subject with heavenly minds—with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. They saw the Gospel in the magnitude of its object and the urgency of its claims. They saw this great subject towering above every other, and casting every other into shade. This, my hearers, was the reason why such men as have been named were willing to devote themselves to the service of God in the Gospel of his Son. This is the memorial of true greatness which they have left behind them; and verily their memorial shall endure. Their witness is in heaven, their record is on high, and they shall be held in everlasting remembrance when the names of the illustrious wicked shall rot.

We see, secondly, from what has been said, the wisdom of the venerated fathers of New-England in coming to this country with the Gospel and for the sake of the Gospel. New-England was not settled like some of the southern parts of this great continent, in a spirit of commercial enterprise, or by adventurers in search of gold; but by learned, wise, and holy men, who sought an asylum for their consciences, and a spiritual asylum for their children. Accordingly, they brought their Bibles and their preachers with them, and made provision at the outset for the establishment of the Gospel. And as their settlements were extended, the institutions of the Gospel were uniformly extended with them. No sooner were the trees felled in any place, and the log-cabin erected, than a temple began to rise for the service of the Gospel—a rude one indeed, but one in which the Spirit of God was pleased to dwell, and to shed down his blessings. Our forefathers no more thought that they could live without the Gospel than that they could live without their daily bread. They regarded both alike, and made provision for both as among the absolute necessaries of life. And we, my friends, are now enjoying the fruits of their wisdom. We may laugh, if we please, at some of their peculiarities, but I repeat, we are enjoying the fruits of their wisdom.

I do not say that our fathers made no mistakes. I do not say

hat they did nothing which in the progress of more than two cenuries their descendants have found reason to regret. But I do say hat they were wise and holy men; and that they gave full proof of heir wisdom in their high regard for the institutions of the Gospel. And I further say, that had they sustained a different character, nd pursued a different course in this respect, New-England never ould have been what it now is. Our hills and vales, instead of eing covered, as they now are, with an enlightened, free, and happy eople, must have been the abode of darkness, superstition, oppresion, and misery; and we (if we had lived at all) must have been hat the Mexicans and Central and South-Americans now are—gnorant, debased, convulsed, enslaved.

It follows, thirdly, from what has been said, that those among s best imitate the example of their forefathers, and give the ost convincing proofs of wisdom, who are willing to make all eedful exertions and sacrifices to secure to themselves and their milies the blessings of the Gospel. There are some, I know, ho judge differently; who greatly undervalue the Gospel, pay o attention to it, feel no interest in it, and do little or nothing to ecure its blessings either for themselves or others. But such perons have mistaken both their country and their age. They had etter have lived in any period of the world than this, and in any art of it rather than that which is blessed with the example and atered with the tears and prayers of the pious Pilgrims. If the ospel is what it has been described to be in this discourse; if announces the only method of salvation to the lost; if it opens he only path from these apostate regions to the heavenly manions; then what are worldly gains and treasures—yea, what ould be the entire globe itself, compared with the Gospel? Ourelves and our families have bodily necessities, temporal wants, nd it is important that these should be comfortably supplied; and he Gospel, as I have shown, is no hindrance or discouragement o such a supply. On the contrary, it demands it. We must, so ar as we are able, provide for ourselves and for those under our mmediate care. But suppose, my friends, that we were placed n circumstances where the interests of the body or the soul, of his world or the next, must necessarily suffer; or, to make the ase a more probable one, suppose we were placed in circumstances here, if we made suitable provision for our spiritual wants and hose of our families, we must, on that account, secure somewhat ess of the comforts of the present life. In these circumstances, e know what the example of our ancestors would teach us, and hat the spirit of the Gospel would teach us. But I do not now ppeal to these. I ask, what would be the dictate of true wisdom—hat wisdom which looks at things as they are, and estimates them ccording to their real value? Which is worth most, I ask again, he body or the soul, the interests of time or those of eternity?

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to the state of the people. I shall consider

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Its piety is more in the pulpit than in the closet, more
under the public eye than in communion with God, and

[illegible] covered with darkness, and [illegible] covered with the corpses of the spirit- [illegible] dead;" and this Gospel [illegible] satisfy ourselves that we [illegible] feel impelled to shed [illegible] means and influence [illegible] deaf hear, and the [illegible] awake to life [illegible]

SERMON VIII.*

[illegible] D.D.,

[illegible] IN HARTFORD.

[illegible] ITS CAUSES [illegible]

[illegible] "—Heb. iv. 2.

[illegible] Professor [illegible] that the [illegible] has [illegible] last fifty [illegible] who [illegible] that [illegible] interest [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

account for it, and to show how it is to be remedied. The subject bearing directly on the character and training of the ministry, I deem entirely appropriate to the occasion on which we are met; and though I little hope to do it anything like justice in the brief time allotted to this service, I trust I shall be able to suggest some thoughts in relation to it, of a practical and profitable character. May God guide this discussion and bless the result.

What then are the causes of the diminished power of the pulpit, so generally complained of, as compared with what it formerly was, say thirty or fifty years ago? They may, I think, be embraced in two classes—such as relate to the character of the ministry, and such as relate to the state of the people. I shall consider both in their order.

In pointing out the causes of the diminished power of the pulpit, we may not say that the former days were better than these, nor that the nature of man is changed, nor that the truth of God has grown old, or has lost its power to impress and move the mind. No; if the times in which we live are in some respects more degenerate than formerly, they are in other respects more elevated and improved; human nature is the same; its wants the same, and the truths of God's word retain all their power and adaptedness to meet those wants and save the soul.

Nor is it to be said that the ministry of the present day is less characterized by talent and learning than formerly. On the contrary, it must be admitted, that in point of scholarship and general attainment, it is much in advance of what it was during the latter part of the last and the first part of the present century. This certainly must be inferred, if we may judge from the length of time spent in preparation for the ministry, which is nearly or quite double, and often quadruple, what it was in the days of our fathers; while the means of education and range of study are greater, well nigh beyond comparison. Still the pulpit, it is claimed, has less power over the popular mind, is less appreciated and productive of fewer and less marked spiritual results. Would it be thought invidious or wrong, if, in accounting for this, I were to suggest that there is less devoted, self-denying piety in the pulpit than formerly? I would speak cautiously and with diffidence on this point. I know well that a true, living piety may manifest itself in different forms, and we are very liable to fall into mistake when we test the piety of one age by exactly the same standard as we do that of another. Still, judging from what I have seen and heard and read, I cannot avoid the impression, that the ministry of the present day, taken as a whole, will hardly bear comparison on the score of deep, earnest piety with what it formerly was. Its piety is more in the pulpit than in the closet, more abroad under the public eye than in communion with God, and

eternal things. Has it as much simplicity and earnestness and love of souls as formerly; as much of that which makes its possessor love the conference and prayer-meeting, and the family visit, and which sends him forth in his pastoral walks to seek and save the lost as Jesus did? If this fact be as here intimated, it is no more than might be expected from the common process of preparation for the ministry. Formerly, a young man looking to the sacred office, was fitted for college in the family of a pastor, and when he was graduated, he studied theology in the family of a pastor, and thus, in the whole process of this training, he was in a situation eminently favorable for growth in piety, and for cultivating an experimental acquaintance with the spirit and design of the sacred work for which he was preparing. How different from this is the modern mode of preparation for the ministry! From eight to ten years or more are spent, first in an academy or high school, then in college, and finally in a theological seminary; and all this time the youthful candidate is kept under a constant pressure of classical studies, of intellectual gymnastics and strife for the mastery; and if by this process his piety be not wholly exsicated, chilled, and dwarfed, so as never after to recover its tone and vigor, it must be owing to other and better influences than any he is likely to feel while passing through the ordeal of his preparatory training.

Let it not be thought that I undervalue theological seminaries, or a high standard of classical attainment. I speak simply of the present mode of preparing for the ministry as tending to cultivate the intellect rather than the heart, to raise the standard of scholarship at the expense of piety, of humble, earnest, self-devoted godliness; and just so far as this is the case, it operates to diminish the power of the pulpit; to make preaching literary and scholarlike, rather than evangelical and searching; to fit it for a display of talent and learning rather than for a direct and faithful commending of God's truth to the heart and conscience. And is it not just here that we find a cause, if not a principal cause of the ineffectiveness of much of the preaching in our day? Does it not savor more of the school of Gamaliel than of Christ, more of high literary culture than of a deep, mellow-toned piety, figuring more in that excellency of speech and of wisdom which Paul abjured, when he went to preach the Gospel at Corinth, than in those elements of the doctrine of Christ crucified, which he determined to make the burden of his ministry? The pulpit is, no doubt, more learned and tasteful and accomplished than formerly; but is it not less bold, direct, and home in its dealings with the souls of men? Its topics are more multiform and varied, but are they not less fraught with evangelical truth and doctrine; discussed more elegantly, but less impressively; in a style more elaborate and

ied, but less suited to reach the conscience,and stir the deep
gs of feeling and action in the inner man?
stead of coming right out in the strength of God, with the
d sword of the Spirit to do battle with sin and error, it is too
non for the preaching of our day to study to be ingenious,
nal, elegant; to make literary sermons, great sermons, popular
ons, as one says. To this end, instead of confining itself with-
s proper commission, that of delivering God's message in God's
it ranges abroad over creation to find novel and strange sub-
; and then it seeks to handle them in a new and original way;
ing them out in tropes and figures, and all fine things; just
d to make the whole exhibition elegant and popular, it may
ut utterly ineffective and powerless as to all spiritual impres-

Preaching, it seems to me, often fails of effect because it
not aim at effect. It stops in itself; or is satisfied with doing
sk; with making a sermon and delivering it without aiming
) construct, to point and push it home, as to make it felt by
earer. It is not enough addressed to man as man, to man in
very-day walks and wants, as related to God and eternity.
as not enough of the lawyer-like element in it, which having
d its case to the jury, bends all its energies to get it. It is
bstract, too artificial, too much in the form of any essay or
rtation, stopping with the proof, but not applying what has
proved. This is like preparing a medicine without adminis-
g it; or like planting a battery and fixing the guns, and then
ing them lest by letting them off they should do execution in
ranks of the enemy.

here is, too, a tendency in the pulpits of our day to cover over
ilute the truth of God; to soften and bring it down from its
, unbending demands, and so to mix it up with other things
) keep its point and edge out of sight. It may still be the
d of the Spirit, but it is the sword so muffled up and decked,
with flowers and ribbons, as no longer to show what it is, or
what purpose it is to be used. This is done often from the
laudable desire to avoid giving offence, or to conciliate the
r of hearers and gratify their taste. But it is a miserable way
leal thus with God's truth. That was revealed to be known
felt; and it is the preacher's business to make it known and
to hold it up before the mind with all possible clearness and
e; and there is no surer method to weaken and make it power-
, than to disguise and wrap it up in soft, deceptive words, lest
hould press too heavily on the conscience, or pierce too deeply
impenitent, careless heart.

ut not to dwell longer on these lesser, though really important
ters, let us come at once to what is believed by many to be a
f cause of the diminished power of the pulpit—it is dropping
1 its inculcations the great distinguishing doctrines of grace;

not stating explaining, proving, and applying them as themes for sermons, but substituting for them essays and speculations about matters and things in general; giving them a religious turn, but not aiming to break up the fallow ground of the hard, unregenerated heart by bringing to bear upon it the distinctive, searching, saving truths of the gospel. Without admitting this to be true to the extent to which some carry it, it must be acknowledged that there is a tendency in this direction in the pulpit of the present day. The doctrines in question are not popular. The discussion of them is accounted dry and dull. The demand is for something more exciting, more entertaining and tasteful; and the modern pulpit is too much inclined to fall in with this demand; to discuss literary and ethical questions, questions of social and moral reform, or other matters of curious and novel character, instead of bringing forward and giving prominency to the old, and as some would say, worn-out doctrines of depravity, regeneration, sovereignty, election, justification, together with the character and work of a crucified, atoning Christ, as the great central point of all gospel truth. It is rather rare, I think, that the people hear a thorough-going, out-and-out discussion and application of these and other kindred doctrines from the pulpit, such as the people were wont to hear from the preaching of Dwight, Beecher, Taylor, Nettleton, and others of their school. They are too much taken for granted, are slidden over in an easy, superficial manner, as if they were well understood, or were of little importance; while other things, smoother, more ingenious and more pleasing to the popular taste, are made to occupy their place. This, I fear, is too true of much of our modern preaching, and just so far as it is true, it deprives that preaching of its vitality and power.

The doctrines of grace, as they are very properly called, are the true elements of power in the pulpit; that power lies in them and grows out of them, and no preaching can last long or be truly effective in awakening or saving men which ignores these doctrines or allow them only an occasion or secondary place in its ministrations. The only way to meet the souls of men effectively, is with God's truth, and the pulpit would be powerless though filled by an angel, if he substituted for that truth speculations and fancies of his own.

The causes now mentioned relate to the pulpit, and accoun in part, at least, for its comparative ineffectiveness. Let us pas to consider:

II. What causes there are in the state of the people, the publ mind, operating to produce the same result. The pulpit in thi country never had to contend with such numerous and powerfu counteracting influences as at the present day. It is not respecte now as it once was. It does not so much stand alone as the

medium of instruction and communication with the people. It is brought more into contact and competition with various popular influences which did not exist in former times as they now do; such as the periodical press, the popular lecture, and the countless publications, good and bad, which engross the attention and form the sentiments of the people. The whole community is in a very different state from what it was fifty or seventy-five years ago. There is a vast deal more of instability, and excitement, and clashing of opinions, and warring of interests. The habits of feeling, thinking, and acting on all subjects have undergone a great change, in some respects favorable, but in other respects decidedly unfavorable to the spirit and influence of the Gospel.

If men feel, think, and act more intensely and earnestly than they once did, it is also true that a thousand things operate now to make them think, feel, and act wrong, which had no existence formerly. If they boast of more freedom of thought and inquiry as characteristic of the age, this, it cannot be doubted, is often carried so far as to cherish in the bosom a deceitful feeling of freedom from God and responsibility to him as the Ruler and Judge of the world. If they abound in worldly riches and luxury and refinement, and whatever ministers to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, it is certain that there lurks in these very things a subtle, powerful influence to make them cast off the fear of God, despise his Gospel, and render the means of grace of no profit to them.

But this view of our subject is too general. Let us descend to a few particulars.

1. There is, at the present time in the community, and it has long been growing, a wide-spread and profound insensibility to eternal things. God is not feared as he once was, nor his authority cared for, nor his threatenings heeded. The scenes of eternity are sadly cast out of sight, or at least seem in a great measure to have lost their power to impress and move the sensibilities of the inner man. When I hear what impressions were often made by the preaching of such men as Edwards, Whitefield, Davies, Bellamy, Dwight, Mason, Strong, and others of the last generation, I am led very seriously to doubt whether the same preaching by the same men would produce any thing like the same impressions at the present day. If I am asked, why? I answer, it is in part because of a diminished sensibility to divine things, because of the decay or absence of a state of mind susceptible of being duly affected by the great truths relating to God, the soul, and eternity. But this very insensibility is an effect to be accounted for. The nature of man is not changed. It is the same now that it was when such powerful effects were produced by the preaching just referred to.

How comes it to pass then, that there is less sensibility to eter-

nal things than in former times, or why is it that the same truths which were once of such mighty efficacy as, when preached, to melt and subdue whole assemblies, are now so often ineffective and powerless in their exhibition? It may in part answer this question if I observe.

2. That there is a large infusion of scepticism in the minds of men at the present day, which operates of course to diminish sensibility to divine things, and greatly to prevent the proper effect of preaching. The scepticism here referred to is not the open infidelity of a former age, but it consists rather in a half-believing, half-doubting, unsettled state of mind about religious truth. This type of scepticism, I am persuaded, is much more widely diffused, and is far more fatal in its influence on the interests of religion than is generally supposed. It is circulated and cherished by much of the popular literature of the day. It is spread abroad through the medium of the newspaper and the pamphlet, and the popular lecture, and in a thousand different ways, works itself into the minds of the young and the unreflecting, making them indifferent to God and his truth, and preventing all just impressions from the ministrations of God's word. As symptomatic of the state of mind here indicated, it is an undoubted fact, that truth, God's truth, is held far less sacred than it formerly was, and correct views of it are regarded as far less important. It is thought by many as of little consequence what views of Christian doctrine they hold. The great principles of evangelical religion held by our fathers of such vital importance have come to be very lightly esteemed by many of their descendants. They are unadapted, it is thought, to this enlightened age, which has outgrown them, and not a few even among professing Christians seem ready to surrender them as of little use, and to embrace instead of them the speculations of a dreamy, transcendental philosophy. There is very little earnestness in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. By many it is doubted whether there is any such faith, any system of truth contained in the Scriptures, or whether it would be of much practical use if there were, and it were possible to ascertain what it is. Religion, it is thought, is a sentiment to be developed from a principle or germ within, and not the result of truth rightly apprehended, and made efficacious in renewing the heart by the Holy Spirit.

Such, I believe, is the state of mind widely prevalent in the community at the present day, and you need not be told that it is a state of mind little adapted to be profited by the preaching of the word.

3. Another leading cause of the diminished influence of the pulpit is the excessive worldliness which has long been growing up in our country, and is so prevalent at the present day. This too is a principal source of that insensibility to eternal things of which

I have before spoken. The minds of men are pre-occupied, filled with the things of earth and time, absorbed in the worship of Mammon, and of a multitude of idols of their own forming. The pulpit has to maintain its ground in opposition to ten thousand influences of a worldly nature which are continually rushing in to prevent the due effect of its ministrations. It has to deliver its messages, as it were, in the midst of a mob. Its voice is drowned by the noise and tumult of the world, and neither its words of instruction, nor of invitation, nor of warning are so listened to as to arrest attention and draw forth corresponding thought and feeling. Men are not in a state of mind to pause and hear what God says: and if perchance they hear amid the din and rush of their own unquiet, feverish thoughts, some portion of God's message, addressed to them, how often does it come to pass that every word and syllable of it is forgotten ere they get home, or as soon as they enter again into the turmoil and whirl of secular pursuits! A hard and most difficult thing it must be for a preacher in these times so to declare the truth of God as to arrest the attention and fix the thoughts of men effectually on the things of their eternal peace. He stands in a contested position; he speaks to minds pre-occupied by other things; to ears all the while assailed by counter voices. I mention—

4. One other cause of the diminished power of the pulpit: it is an aversion on the part of people to a direct and full exhibition of the distinguishing doctrines of the Christian system; operating at once to seal their minds against them, and to tempt ministers to handle them lightly or drop them out of their preaching. That the fact is as here intimated cannot be well doubted. It is even boasted by the enemies of evangelical religion, as one of the favorable signs of the times, that the stern orthodoxy of a former day has been obliged, under the pressure of public sentiment and the increase of light, to soften down or conceal some of its more severe and offensive points, and to be more pliant and accommodating in its inculcations from the pulpit. This, I fear, is true to an extent which a due regard for the teachings of God's word and the interests of religion would by no means justify. It is just what might be expected from the spirit of the times in which we live, that thorough, searching, humbling views of evangelical doctrine and duty should be unpopular. A luxurious, pleasure-loving, money-getting, sceptical age can have no liking for the plain, discriminating truths of God's word. Its demand is rather for smooth things, for the prophesyings of deceits and the holding forth of such views of God and his government, of the soul and its destiny, as are suited to soothe and flatter men in their worldliness and sins. I do not know whether the present is exactly the time which the Apostle predicted should come, when men would not endure sound doctrine, but would heap to themselves teachers, having itching

ears, and turning from the truth, would be turned unto fables. But certain it is that there is much in the character of the present times which strongly resembles this. Teachers of all sorts are multiplied as they never were before, and they teach all sorts of things in the shape and name of religion, and great numbers are ready to run after them, carried about by every wind of doctrine, ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. In the mean time there is a growing demand to lower the standard of God's truth, to bring down the high and holy principles which constitute the vital power of the Gospel. This is true, not merely of the ungodly and wicked, but of many who profess to respect religion, of many who bear the Christian name. The taste of the times is not for a whole, undisguised, unperverted, outspoken Gospel; but for a partial, muffled up, softened, and flattering Gospel. I very much doubt whether the famous sermon of President Edwards, on Sinners in the hands of an angry God, preached with such overwhelming effect to the people in Enfield, would be tolerated in many of our congregations at the present day; and sure I am that the sermon of Richard Baxter, on repentance, preached before the House of Commons, 1660, would be thought by many quite out of date, and too old-fashioned and honest to be addressed to a modern legislature, or to the refined and learned audiences of our times. Now, just so far as the peculiar doctrines, the great, distinctive principles of the Gospel are disbelieved or disliked, and in consequence are concealed or kept back, or only partially exhibited, so far the pulpit is shorn of its power, and the proper effects of preaching cease to be realized among the people. Here, I cannot doubt, lies one principal cause of the diminished influence of the pulpit. The public taste is against a plain, direct presentation of the simple verities of the Gospel. Its demand is for new things, for tasteful things, for pretty and entertaining things, and in its eagerness for these, it tempts the pulpit to deal partially with God's truth. This presents a sore temptation, especially to the junior ministry of our day. They are in great danger of being drawn by the spirit of the times from the simplicity that is in Christ, to an artificial, speculative style of preaching; to leave out of their ministrations the doctrine of Christ and him crucified, and to seek rather to please than to save men; to be popular than to stand approved of God as faithful, uncompromising dispensers of his Gospel. But just so far as any yield to this influence, the temptation here suggested, the vital power of the ministry is lost, and the pulpit becomes a mere vehicle of tasteful sentimentalism, or of ineffective, useless speculation.

But it is time to inquire what are the remedies of the evil we have been considering; how is the pulpit to regain its lost power, so far as it has lost it, and preaching to be made to produce deeper

and more abundant spiritual results? I have time only for a few remarks on this most deeply interesting inquiry.

1. There is needed a deeper and more pervading baptism of the Spirit to be shed down upon the ministry and upon the churches; inspiring both with a more earnest and effective piety; and leading to a new and more entire consecration to Christ and his cause. This is needed first of all, and more than all. Elevate the standard of scholarship ever so much in our colleges; enlarge the circle of studies, and prolong, as you please, the period of preparation for the ministry in our theological seminaries; it will all be in vain, unless the whole be pervaded and sanctified by a new and higher power of holiness. We have improved systems of education, vastly increased means of intellectual culture, and theological seminaries with learned and able professors, and yet the pulpit, it is claimed, has not the power it formerly had—and preaching is relatively less effective. Something more is needed, and that, as I have said, is a deeper and more general baptism of the Spirit. This is to be sought in prayer; and this betowed would breathe new life and power into the ministry and crown its labors with more abundant success. Our young men, destined to the ministry would be more thoroughly converted at the outset and rise to a higher and more devoted piety in the commencement of their Christian life. There would be no need of urging them to choose the ministry as their calling for life; they would be drawn to it by an impulse of holy love within, which they would neither misunderstand nor resist, Their whole course of study would be a discipline of godliness; their attainments, whether classical, literary or theological, would be bathed in the spirit of the cross. and they would thus be prepared to enter the pulpit as men of God. mighty in the Scriptures and in prayer, and they would be able to preach the word in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Such a ministry God will yet raise up for his Church, and such a ministry is now needed to turn back the tide of evil that is sweeping on every side, and to bear on the cause of Christ to its destined triumph over the world.

2. Another thing demanded to render the pulpit more effective is an increased earnestness, a larger share of what the French call *unction*, in its ministrations. By earnestness, I here mean not the mere warmth and energy of the secular orators, or of the advocate at the bar, or of the statesman speaking before the Senate of his country; but the tender fervor and serious engagedness and determination of purpose which spring from a lively sense of divine things; from faith in God and a constraining love to Christ and the souls of men. Earnestness in this sense is always connected with a spirit of deep, living piety; it is not noisy, declamatory, or affectedly eloquent; it is tender, solemn, impressive; it is fed by sensibilities alive unto God and divine things; it is an inward fire,

kindled by a coal from God's altar, which glows with a steady flame, and warms into activity and zeal for Christ and his cause, all the powers and affections of the inner man. There is nothing like the earnestness here indicated to give life and efficiency to the pulpit. It turns into feebleness all the attainments of mere learning and genius. It takes possession of the whole man, time, talents, all, and lays them down at the foot of the cross, to be used for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. It dwells with intense interest among the great truths of God's word; and realizing their supreme importance, it takes them into the pulpit, and there with look and voice and manner all breathing with the love of Christ and concern for man, it presses them home on the soul, and it is with demonstration of the Spirit and of power. There is no standing against deep, spiritual earnestness. The feeling on the part of hearers is that they must surrender, and whether they do or not, the truth is commended to the conscience, and they can not well escape its power.

3. Another thing necessary to remedy the evil of which I have been speaking, and to increase the power of the pulpit, is to bring into greater prominency and force the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. There are many who seem to think that these doctrines have become old, are worn out, and can no longer be made to interest and move the minds of men. No mistake is greater. These doctrines old! so is the Bible old, and the plan of salvation, and God's perfections and ways of dealing with men. Are they therefore obsolete and useless, and to be laid aside as old wives' fables? No; the great distinctive truths of the Gospel, the truths which relate to God and his government, to Christ and his salvation, to the soul and its destiny, to sin and redemption, to life and death, and heaven and hell—these truths are just as new, just as fresh, just as important to men now coming on the stage of life, as they were to the men to whom they were first announced, and so they will be to each successive generation to the end of time. They are not abstractions, not speculations and fictions of men, but everlasting principles and facts, revealed by the God of infinite wisdom and grace, as perfectly suited to the nature and wants of man, and indispensable, under all circumstances, to his enlightenment and salvation. We need have no fear that men will ever become so wise that the truths of God's revelation can not enlighten them, cannot subdue and save them. They are God's appointed means of impressing and moving the heart, of awakening and saving the soul; the sword of the Spirit; the fire and the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces, as well as the oil and the wine to heal the broken-hearted, and inspire joy and hope in the bosom of penitence, faith, and love. And preaching to have power must base itself on these truths, and be sustained and animated by them. They are and ever have been the great

elements of power in the pulpit, and the ministry of an angel would be weak that should dispense with them, or substitute any thing else in their place. God will not bless a ministry that does this. He has appointed his own instrumentality for the conversion of men; it is summarily comprised in his revealed truth, and it is only as the preacher faithfully and boldly wields that truth in dealing with the souls of men, that he may expect God to bless him with his presence and make the word dispensed by him his wisdom and power unto salvation.

Let the minister, then, who would have his preaching permanently effective and useful, deal honestly with God's truth; let him hold it in firm and vigorous faith in his own mind, and make the manifestation of it the main design of every sermon he preaches. Let him preach not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord; not prettinesses of style and language, but substantial, weighty truth; not the speculations of men, but the great, fundamental verities of God's word, filling his mind with the light and power of them, and going forth to his work in the seriousness and earnestness, in the strength and hope which they are sure to inspire in the soul when clearly apprehended and held in a strong and vigorous faith. Then will he stand before his people in the acknowledged character of a man of God; he will be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and speaking in his name and by his authority, his preaching will have an earnestness and power which no mere talent or learning or genius can impart to it.

4. As summing up the whole of what I have said under this head, and as bearing directly on the present occasion, I would add, that in order to render preaching more effective, we must have a ministry trained and qualified with special reference to the wants of the times. I have already admitted that theological seminaries are a demand of the times. They have done and are doing a great and good work in supplying many of the defects of our former method of preparing young men for the ministry. But the question may fairly be raised whether the process of instruction pursued in them is not wanting in some one or more important elements; I refer especially to the practical element—that which is necessary to get at the hearts of men and press home the plain, weighty truths of the Gospel, so as to reach the masses, and interest and move the common mind. Does not the usual process tend rather to cultivate the intellect than the heart—to make preaching literary and elegant rather than evangelical, searching, and impressive? This common sense, practical, home element; this tact at reaching the hearts and consciences of men and moving them with the wand of God's truth—is there not a demand for a larger infusion of this element into the present method of ministerial training? Should there not be a greater concentration of the minds

and hearts of young men, while connected with our theological seminaries, on what is to be their life-long work, that of preaching Christ and him crucified, so as to meet the wants of men, to awaken, convert, and train them up for God and heaven? Is not the present course of study too diversified, scattered, miscellaneous, encyclopedical—filling the mind with notions which have no reference to the true work of the ministry, while but a scanty stock of clear, well-defined theological knowledge is treasured up, from which to enrich the instructions of the pulpit; and make them weighty and impressive as bearing the seal of God's truth and addressed to the souls of men? Life is too short to attempt to learn every thing, and one who makes the attempt is sure to learn nothing thoroughly or to any good purpose, and in so far as the great work of the ministry is concerned, will be likely to prove himself a learned dunce. It seems to me that after our young men have passed through their preliminary studies in college and have entered upon their theological course, the grand aim should be, in the whole of their ministerial training, to concentrate their faculties and their studies, their time and their all, upon what is to be their main work for life; to make them thorough, effective preachers; rich in the knowledge of God's word, and able and skilful in explaining and applying it effectively to the business and the bosoms of men, so as to make them feel it, believe it, and turn to God. In the great world conflict which is going on between truth and error, we do not want weak men, nor ignorant men, to man and work our batteries; but quite as little do we want and quite as inefficient and worthless would be lofty genius and much learning, if either aims at the clouds or fights as one that beateth the air. The cause of religion gains little when the qualities of a literary lecturer take the place of those of a faithful Gospel preacher. It is not amid the cold heights of lofty speculation that the spirit of warm devotion is awakened, or the fire of conviction is kindled in the hearts of men." Many of the most studied productions of the pulpit prove, in effect, worthless, not for lack of thought of some kind, but for lack of serious earnest religious thought, bearing on practical life, experience, and duty, on the every-day circumstances, walks, and wants of men.

The ministry demanded by the spirit of the times is indeed a learned, able ministry; but not speculative, literary, ingenious, merely or principally; a ministry of truth and piety, intelligent in the Scriptures, earnest, laborious, prayerful; a ministry seeking not so much to be popular as to be useful, self-forgetful, independent, decided in duty, meditating much and deeply on the great truths which are unto salvation, that so it may impart worth and power to its Sabbath ministrations; and, withal, able to tell what it knows, to speak off-hand and to the point, without the necessity of running all its ideas out from the point of a pen—added to all

oving to go forth from the retirement of the study to mingle with he people in acts of sympathy and pastoral duty, and thus to enorce in the intimacy of private and social intercourse the lessons f instruction and warning which it publishes from the sacred leak. A ministry of this character turns into feebleness all the fforts of mere talent and learning. And this is the ministry vhich we must strive to raise up for our churches if we would see hem built up in strength and fruitfulness, and religion prospering mong the people.

A ministry trained in the spirit and after the manner here indiated, thoroughly imbued with the knowledge of divine things; vith the fears, the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the nward and outward experiences of a true Christian faith and piety, as of itself, as Coleridge well remarks, "a philosophy and sum of nowledge, and power of reaching the hearts of men, which a whole ife spent in the grove of Academus, or the painted Porch, could not have attained or collected."

Such, it appears to me, in its essential characteristics, is the ministry which is demanded to meet the spirit and the wants of the times in which we live, to overcome the causes which tend to defeat the true end of preaching and to spread the Gospel through the world. May such a ministry be raised up and sent forth from this sacred Seminary which is now to receive a new organization and a large increase of its means of theological training. A rich blessing to the churches in times past, may it prove a richer one in time to come. May the blessing of the God of Zion descend in copious measure upon this Institution, upon its present Professors and students, and on all that shall come after them in successive generations. Long may its light shine, and may it be the light of a heaven-born piety, of a thorough Biblical erudition, of a large knowledge and a deep love of the great truths of God's word, and of a divine efficiency in proclaiming them, so that in the hand of the Spirit, they shall be seen to be indeed the wisdom of God, and the power of God, unto the salvation of them that hear.

I cannot close without addressing a word to those who are favored with a preached Gospel. You have heard, my friends, what is the ministry demanded by the exigencies of the times in which we live. I have insisted—and would that I had been able to do it with much greater force than I have—that the ministry we now need, baptized with a holier and more devoted spirit of piety, and strengthening itself in faith and hope, must take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and go forth to fight the battles of the Lord. With this weapon, God's truth, bright and powerful, it must assail the insensibility of the day, and the scepticism of the day, and the worldliness of the day, and the dislike of sound doctrine and stern duty, and all that love of smooth things and prophesyings of deceits so characteristic of our times. Self-forgetful

and concerned only to be approved of God, it must stand up boldly in his cause, and faithfully declare his whole counsel, whether men will hear or forbear. This is what is demanded of the ministry. But this is not all. The people stand charged with a very solemn and weighty responsibility in this matter. Preaching alone, my friends, cannot save you; no, not, as I have before said, if it were from the lips of an angel. Next to a ministry, plain, direct and faithful, the members of our churches must awake and realize the position they occupy as agents to carry forward the cause of God in the world; and giving themselves faithfully to the duties of the Christian life, must co-operate with the ministry, staying up its hands, encouraging its fidelity, and praying for the Spirit of God to attend and crown its labors with success. They are not to be ciphers, or mere dead weights in the Church; but living epistles of Christ, plainly ministered by the Spirit, visible and read of all men as such. And let all who sit under the ministry remember that, in sending them a preached Gospel, God sends them that which is sure to prove a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death to all who hear it; the means of an eternal weight of glory or of an aggravated condemnation. Remember that insensibility, apathy, indifference, is no fit state of mind in which to hear the messages of God's word, calling you to awake out of sleep, and flee from the wrath to come. Remember that scepticism, doubt, indecision, unbelief, as to the great truths and duties of God's revelation, will be found serious matters when you come to die and pass to the scenes of eternal judgment. Remember, in fine, that when you ask of the ministry to lower its demands, to speak unto you only smooth things, or fine things, or tasteful and flattering things, you ask what it has no right to give; that it stands charged with a commission which it must fulfil or incur the guilt of betraying God's truth, and destroying souls for whom Christ died; and that if you are unwilling now to hear the messages of heaven, even the most humbling, and the most searching, and the most alarming of them, the time will come when you will be obliged to hear them proclaimed from the throne of judgment, amid the scenes of a present eternity. Ever hold in the highest esteem, then, a faithful, evangelical ministry, and welcome with candor and self-application every effort of such a ministry to declare to you the whole counsel of God, and so win you to Christ and salvation. Thus the Gospel will accomplish in you the great end of its mission—your recovery from the power and the curse of sin, and your restoration to the image and favor of God.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

For the Prayer Meeting.

Sir Walter Scott.

An anecdote was told of this celebrated man, full of great practical instruction, to illustrate the intimate relations between faith and good works. The case will serve to show many Christians who pray, but do not at the same time labor for the conversion of souls, they only use one oar, and make no headway. Sir Walter was crossing one of the friths of Scotland. The ferryman had two oars: one was written "faith," and the other "works." He asked the ferryman what that was for? "I will show you." He rowed with "works," one oar, and the boat kept whirling round; then he tried the other, and the boat whirled round and round; then he tried both, and the boat went ahead. This illustrates the connection between faith and works. Living faith produces works; but works do not precede or generate faith.

A case in point: Mr. Nettleton was laboring in a revival in one of the towns in Connecticut. He staid in the family of the pastor, who is still the pastor of the same church. After close conversation with a young woman in the family, one morning, about her soul's salvation, he went to his room and prayed earnestly for her conversion. An hour after, he came down from his chamber, and said; "Matilda, have you given your heart to God?" "No, sir; I fear not." He went away again to his room, and prayed yet more earnestly. He came again and said: "Matilda, have you given your heart to God?" "No, sir," she replied with deep feeling. He went away again the third time and prayed. A third time he put the same question: "Matilda, have you given your heart to God?" "I hope so, and believe so, sir," she replied. "How long ago?" "About half an hour ago," was her answer. The means and the answer to prayer went close together, or the two oars side by side.

For the Prayer Meeting.

The Anxious Young Lady.

At one of the meetings of the Fulton-street Church, a request was made by a gentleman present for prayer on behalf of a young lady who was a professer of religion. Her case is not singular. There may be others, though they are unknown. This young lady is the child of pious parents, maintaining the outward profession of religion so well that all acquaintances suppose she is a Christian. She is a young lady of culture, position, education, and refinement. She comes to the Lord's table regularly, and yet she says her whole life is a sham and mockery. She is esteemed a Christian, and yet she knows she is not. She is in this meeting from day to day, said the speaker. She writes bitter things against herself, and is in

a most undesirable state of mind. She acknowledges she is most anxious, and yet is unwilling to have it known that she has one anxious thought. She says she is ashamed of Christ. Yet she professes the strongest desire to believe on him with a saving faith. She is careful to conduct herself in such a way that no one shall, by any possibility be led to apprehend the cause of her distress, and is guilty of levity, which is given way to on purpose to deceive.

When asked why she does not go to Christ, she answers that she tries, but it does no good; she does not find him. She says she is often tempted to believe there is nothing in religion; that it is only the same delusion with others that it is with herself. I feel deeply for this poor young lady, and desire that you will pray for her. She is here nearly every day, but is not here to-day. She knows that I shall make this request, and joins in it. I have strong hope that she may come to Christ yet, and be forgiven.

For the Prayer Meeting.

A Father's Request.

A TOUCHING scene occurred, some days ago, in the Fulton-street prayer meeting. A father was in the prayer-meeting, having with him a little son, twelve years old. He was a stranger, and said he had never been in the prayer-meeting but a few times. He came overwhelmed with desire for the salvation of his little son. His voice trembled with emotion as he spoke. "Why," said he, "may not my son be converted to-day? Here he sits beside me, and understands his need of religion as well as I do. He has been instructed by myself and a pious, faithful mother in the things of religion. Young as he is, attempts have been made by others to drag him from the sure foundations of truth into the vortex of doubt and scepticism; and these efforts, I am sorry to say, have too much succeeded. But God can make him feel, by the power of his Spirit, the importance of the truths which we have endeavored to impress upon him. Oh! why should he not be converted to-day? And why should he not go home to gladden the heart of his mother, by telling her that he is a believer in Jesus? Why not?"

The poor father seemed very earnest, and seemed almost to feel like good old Jacob; "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me, and grant my request."

Prayer was offered immediately by one who acknowledged the mercy of God in calling him into the kingdom of Christ when he was a little boy. And all those in the meeting seemed to sympathize in the agonizing anxiety of the father that his son might be converted.

The Fulton-Street Prayer Meeting.

THE daily meetings for prayer at this sacred place, hallowed by so much prayer, and so many deeply touching associations, is still filled daily with as large a gathering as the room can hold. The meetings are solemn, deeply interesting, and give the impress on the mind of all who attend that God is there, that the Holy Spirit is present to hear and give answers to prayer, when uttered in strong and humble faith, and deep sincerity. We remember a church in another State, not far off, in the midst of a powerful revival, where the Holy Spirit so manifested his

e and his power, that al- certainly as an impenitent ventured into one of the gs, no matter how hardened itly, he was sure to be impressed, and go away leep conviction of his sins. h like this, seems to be true Fulton-street prayer meet- t which requests for prayer de, and answers expected. s are put up with deep ear- ss, and the answers come in ne, as if God delighted to the faith of those who seek al blessings at his hand. So it to be in all prayer meet- l all the churches of our

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ington on his Knees.

he officers of the Army and if in these days of national onflict, and battle, all our men would follow the exam- Washington, what a hal- influence would pervade ntrol the solemn responsibi- which now devolve on the ho stand on the walls and towers of the land!

quote from the pen of Rev. Barnes:

the most dark and distress- son of the American Revolu- e commander-in-chief of our was observed to retire each a grove in the vicinity of mp. It was at the Valley

A series of disasters had rtened the army, and the s overcast with a deep cloud, stress and anxiety pervaded ation. The army was in f the comforts, and almost indispensable necessaries of d disaffection was spreading camp. Curiosity prompted an individual to follow the commander-in-chief, and to observe him. The father of his country was seen on his knees, supplicating the God of hosts in secret prayer. With an anxious and a burdened mind, a mind conscious of its need of heavenly support and devotion, he went and rolled these mighty burdens upon the arm of Jehovah. Who can tell how much the liberty of this nation is owing to the answer to the secret prayers of Washington at the Valley Forge? Or rather, who can doubt that that spot where he plead with God was a place as closely connected with American freedom as the Hall of Independence? So where difficulties cluster around us, and we are perplexed and embarrassed, shall we be ashamed to go and pour out our hearts before God? An ancient monarch, a distinguished warrior, and a most beautiful poet, as well as an eminently holy man, once used this language: "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Beauty of the Heavens.

How delightful is it to contemplate the heavens! They are "stretched out as a curtain to dwell in." Not only as far as the human eye can see, but beyond the remotest boundary which the highest telescopic power can reach, does the ethereal firmament extend. We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of miles may be tra-

versed from any given point of space, and still the heavens appear illimitable. Infinity is stamped upon them. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned! In every direction it is studded with worlds, suns, and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul in such a contemplation is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from grovelling pursuits, mounts up, as on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs, which, like so many "crowns of glory" and "diadems of beauty," bespangle that firmament "whose antiquity is of ancient days," and which so powerfully attest that "the hand that made them is divine!"

The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feelings in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which tells us there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation, and yet amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us!

"The heavens truly declare the glory of God," and in beholding such a display of glory and beauty, we are deeply impressed with its manifestation of the power of the Creator, who sustains, upholds, and preserves such myriads of ponderous revolving bodies, each in its orbit, moving in unerring obedience to his will.

I Hope to be a Christian.

You do! Why, then, do you not seek to be a Christian? "Ask, and ye shall receive: seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye search for me with all your heart." Are you seeking for God with all your heart? No man ever yet escaped from the thraldom of sin and Satan who did not earnestly struggle to be free; no man ever entered the strait gate who did not agonize to accomplish that glorious end. Carelessness and inattention afford no foundation for a hope that you are to become a child of God.

You hope to be a Christian! Why, then, do you not give up your sins, renounce the world as your portion, and cheerfully surrender yourself to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life? He is ready and willing to receive you. He gave his life a ransom for sinners; he freely gives his Spirit to all who earnestly ask him; he has filled his revealed word with invitations and encouragements to those who desire his grace; he has long been knocking at the door of your heart for admission. How then can you hope to be a Christian?

You hope to be a Christian? When? Not now. You are too busy, or have something in view which must first be accomplished, or are so indisposed to give yourself to the work, that this is not felt to be the "convenient season." After a while, when you have accumulated a

tune, or passed the period
en you can partake in the
rld's pleasures, or when there
a revival of religion, or at
thest on a dying-bed, you
pe to be a Christian. But
d's commands and promises
for the present. He gives
encouragement to wait for a
ure season. You have no as-
rance that there shall be any
son beyond the present. Be-
e the anticipated time comes,
u may be in eternity.

You hope to be a Christian?
multitudes of others like
urself, who were living in sin,
ve hoped; but where are they
w? Long ago have they been
t down as cumberers of the
ound. Their day of grace and
y of life have closed. They
ed without Christ, and they
d without him; they trifled
ay their precious time on
th, in the delusive hope that
ne day or other they would
Christians. That day never
ne to them, and never will
ne. "Their harvest is past,
summer is ended," and their
ls are not saved.

Help your Minister.

PREACHING the Gospel and
tching to win souls is the most
emn employment of man on
th. "Who is sufficient for
se things?" exclaimed the very
efest of the apostles? The
wer and success of a minister
d pastor in his solemn work lie
a praying Church who wrestle
th God for the blessing.

Then help him by your pray-
for him. Like any brother of your fallen race, he needs Christian intercession on his behalf that he may be enlightened by the illumination of divine truth, sanctified by the grace of the Gospel and strengthened by might in the inner man.

He has his trials as a private Christian, just as you have yours. He must groan with his body of death; he must encounter the ever-besetting sin of worldliness; he must struggle with the remaining evil passions of a corrupt nature. He must bide the buffets of the great adversary and all his dark servitors, and fight all the battles of a Christian's conflict with his legion foes. Steep and narrow for him, as for you is the way that leads to holiness and God. Strong are earth's cords that hold him back from climbing as those that chain your mounting feet.

He has his own peculiar trials and perplexities as a minister of the Gospel, and these constitute a powerful appeal to you for your kindly intercessions on his behalf. Many an anxious hour does he consume in selecting themes for your spiritual profit and edification. What message of inspiration's many lessons, he asks, do the circumstances of my people next call for? What does this brother need—what that? What truth will be most timely for that straying member of the flock—what will summon the whole church most effectually to the help of the Lord? What argument shall be addressed to the impenitent? What entreaty will win them by the Spirit's seconding.

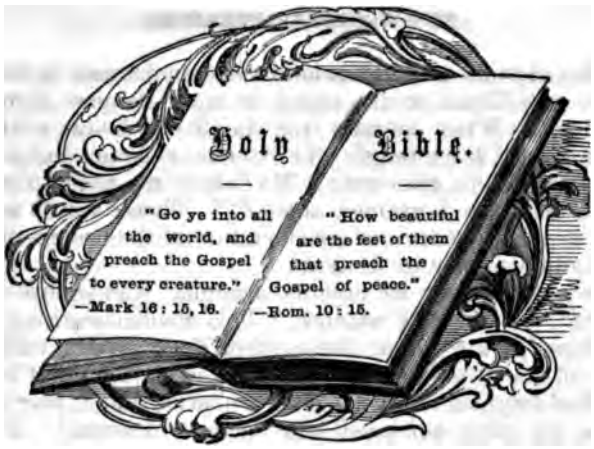
When his pen is laid aside and the last page is writ, comes another question that weighs like a mountain upon his heart. Will the Holy Ghost bless it, will it reach any breast, will it move any soul, or will it be chargeable with the deadly sin of having used a divine thought without blessing a hearer with it?

And apart from these anxieties, which vary somewhat with the mood of the mind, there is this continual and never-lifted burden—*the care of souls*. What will become of this people to whom I minister? Will they be saved? Will they go to heaven? Will they sing and rejoice at the last? Will God give me those impenitent souls? Can I reach them with God's truth and Spirit before death reaches them? Can I reach them while God sees there is hope for them? How long shall I wait sorrowfully for any seals to my ministry? Will God ever own me as his messenger of salvation to lost men?

There is not a poor soul in the midst of you or near you that more needs your prayers than your minister. In many of his labours the only way in which you can help him is to pray for him. You cannot help him directly in selecting his topics for the pulpit. You cannot stand by him in the hours of laborious but unsuccessful thought, and tell him what to say and how to say it. You cannot insure by guiding his pen, that the sermon shall be one the Spirit will own and bless—but even in these cares you can reach him with th arm and help of prayer. Yo can ask God to direct him in th choice of truth, to help him i its exhibition, to make it in man ner and form what he will bles You can ask God to sustain hin in all his toil and solicitude, tha he may roll the burden of soul for whom he watches upon th Saviour, and in all his way tak hold of a hand divine, a strengt from above.

"It is All My Own."

A MAN of wealth, living stranger to religion and its ordi nances, was walking and holdin this soliloquy: "What a happ man I am! I have an ampl fortune, an affectionate wife, an every thing to make me com fortable; and what is more, I an indebted to no one for it; I hav made it myself; I am independ ent of every one; it is all m own. Many persons are unde obligations here and there, but am not. It is all my own." A that instant, a sudden showe drove him to the nearest churc He went in, and just at that mo ment, the minister rose and rea his text: "Ye are not your ow ye are bought with a price. "What," said he to himsel "this is a strange doctrine. Bu it does not apply to me; I a my own, and all I have is m own." The course of the se mon exposed his obligations t God, and issued in totally rev lutionizing his views and fee ings.


Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON IX.

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THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ELIJAH.

"AND Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces."—2 KINGS 2: 12.

THESE words vividly portray the grief of Elisha at the departure of his predecessor in the prophetical office, Elijah. As they two were talking, and as the sons of the prophets stood at Jericho, "to view" the scene, the chariot and horses of fire came down, and the heroic prophet goes up to his celestial home. Elisha is to be prophet in his stead. A prophet's responsibilities and trials are to be his. Elijah has been a wise counselor, a trusted friend, a father unto him.

This is not all. Elijah has been his country's benefactor. In the name of Jehovah, he has gone unto his countrymen, and warned them as to the wrong, and pleaded the right. He has been the organ of the Lord's communications to Israel. He has been a wall of defense, a tower of strength unto the nation.

As are the chariots and horsemen to the combatants in the day of battle, so was Elijah to the people in their dangers from within and without. When he rises from the Israel below to the Israel above, it is as if the strength, the Saviour of Israel had gone, and the bereaved Elisha cries out: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" These words naturally suggest, as a subject for our consideration at the present time, THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ELIJAH.

Of his early history we have no account. Conjecture only can declare it. As suggests another, "This wonder-working prophet is introduced to our notice like another Melchisedek, without any mention of his father or mother, or of the beginning of his days; as if he had dropped out of the cloudy chariot, which, after his work was done on earth, conveyed him back to heaven." The name Elijah in the Hebrew is significant. Most of the Hebrew names were expressive of something divine or spiritual. "Israel" is a "Prince with God," "Elisha" is "God the Deliverer," and Elijah, *El-Ya*, (אֵלִיָּה) God-Jehovah. He is introduced as "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." Some suppose he was called the Tishbite from a place "Tishbeh;" others derive the word from a root meaning "converter" or "reformer." Gilead, whence he came, was a region lying east of the Jordan, containing the possessions of the two tribes Gad and Reuben.

We may presume that Elijah's parents were God-fearing people; for it is not likely that such a son came of a godless parentage. Doubtless his mother was a faithful mother, causing the boy's imagination to glow with the wonderful history of his ancestry. His thought was wont to climb Mount Moriah with Abraham and his offering Isaac. Did it not follow Jacob to the place of tarrying, and dream with him, and mount the ladder on which the angels were passing? and did not his ear faintly catch the words: "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven"? The youth's imagination must again and again have pictured a Joseph with his coat of many colors, not omitting the jealous, hateful, wicked look of the elder brothers. It follows Jacob's favorite boy, as now, a captive, he rides an Ishmaelite's camel into Egypt. There it moves among the Hebrew slaves, as they make their strawless brick. It with Miriam watches the infant Moses. With him it draws near to the flaming bush; then to Sinai's glory it passes; then on to Horeb it goes; from Horeb to Nebo; and then to the land where Elijah grows from the imaginative boy into the mighty man of God.

Thus the past throws down upon him its awful memories; it kindles his soul with its inspiration. It filled his heart with the thought that the fathers were men honored of God; that the nation were slaves in Egypt no longer, because God brought them

out; that the Hebrews were indeed God's "chosen people." The law had come down from generation to generation. Yonder, across the Jordan, stood Jerusalem, and the temple. Within were the ark, with its rod and tables, and the shekinah. Under these influences, amongst these monuments, the beardless boy of Gilead grew into the "hairy man, girt with a girdle of leather about his loins."

Let us look at some of the more prominent features of Elijah's character, as they are revealed in his prophetical career.

1. ELIJAH WAS A COURAGEOUS MAN. This is apparent when we consider who was the man with whom he had to deal. This was the king, Ahab, who was almost the impersonation of wickedness. He made a light thing of walking in the sins of Jeroboam before him, taking to wife a worthless Zidonian woman, rearing an altar to Baal, and did more, as it is said, to provoke the Lord God of Israel than all the kings of Israel before him. He was a reckless, merciless man. He cared not so much for the Lord God of his fathers as for the dumb, sightless, soulless god Baal. To this man Ahab, Elijah comes, and shows up his guilt, by declaring that, as a judgment upon him and his Baal-worshipers, there shall be a long and severe famine. Yes, he comes to his face, not sending a polite message in pointless words and dull phrases. He talks to the guilty face of Ahab, in language as direct as the Hebrew contained: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." After this bold, severe rebuke to the king, the prophet does not flee, until the word of the Lord came, telling him to turn eastward, and hide himself by the brook Cherith. Here he was fed by the ravens; and after the brook dried up by divine commandment, he went unto the widow woman of Zarephthah, from whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil he was fed, until in the third year the Lord commanded him to go and show himself unto Ahab.

Elijah well knows that Ahab's exasperation is great. By Elijah's word, under God, the "sore famine" comes, and it will continue until his word bids it away. Ahab's rage must be fierce. But the prophet lingers not. Obadiah, the governor of the king's house, a good man, is out in the land in search of grass for the horses and mules. Elijah meets him, and says to him: "Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here." Obadiah demurs, for fear he shall get himself into trouble. He speaks of Ahab's wrath, of his long searching after the prophet: having gone into every nation and kingdom in pursuit, and having taken an oath of the nation and kingdom that they found him not. But Obadiah finally consents, informs the king, and he comes to meet the prophet. As they meet, Ahab speaks in a lordly, threatening style: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Mark the bold answer: "I

have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

O thou lofty king! let thy anger make thine eye one ball of flame; let madness lash thy soul into fury—this man of the leathern girdle will not wince nor start. He has a lion-heart. His courage rises; it becomes sublime; he challenges Ahab, his prophets, and his gods to meet him on Mount Carmel, and there see whose God is the Lord. He throws out his word unto all the people: "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, follow him." On Carmel the Tishbite meets Baal's four hundred and fifty prophets. When they had called on their god from morning even until noon, to come down with fire and consume the prepared sacrifice, and when "there was no voice, nor any that answered," how coolly does Elijah conduct himself, flinging at Baal's worshipers the arrows of his sharp, stinging irony! "Cry aloud," says he, "for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

Elijah's courage never deserted him but once. Never fearing the face of man, he did once become panic-stricken, and flee from a woman. The ugly, godless Jezebel was a terror to his soul. When she poured forth upon him her hot wrath, and was about to drink up his blood, he flees into a wilderness, sits down by a juniper-tree, and wishes to die.

We know not how much he might have accomplished if he had stood his ground at Jezreel. He had conquered Ahab; he might have triumphed over Jezebel too. But for once fear unnerved him. This exception, however, does not prove him a coward. At all times but this once, he stood manfully in defense of the truth, the right, and his God.

2. ELIJAH WAS A PATRIOT. So high was Elisha's conception of his services to his country, that he calls Elijah "the Chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof;" as though he was the protector, the very saviour of his nation. Elisha would not have applied language to his predecessor so strong as this, if he had not been of incalculable service to his country. Such words could be appropriately applied only to a man who did a work for his country, like that of Cavour for struggling Italy, or that of Washington for our own beloved land.

Elijah's patriotism is probably not to be estimated by any one heroic act; not by any far-reaching plan of public policy; not by any constitution which his genius brought forth; not by any brilliant conquest: but by a silent, noble example; a firm adherence to the right; a mighty influence for truth on those in power; by solemn warnings as to the wrong; by the force of an earnest life spent in the interests of Israel.

It was not a noisy patriotism; it manifests itself not by vain, swelling declamation; not by inflated promises or self-complacent professions; but it worked on as quietly as the morning light hails the mountain-top. It was a love of country that doubtless led him often to the secret place of prayer, there to offer a supplication for Israel; to confess her sins; to lament her backslidings in a prayer like that of Daniel's when he poured out his whole soul for Israel's sake. It is in this secret place where the Christian, Jacob-like, pleads for God's blessing on his country; it is here, I say, that more and truer patriotism is begotten than the world is apt to think. Prayer is not enough, I know; there must be action too. But in prayer action gets its high tone, its wisdom, its celestial impulse. No, Elijah's patriotism was not blustering, but active and abiding nevertheless.

How beautifully it shines forth when, on Mount Carmel, he repairs the altar of the Lord that was broken down, and took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob!

There was nothing weak or narrow or sentimental in Elijah's patriotism. All Jews were intense lovers of their own nation. I need not say that national love or pride enters into our very idea of the word Jew. Not by bribe nor flattery nor threat can a Jew be made to dishonor his country's name.

While there is something at the foundation of this characteristic which every true man will respect, there was much in the national feeling of the Jew which was blind, narrow, unworthy of the name of patriotism. Jewish zeal often outran a regard for their nation's God, and thus their country's highest good. "Our country, right or wrong," was the rallying sentiment. They often worked and fought for Israel's name, rather than Israel's virtue. Elijah, on the other hand, loved principle more than he love the Jew. He He felt his country to be safe only when the Lord smiled upon her. He preferred a famine to idolatry; humiliation to a false prosperity. When, by sore judgments and fierce conflict, the Lord was leading the people back to himself, he did not weakly, cowardly cry "Peace! peace!" He felt that when the truth and God had gained the supremacy, then there would be peace, and not till then.

When the famine has done its work; when righteousness has gained the day; when the rebellion against God and for Baal has received a crushing blow at Carmel, then the glorious old prophet rejoices and "girds his loins, and runs before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." He called down the fire from heaven that his people might know that the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob was God in Israel. Without the Lord was among them, he felt that there was no peace, no country, no Israel.

This is the patriotism that every nation needs. My brethren, this is the patriotism that our country needs.

If this war shall result in the casting out of the Baals among us, the bringing back to us of the God of our fathers, and the producing of such patriotism as that of Elijah's, the price of the blessing will be cheap enough.

3d. We should notice ELIJAH'S POWER IN PRAYER. Though gifted with a prophet's vision, he, like other Christians, needed to pray, and he did pray much and powerfully.

When the son of the widow woman, in whose house he lived, "fell sick, and his sickness was so sore that no breath was left in him," Elijah prays, and the child lives again.

Let us mark the earnestness of the petition, my brethren, and learn what it is to pray. Elijah does not go unto God as if it were a matter of course; as if choice language, gracefully pronounced, were prayer; as if the Lord were moved by a petition lazily conceived and formally uttered; but prayer to the mind of Elijah was an act combining the faculties of the whole soul: clear, vigorous thought; fervent, glowing desire; earnest, radical, persistent will. It was a "vital breath," "the motion of a hidden fire." The suppliant prophet stretched himself upon the child, not once, but three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said: O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again. The Lord heard that prayer, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived.

Take that other instance to which James alludes: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." We are told in first Kings that the latter prayer was not answered immediately. How graphic is the account: "So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

Thus Elijah was another Jacob, for as a prince he had power with God. It is the power of earnestness, holding on until the seventh time. Such prayer is a power staying the forces of the air, blistering the earth, bringing on the rain again and causing the earth to blossom once more. Whoever, my brethren, holds on, clings to God, until the seventh time it may be, is a power in the Church, in the world.

4th. ELIJAH WAS A MAN OF STRONG FAITH. Upon faith depended his other excellencies. It lay at the foundation of his character. It was the base of his courage. I am aware that there is much in natural temperament. Steadiness of nerve and equipoise of the physical forces are very necessary; but this is not enough. As Addison says: "Courage that grows from constitution, often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner."

Discipline may do much to subject the passions and sensibilities to self-control. There is animal bravery; there is mechanical bravery; but courage, the courage that wears, that proves true when circumstances, men, and devils seem to combine in one mad assault, this courage is founded on faith. It was Elijah's faith that nerved his soul when he stood in Israel, all but alone, on the side of God. His was a holy boldness.

His patriotism, too, was grounded in his faith. He might have been a patriot, in a sense, without faith. A man may love his country from motives of interest or pride. He may glory in her conquests; in her material prosperity; in the tokens of her advancing civilization; her educational institutions; her hospitals and asylums. Yes, he may love his country for his family's sake; he may love the truths on which the government is based; he may admire the progress of those truths as they have penetrated farther and farther into the nation's life; such may be a patriotism based on these considerations, that the possessor is willing to take up arms in defense of his country's honor.

But there is a love of country higher and purer than this. Like Elijah's, it springs from a faith in truth and right for God's sake. Faith looks back to the foundation of all governments in the creative act of Jehovah. It looks upon society, from the necessities of which there springs the necessity of government, as the handiwork of God. Faith looks into the Scriptures and learns that all law derives its sanctity, its dignity, from the great King on high; that the powers that be are ordained of God, and with reverence it meets them, and with conscience it serves them. Ay, more than this, faith like that of Elijah's with loving step retraces the way of Providence, as he brought out the people from bondage; as he raised up a Moses or a Washington to lead them; as he graciously smiles upon the nation from its youth up to manhood; as he works his wonders therein; fighting its battles, ennobling its peace. Faith sees this; the soul bows and worships, and there arises a love for country like that which the angels feel for the kingdom above. God is in the history, in the law; God is in the country's past and present and future. Faith sees him every where, and on this, as adamant, patriotism may stand and work and fight until the victory cometh. Would that all patriots were Elijahs as to the kind and ground of their devotion.

It needs no proof to show that faith was also the ground of Elijah's earnestness and power in prayer. Of him, as of us, it was true that without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

But am I not assuming faith for Elijah? What are the facts? Obedience is a pretty sure test of faith, is it not? When before the face of Ahab the prophet had declared that a sore famine was at hand, brought on through his instrumentality, and thus the malignity of Ahab's nature was aroused, there comes to the prophet from the Lord the remarkable command: "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." Elijah probably had never looked to the birds of the air for his food. Probably he had never seen one who obtained his food thus. It would be contrary to experience and nature both if he should so be supported. But does he hesitate? does he question? No; he obeys as trustingly as a child. "So he went," it is said, "and did according unto the word of the Lord." When from want of rain the brook dried up, and the command of the Lord was to go to Zarephthah, that there in the widow woman's house he might be miraculously fed, he arose and went. The truth is, he took the Lord at his word, and that is the highest kind and degree of faith.

You will recollect that, when on Carmel he meets the prophets of Baal, he forms the plan, arranges all the particulars, without the least hurry or excitement, implicitly believing that when Baal had not replied, God would answer his prayer and send down the fire. Elijah acted as if he thought the Lord God was in earnest, and told the truth, and had the power to make his word good. It is but justice to the truth to say that, like his courage, Elijah's faith did fail on one occasion. His courage was wanting, because his faith failed. That was when he fled from Jezebel.

He was indeed, as the Apostle James says, "A man subject to like passions as we are." When he let go of God, all was gone. Faith in the Lord lost, faith in every thing is lost. The prophet has no confidence in Israel now, nor in himself, nor in his cause. He wants to die. As to other fainting children, the Lord comes and revives him. That his faith may rise again, the Lord reveals his power. First the great and strong wind passes by, then comes the earthquake. These are signs, not the presence of the Lord. Now comes the still small voice. When this reaches the faint heart, life comes again. Elijah is himself, and goes forth to the work of the Lord. His faith fails not again until, borne up on the fiery chariot, faith is made vision.

My friends, the world needs no more prophets, for it has the complete and everlasting Word; but Elijahs it does need. In

these times we verily need men of like courage, like patriotism, like prayer, like faith.

As I read and think of the short but brilliant career of those Old Testament prophets; as to my mind there looms up the grandeur of a history and character like Elijah's, I am reminded of those orbs of light that suddenly come to our vision from some far-off part of the universe, whose names among the angels we know not, but among us mortals they are called "comets." Like the time of Elijah's life, their nucleus is small, we hardly see it, but the flaming trail throws its glory out upon the whole heavens.

Elijah's life was short; it was little; but the brightness of his character, flaming up from the Palestine hills, has been thrown down upon all the centuries, and all eternity shall behold it. Befitting was it for the Lord's chariots of fire to come down and meet the kindling light, and bear up the man of God to the fullness of glory about the throne.

Befitting was it for the trembling Elisha to cry: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

SERMON X.

BY REV. JAMES G. CRAIGHEAD,

ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK EVANGELIST.

COMFORT TO THE SORROWING.

"COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11:28.

How kind and tender, yet dignified and impressive, is the utterance of the Saviour in our text! The speaker, his attitude, and the language of the invitation, all combine to arrest attention. It is the Son of God who addresses us, and he speaks not with the voice of command, but in the tones of earnest entreaty. Like the compassionate spirit of the religion which he came to establish on earth, he would win by love what he might have enjoined by authority. Having in the preceding verse asserted his right to exaltation, as the God-man, he now seems to bend from the hight of his divinity to utter a tender invitation to all the unhappy children of men. In language of sincerest sympathy for the woes of the race, he says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

We have said that the invitation was extended to all. At first it might seem to be limited by the terms "labor and heavy laden;" but to whom of this whole guilty race does not this description apply? The former describes the fruitless efforts of the soul, while out of Christ, to free itself from sin; the latter refers to the load of guilt which is weighing it down. Beside the consciousness of demerit, and the apprehensions of punishment, there are natural causes that produce grievous and heavy burdens from which we need relief—sickness, pain, disappointments, poverty, the loss of friends, and other ills which flesh is heir to—with some one or other of which all become acquainted. They are a part of our earthly heritage. A few may seem for a time exempt, and may revel in luxury and pleasure. But the darkened room, the languid frame, the sick couch, and the pangs of dissolution, sooner or later come to all. Either the results of sin, or the effects of these natural causes, thus impressively teach *all mankind* what it is to labor and be heavy laden.

Nor should we expect a less comprehensive invitation than this, based as it is upon the sacrifice of Christ. This was made for the sins of the whole world, and it is offered freely to all who will accept of its benefits. Those who finally perish will never attribute their destruction to the insufficiency of the Saviour's atoning sacrifice. This seems to be the obvious meaning of such passages as these: "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all;" "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world;" "That he by the grace of God, should taste death for every man;" "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." These terms of pardon, so broad and ample, show that all mankind are comprehended in this blessed invitation.

But what are we to understand by coming to Christ? How are those who "labor and are heavy laden" to come to him? Allusion is here made, we suppose, to the custom which then prevailed for the disciples of any distinguished teacher to resort to him as proof of their attachment, and to learn the truth from his lips. So the Great Teacher would have all flock to him, thereby acknowledging him as their divine instructor; believing in his doctrines, and yielding a cheerful obedience to his precepts. Thus far the analogy holds good. But coming to Christ implies more than this. He is a Saviour as well as Teacher. So that when we go to him, it is not only to be instructed, but to be forgiven and saved. This implies on our part a forsaking of sin, and the commencement of a life of obedience, together with a reliance upon his mediation for pardon and salvation. Coming in this way, we come "with faith."

The access to Christ being so easy and simple, and his invita-

tion so free, it might be expected that all would be eager to accept it. But the fact is, that none come to him until they have tried all other sources of relief. It is only when driven by the veriest necessities of their condition, that they are willing to avail themselves of the rich provisions of divine grace. Hence it is, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

What, then, are some of the necessities of our condition, that should lead us to the Saviour for relief? The first and most obvious, *is a sense of sin, and foreboding of punishment on account of it.* This consciousness of demerit does not spring from a morbid or disordered mind. Nor is it the result of education and social culture. It is universal. It clings to the savage as well as to man in civilized life. Whether men are skeptics or believers in divine revelation, idolaters or Christians, they all possess the common feeling that they are not what they should be. There is that within them which points unerringly to obligations which they know they have not fulfilled — obligations which they owe to a superior power. They may call it by different names, and ascribe it to various causes, but it is nothing more nor less than a secret sense of sin against God, which agitates and distresses them. The atheist may endeavor to reason it away, by reasoning God out of existence, but after all, he finds his soul still restless, and troubled with a consciousness of guilt.

The burden of sin, however, is not felt alike by all, nor equally by the same person at all times. External circumstances have much to do with our mental states. Prosperity may elate a man, and so strengthen him in his own self-sufficiency, that his thoughts are very seldom turned to his moral blemishes; while adversity may at once, and so plainly reveal his great deficiencies of character, that he humbly confesses that he is indeed a sinner against God. Sometimes, as we well know, a sense of our sinfulness almost crushes out our buoyant spirits, while at others it is a mere feeling of uneasiness—an apprehension that all is not as it should be with us, causing us to be dissatisfied with our moral state.

But the chief agent in producing this feeling of ill-desert, is the Holy Spirit. He alone can adequately unveil the human heart, and bring to light secret and long-forgotten sins. He alone can reveal the love and compassion of a dying Saviour, and the all-sufficiency of his redemptive work. And it is only when the power of this divine agent is exerted over the mind and heart that any one awakes to a just sense of his ruined and helpless state, and despairing of himself, trusts to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

All men experience more or less of the teachings or strivings of the Spirit. To some he comes as a "mighty rushing wind," and overwhelms them, as it were, by a resistless power. To others he appears in that silent and gentle influence so beautifully exem-

plified by the refreshing dews of the night on the thirsty earth. Sooner or later, then, in life every one knows what it is to feel the burden of sin—to labor and be heavy laden. No argument is needed to prove that of which every man carries the painful evidence in his own breast.

The question, therefore, of greatest interest to all is, how shall this burden, which weighs down the spirit of a man, be removed, and how shall his troubled mind find rest? This distress, it is to be noted, is purely mental. It is the consciousness of guilt which awakens the soul to a fearful looking for of judgment. Hence we need something to quiet the mind's alarm—something that will assure us of acquittal from the sentence of condemnation. Now the Gospel alone presents that which can allay these harassing fears. It promises to save us from our sins—the cause of our disquietude. It tells us that "there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;" that if we but come to him with a humble and penitent heart, we shall find that "there is forgiveness with God." And this is no arbitrary condition which divine sovereignty has imposed. It is founded in the very constitution of the mind itself. We must feel this sorrow for sin before we shall be willing to forsake it, and go to the Saviour for pardon. It is, moreover, the only condition of mind in which forgiveness could be extended to us. It implies regret for the past, and a desire of amendment in the future. None coming with such a disposition will be denied. With the most implicit confidence they may come, for is it not written, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon"? There is no limit fixed in these encouraging words to the number or blackness of our transgressions, beyond which we are not to look for pardon. If truly penitent, our past guilt, however great, will not transcend the plenitude of forgiving mercy.

But there are many hearts made heavy by evils which arise from natural causes. Sickness and suffering have made life a weariness. Those whom the world call unfortunate form a large class in society. Disappointments have crushed their hopes, and frustrated their plans of life. Deprived of those comforts with which they expected to solace their declining days, the evening of life is filled with anxieties and cares, from which they hoped to be exempt. Others, once prosperous, and with no wish ungratified that wealth could procure, now that adversity has overtaken them, find that their past experience only makes more bitter their present humiliation. With others, still, the course of life has been suddenly changed by a single unforeseen calamity, perhaps some domestic grief or shame, of which they dare not speak to others, and for which they can ask no sympathy, but who car-

ry their anguish in their own bosoms, and so silently bear their burden of sadness and sorrow to the grave. The unkindness of friends, the betrayal of trusts by those in whom implicit confidence was placed, embitter the lives of many more. But the iron enters most deeply into the soul when death comes, and snatches away from a loved circle those with whom we have taken sweet counsel; whose presence has been our highest earthly joy, and with whom every purpose and plan of life were identified. Then, in the darkness and solitude of the vacant chamber, we experience that poignancy of grief which almost spurns the poor consolations which man can present. It is a sorrow with which a "stranger intermeddleth not."

But we need not dwell on these painful scenes; for wherever our eyes turn, we read the sad truth, that "sore travail is ordained for the sons of men."

Some there are who for a long period seem to be exempt from the distresses which are the lot of others. Yet even these are so rather in appearance than in reality. Often with their scenes of gayety are mingled great sorrows, and beneath a cheerful countenance there lies a heavy heart, the home of tormenting suspicions, anxious fears, and secret griefs. Like others, they must walk through the vale of tears, and thrice blessed will they be, if they come out with hearts humbled and softened by their afflictions; and as earthly solaces prove unavailing, they but go to Him who feels a tender compassion for "all that labor and are heavy laden," and who invites them to come to him and find "rest."

Though the Gospel is primarily designed to remove the sorrows which arise from moral causes — from guilt and forebodings of a day of retribution — still it has its alleviations for the calamities which spring from natural causes. These it does not promise to remove, but only to mitigate and to sanctify them to our good. Short-sighted as we are, we can see a wise reason for this appointment of Providence. Continued prosperity is not best for any one. It is commonly in adversity that character acquires breadth, firmness, and power. If then the Gospel enables us to bear the trials which befall us, and to profit by them—if it keeps us from sinking under them, and through their discipline forms within us a heavenly temper and disposition, it lays the foundation of a deeper, purer, richer happiness than could come from undisturbed prosperity.

Again, the Gospel fortifies the soul against being overwhelmed by public calamities, and this it does *by inspiring confidence in God.* The present is a day of darkness and distress all over this country. Men's hearts have long been failing them for fear. And even now no one can penetrate the future, nor tell what a day may bring forth. All feel that the passing time is freighted with events of vast moment to this land, and to the world. But whether this

Union is to be riven asunder, until we become the sport and reproach of other nations, or is to be more firmly established than ever in the hearts of thirty millions of freemen, who is wise enough to inform us? And where is a good man's hope and trust in this time of adversity and dismay? In God, and God only. He recognizes him as a sovereign whose government extends over all empires and nations, and who administers it on the principles of the strictest justice and benevolence. And it is because God reigns that he can so calmly and patiently await the final issue. Meanwhile, he stays his soul on God. The issue may neither be what he expects or desires, still he knows it will be best. He knows that "all things work together for good to them who love God." In the folds of this gracious mantle he can wrap himself until the danger is passed by. For he is confident that no single event will fall out of its preärranged order, and that in the comprehensive circle of Providence each has its place, and will have the care of Him who has promised never to leave nor forsake his people. Is it strange, then, that such an one should be composed and tranquil, while the waves surge and roar around him?—strange that he should be calm, when he knows that his Lord is at the helm?

Or when bowed down under the pressure of personal afflictions —for, like other men, the Christian may be troubled on every side—his burden of grief is at once lightened by the consoling reflection that these are the chastisements of his Heavenly Father—in mercy sent, not in wrath — designed for his highest good, and to prepare him for the fellowship of saints, and the resplendent glories of the upper world. Let tempests break with all their force upon him, his soul is not affrighted, for he hears far above the tumult of the contending elements the voice of his Almighty Friend, saying: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." He feels that he is not left solitary and forsaken. God is with Him, and what wants he more?

It is thus, through Christ Jesus, that the believing soul is filled with calm confidence and joyous hope in God. In him we behold the Father reconciled, and we see how, though sinners, we can trust in him, and receive pardon and peace.

But there is an anxiety of mind much harder to bear than any trouble caused by private or public misfortunes. It is a grief produced by no reverse of fortune, and to which mere stoicism cannot render us insensible. It is the weariness, the burden of conscious guilt. Accusations of wrong-doing confront the soul at all times, and in all places. It bears around with it continually the consciousness that the frown of God is resting upon it. Like the evil spirit of which we read, it may wander forth into desert places "seeking rest," but it finds none. The splendors of the world may dazzle for a brief period, but they can not bring peace

and rest. To such an one, scenes of gayety are often repulsive. The honors, the favors, the treasures of the world, instead of bringing relief to the troubled conscience, only mock its utter wretchedness. They are felt to be but the garlands with which the god of this world is decorating the victims for the sacrifice.

And yet, hopeless as this condition may appear—hopeless as it is indeed without the Gospel—the soul may be delivered from it. It need not bend forever under its wearisome burden. The sorrow which oppresses it may be banished. The darkness that surrounds it may give place to a sunshine as clear and sweet as that which President Edwards describes in the narrative of his own experience. It may exchange sighs for songs, and tears for praise.

But how can this relief and rest, so sweet and precious, be secured? How can the soul be brought to cast its burden upon the Lord, and to lean upon his arm, and to trust in his word? Only through Christ, who has been exalted as a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. He can bestow the coveted peace. And he will give the desired rest to every one who will come to him. Let the soul, then, look with the eye of faith to his atoning work on the cross, and renouncing all self-reliance, plead the merits of his perfect sacrifice for sin. Let it rely wholly upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and trust upon the word and promise of Him who has said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," and it shall have rest. It shall have no more fears nor apprehensions of evil, but, like the beloved disciple, it may rest on Jesus' bosom. It is faith in Christ—the cordial acceptance of his blessed invitation—that introduces us to this secure refuge of divine love.

But the crowning reason why all should come to Christ is, that the rest which he promises, *is glorious and eternal.* What that state will be, we know not now. Imagination fails to conceive its glories, and language to portray them. We know nothing of them by experience. With suffering we are acquainted, since it is the natural inheritance of sin, of which all are partakers. The Apostle Paul, of all men, was perhaps the best qualified to speak respecting the glory which "is yet to be revealed." But even he, though caught up into the third heavens, and seeing things unutterable, could only indicate them by saying, that "the sufferings of this present time"—even his own cruel sufferings—"are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." It is thus only by a comparison with something we have experienced, that we can gain even the faintest idea of the blessedness of the heavenly rest. It is by the same analogy that revelation speaks to us of heaven as a place where "there shall be no more pain, nor sorrow, nor death;" where, in other words, there shall be no suspension of good, no interruption of happiness, no intrusion of distress, but one unbroken continuity of

bliss. There, too, with ever-expanding faculties, the soul will approximate toward God, its true center. What, then, is earth, and its fading joys, and ever-recurring sorrows, that we should stop to consider it in comparison with the indescribable and eternal glories of heaven?

O that we could persuade you who are unreconciled to God, no longer to turn a deaf ear to the gracious invitation of the Saviour. He calls you to a more exalted dignity, to a better inheritance than can be found in this world, where all is tarnished with decay and suffering. It is a possession worthy of your immortal nature which he offers for your acceptance. Why do you hesitate between a few years of doubtful enjoyment, liable to be broken off at any hour by sickness and death, and that which gives you at once a far purer and more perfect happiness here, and eternal rest hereafter? Since experience, that wise and impressive teacher, has shown you that all around is mutable, unstable, plant your feet on the rock of ages! Come to the Saviour, just as you are. He is able to save you, however unworthy. For is it not written for the encouragement of all, so that the guiltiest should not despair, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him"?

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

"TELL THEM TO PRAY MORE."

AMONG the rich and precious fruits of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, is the following touching sketch of living piety and humble faith. It is from the pen of a father, the Rev. Mr. Bingham, whose voice of earnest prayer or exhortation we often hear in that meeting. In reporting the particulars for the *Intelligencer*, he modestly uses the third person. He says:

The writer of these reports said he had to announce to the meeting the death of one who was often here, and who had with great delight shared in these services. On Friday, at ten minutes before two P.M., William Perry Bingham, a member of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church of this city, departed this life. He was twenty-two years and eight months old at the time of his death. He was hopefully converted when he was not yet twelve years old, and made a public profession of religion when he was about thirteen years old, in Brooklyn, and afterward removed his church relation to the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, with other members of the family. He was very happy in his last spiritual home, though for some months past he has not been able to be present on the Sabbath. You have often heard his voice in prayer in this meeting, and sometimes he has told you of that high spiritual enjoyment which he experienced, and his desire that all in this meeting might rise up into the same full assurance of faith in which he walked, living by the faith of the Son of God. The last time he was here, I remember, he stood by yonder iron pillar, and related his sweet experience of his nearness to Jesus. You looked at his pale, thin face, and probably wondered who he was, and how he came to have the experience of full assurance of faith. Let me tell the members of this meeting.

I have often asked you to pray for him. I did so two years ago last January, when it was thought by two eminent physicians, attending over him, that he could not live more than a few minutes. He was bleeding profusely at the lungs. As soon as I could, I came here and stated his case, and asked you to pray for his recovery and spared life. He was spared, as I always believed, in answer to prayer, and came up to enjoy a comfortable degree of health, so that he was all about, and was often in this meeting. But from that time there was in him a remarkable development of spiritual faith and life in Jesus Christ, and he arose at once into that full assurance of faith of which the inspired Apostle speaks when he says: "I *know* on whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed to him, against that day."

He wrote out the form of a covenant with Jesus, after the manner of Doddridge, and after solemn

prayer, signed it. In this covenant he gave himself away, without condition or reserve, to Jesus, to be his forever, to deny himself to all sin, and to be dead to it, and to be alive unto Christ in all the ways of holy obedience. And his life was one of constant activity in the service of his Divine Master. He did much, by personal conversation and an extensive correspondence, to lead others into the same blessed grace in which he stood; and, in many instances, he was successful. He seemed to be abundantly taught of the Spirit of God. He used what he learned of the way of faith in Jesus as a Saviour to great advantage, in conversing with impenitent sinners, in leading them to apprehend Christ as the way, the truth, and the life. It is but a short time that he has been confined to the house, since which he has sent for persons, and conversed with them and prayed with them in his room, persuading them to cast themselves at once on Christ. It is known that, by means of these interviews, deep and salutary impressions have been made.

He read with delight the word of God, and made it his constant study. For days sometimes he would be studying upon one passage of Scripture, and then he would experience great delight in telling what he had found out about it. Thus, the Bible was his constant theme of meditation, day and night.

He took also great pleasure in reading any thing and every thing on his favorite theme — full assurance of faith in Christ — such as Dr. Melan's tracts, and other works published by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Dutch Church.

His views were remarkable for their clearness on this great doctrine, and he did not mix it up with other things, in which not a few make great mistakes. There was never a cloud nor a shadow between him and Jesus. He lived with him and lived on him, and spread out all his wants before him in childlike confidence that all needed supplies would be granted. His will seemed to be completely swallowed up in the will of God. He was perfectly satisfied with what God bestowed and what he withheld.

One day his father said to him: "Suppose it were left to you to say whether you should lie upon this sick-bed, or should rise from it and recover, what would you say?"

"I can not suppose any such thing," he quickly responded; "I want God to do with me just as he pleases."

The closing scenes of his life were peculiarly touching, as illustrating the power of divine grace. He said to his father one day:

"I wonder who will be the first to tell me when I am dying?"

His father inquired, "Do you wish to be told when you are dying?"

"Most certainly I do. I wish to know it," he replied.

One day his father said to him: "Willie, do you feel sure that Christ will never leave nor forsake you?"

"I know he never will," was the reply.

"What makes you say so?"

"Why," he answered, "there is my covenant with him, which I entered into with him. He will never break it; and he will never let me break it. But I shall be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

One day his father commenced repeating the twenty-third Psalm,

"The Lord is my Shepherd," and then he stopped and inquired:

"Willie, is the Lord your Shepherd?"

"Most certainly he is," he answered with a joyful and pleased expression of countenance.

When parting from any Christian friends, he would most commonly ask them to promise to meet him in heaven; and when they would answer, "We *hope* we shall meet you in heaven," he would quickly respond:

"Do not say *hope*, say you *will*. Do you not *know* you will?"

It pained him to hear any one speak as if it was a matter of doubt or contingency; he wished to have them feel assured.

He loved to have Christians call upon him in his last hours, and sometimes sent for those whom he had never seen, because he wanted to know them when he went to heaven. The calls of ministers gave him great satisfaction. He often expressed great desire to have the minister who was to be installed one of the pastors of the Collegiate Church call upon him, and could hardly be reconciled not to see him before his departure.

When he was struck with death, he felt the blow, and sent for his father, who had a few moments before left the room, saying: "Call father." When his father entered, he said: "Father, what is this?"

His father answered: "This is death, Willie; you have but a little time to stay."

He looked up, with a smile playing all over his face, and exclaimed: "Oh! good." After lying a moment, he said: "Father, are you sure?"

The father answered: "There can be no doubt about it, Willie; you are really dying." Then he said: "Call the family."

The family came in one after another. His manner was perfectly cool and affectingly tender and loving. He reached out his hand and grasped his father's, holding on to it for some time. His father said:

"Have you any thing to say to father, Willie?"

"Yes, father, live near to Jesus."

"Where is Bridget? [the domestic in the family, who had been very kind to him;] where is Bridget?" he repeated. She came to the side of the bed, and took the hand which he reached out to her.

"Bridget, I want you to be a Christian, and meet me in heaven."

She answered, "I will try," her voice drowned in sobs and tears.

"Bridget, I want you to understand what it is to be a Christian," he added.

Then lying a few moments, he said in tones of indescribable tenderness and affection:

"Bridget, father will tell you what it is to be a Christian. I can not."

He undoubtedly referred to his weakness of body. Then some one said, "Here is Margaret," another who had lived much in the family. He said: "Margaret, you must be a Christian."

And then he added: "Margaret, for God's sake, for dear Jesus Christ's sake, be a Christian, do."

His father said to him: "You will be in heaven in a little while, Willie."

"Yes," he answered, "I hope so."

His sister said: "You will be glad to go, will you not?"

"Yes, indeed I will," he replied. "Your brother will soon be gone. But where is he going? Home, where there is no more pain nor suffering. And you will come too,

pretty soon. Do not cry, dear. I would like to talk more about dying, if it did not distress my friends so much. I want to go. Do you blame me?"

His sister answered: "No."

He said: "You sometimes pray for me, sister."

"Yes," she answered.

"What do you pray for?" She did not answer. He added:

"You must pray for patience to wait God's time."

She said: "I think you are patient."

"No, not thoroughly," he replied.

After lying awhile, he roused again, and spoke in a strong, clear, natural voice.

Then he called for a member of the family who is not a Christian, and reached out his hand as if he expected it to be taken. He was told that he was in New-York. "Tell him," said the dying young man, "to meet me in heaven."

"Any message for your mother?" The mother was lying ill below in the second story. "Tell her," said he, "that I loved her to the very last." This was his dying message for one who was not his own mother, but to whom he was most tenderly attached as a mother.

He sent messages to various other individuals, and when he had finished all, after lying a few minutes, he said, "Good-by," and in a little time he was gone, and a smile was on his face for hours after he was dead.

The speaker said he wished it were possible for him to express to the meeting the sense of salvation in which this dear son lived for the last two years of his life. He felt that on present faith he had present salvation. On only one subject did he in all that time express the least solicitude. He was afraid that he might be too desirous to depart and be with Christ.

The last message which he sent to the Fulton-street meeting was: "Please tell them to *pray more*."

Persevering Prayer Necessary.

BY A CITY PASTOR.

HAVE you ever thought how precious those things are which are dearly purchased; how much more prized oftentimes because of the difficulty with which their possession was environed? How the poor man prizes the humble, unpretending cottage won by his sweat and hardy toil! How the explorer exults to stand, like Bruce, at what he accounts the fountains of the Nile; or like Kane, where he may gaze from icy crags far away toward the Polar Sea! How invaluable is the rest which is reached at last after toilsome striving — the lowly dwelling to which from his far journeying the traveler returns! The water that pours in torrents from the hills, that flows in the rivers, that rolls in the sea, is too plentiful for price, and yet how beyond price is it to the thirsty desert pilgrim who has for weary miles pressed on to gain a single draft from the cooling spring! Our social, civil, and religious privileges are the purchase of long endurance, and the outpouring of precious blood; and how does the price of their purchase help us to understand and appreciate their worth!

And the wisdom of Providence has so ordered it, that with respect to many blessings we should learn to know their value by the difficulty of procuring them. They are not to be had for an idle wish or a hasty request. It would encourage our indolence, or lead us

to despise them if they were. The greatest blessings are those, indeed, which we can not win by toil or our own effort. They must come down to us graciously from heaven. But even as regards these, God will be inquired of for them. They must be besought by importunate prayer. Granted to our almost heedless petition, and at a momentary urgency, they would lose much of their value to us; they would become cheap and despised.

We need sometimes to be put off, like the Canaanite woman when she came to Christ. We need to be reminded that we have no claims to a favorable regard. It is well for us to feel that we are not entitled even to the "crumbs" that fall from the table. Then may we gratefully receive even the smallest gift. Then may we learn to appreciate the value of the blessing and the infinite mercy that bestows it upon our importunate and persevering faith.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Risen with Christ.

BY A CITY PASTOR.

"If ye then be risen with Christ," (what an *if* is that!) then have you begun the life of heaven — the life over which mortal pains and agonies have no power — the very life that you will live when the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God that gave it. You have no more to do, save as a stranger and a sojourner, with the petty aims, aspirations, and ambitions, the prizes and the pageants of earth. Your citizenship is in heaven; your home is there. You are one with Christ. The things that worldly minds prize most should be to you only as the furniture, the cast-off spoils of the grave. You should be enabled to look down with contempt on all earthly distinctions, ennobled by adoption as a child of God, and rich in that love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

But *if* ye be risen with Christ, it is not to another death, but to a new life. And that life should be one of active duty, of cheerful service. You should go forth to the vineyard, to the race, to the battle-field, not as too many do, wrapped up in grave-clothes, with the bands and cerements of old habits still cleaving to you, but with a life within that will throw them off, that will cast them aside, and that will demonstrate to the world that you have more than a name to live.

"Risen with Christ!" Gazing back on your death in sin, and the broken bars of your grave, on the scenes of danger and deliverance through which you have passed, with lips for praise and prayer that have been unsealed by death's great Conqueror—with hands and feet released by Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and with his voice sounding in your ear, Work while it is day — are you to drift back to the realms of death? Are you to sink back to the tomb of sloth and inactivity? Are you to become the baggage (*impedimentum*) of the Christian army? With living Christians around you, will you allow yourself, instead of aiding them, to be drawn along by them a hearse-load in a funeral procession that would be else a triumphal march? Shall your talents rust? Shall your eyes be closed? Shall your lips be sealed? Shall your arms be folded? Shall all things, from voices out of heaven to the dull echoes of the clods that fall on the coffin-lid, cry out, "Give

diligence," and you yet manifest no sign of Christian life?

Oh! *if* ye be risen with Christ, give evidence of your resurrection —the evidence not of hollow forms, not of mere devotional automatons, but of Christ's own life within you. Be not a statue of religion, but a living soul. Shake off the shroud, the bands, the cerements of the grave, and work for the Master as the living only can.

The Dying Nobleman.

A CERTAIN nobleman, as the story goes, had a rude wit in his employ, called a fool. Amused with a remark of his one day, the nobleman gave him his walking-cane, with this injunction; "Take this walking-cane, and keep it until you meet with a greater fool than yourself, and then give it to him." The man kept the walking-cane for a length of time, not meeting with any one whom he deemed a greater fool than himself. In process of time, however, his lordship was laid upon a dying-bed, and sending for the rude wit, addressed him thus: "Farewell!" "Where is your lordship going?" said the man. "I am going to my long home," replied the nobleman. "Your long home! How long is your lordship going to stay there?" "Oh!" said the dying nobleman, "I am never to return!" "Never to return!" exclaimed the man, "never to return!" "No," said the nobleman, "I am going to eternity, and am never to return." "Has your lordship made any preparation for that long home?" "No," said he, "I have not." "Then," replied the man, "your lordship will please to take the walking-cane; you are certainly a greater fool than I am —please to take the walking-cane." If this be deemed a quaint illustration, sure I am it is forcible, and much to the point. Only think! the sinner is going to an eternal world! In that eternal world there is a heaven of unspeakable and everlasting happiness for those who have made preparation for it; and for those who have made no preparation, there is a world of woe, which must be his dwelling-place to all eternity. And yet the sinner makes no preparation! Regardless of his eternal interests, he is trifling with his undying soul. Is this acting the part of a wise man? Is it not rather acting the part of a madman and a fool? O ye who, carried away by the things of this world, forget that you have undying souls, that you must soon be in eternity, and must soon be in heaven or in hell! Oh! think about your need of preparation, before the season for it be over and gone forever.

Rev. Mr. Opportunity.

MINISTERING angels who minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, are ever on the watch to lend invisible assistance to those who are struggling along the path of life toward the celestial city. One of them, a cherub watcher, studied from the outskirts of Paradise the ways and works of men. And, behold, one of his own race flitted perpetually hither and thither with

motions so fleet that even his quick eye could scarcely keep his track. He visited the old man with silver hairs and the little child rejoicing in the vigor of its young life, the matron and the maiden, the king in the pomp of power, and the outcast perishing in want, the pride of the whole country, and the condemned criminal in his cell. He whispered an instant in the ear of each, and then, within one or the other of the volumes which he bore, he wrote the answer, inaudible to all but him. And the cherub saw that one of them blazed with light, and the few characters traced within it were more dazzling than the summer's sun; but the other was full of a story black with the hue of the nether world, and it cast over all surrounding objects the gloom of evening shadows. Now and then the angel opened the volume and showed their contents to those he visited. Some jested loudly, but with a feigned and hollow glee; some put them sternly aside; some cursed them with shut teeth and hands clenched in the convulsive movements of despair; and some wept in penitence till their tears washed out long sentences from the ebon book, leaving blank its accusing pages. And hand in hand with Death, came the angel ever, with his strange chronicles, before which the bravest in guilt quailed and shuddered, and even the pure trembled and grew pale. Then the cherub sped back to his teacher, and asked what was the name of that minister who so inflexibly held his course, neither daunted nor turned aside, nor bribed into silence or untruth. The archangel looked kindly on the sweet, earnest face upturned to his, and answered: "His name is Opportunity, and by his records shall all men be judged in the latter day."

Family Prayer.

THERE is not on earth a scene more interesting than a family thus bending before the God of heaven. A collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, joys, blending their bliss and their woes together, and presenting them all to the King of kings, and the great Father of all the families of mankind. There is not on earth a man more to be venerated, or that will be more venerated, than the father who thus ministers at the family altar. No other man, like that father, so reaches all the sources of human action, or so gently controls the powers yielding in their first years, and following the direction of his molding hand, that are soon to control all that is tender and sacred in the interests of the church and state. No Solon or Lycurgus is laying the foundation of codes of laws so deep, or taking so fast a hold on all that is to affect the present or future destiny of man. We love, therefore, to look at such venerable locks; and to contemplate these ministers of God who stand between the rising generation—feeble, helpless, and exposed to a thousand perils—and the eternal Parent of all. They stand between the past and the coming age —remnants of the one, and lights to the other; binding the past with that which is to come; living

lights of experience, to guide the footsteps of the ignorant and erring; to illuminate the coming generation — to obtain for it blessings by counsel and prayer, and then to die. And if the earth contains, amid its desolations, one spot of green on which the eye of God reposes with pleasure, it is the collected group, with the eye of the father raised to heaven, and the voice of faith and prayer commending the little worshipers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

The Nominal Professor.

THE nominal professor is perhaps the most hopeless character on earth. Before he assumed the name of Christ, there was hope of him, that he would be impressed, convinced, and converted by some of those discriminating discourses which point out the difference between a regenerated and an unregenerated man; those pungent appeals to the conscience, which are so often blessed in awakening them that are without. But now he is proof against all these. He is a professor, a church-member; and with this as his shield, he wards off every arrow of conviction from his heart. These things, he says, are for the unprofessing, not for him. Quietly his conscience sleeps amidst all the thunders that roll from the pulpit, while the lightnings, carried off by the conductor of his profession, touch not his false hopes, and leave him amidst all secure. He puts away from himself all the threatenings of the word, though they are pointed at him, and takes to himself all the privileges and consolations of the righteous, though he enjoys none of them. If at any time the power of the deception begins to be shaken by the efforts of a half-awakened conscience, and there rises up a suspicion that he is not a truly religious man, Satan aids him to regain his delusive quietude by the usual suggestion: that he is a professor, a church-member; and that though he is not perfect, he is not farther from it than many others; he only partakes of the general delusion of the times, and if he be wrong, who is right? Besides, what is he to do? He is a church-member, and would he begin again? Would he repent, believe, and be converted now? Such logic is generally successful, and the poor creature lies down again to sleep on the sleep of death. Notwithstanding the great number of professing Christians which exist, and the great numbers of unconverted ones too, how rarely do we meet with any who were converted after they became professors? How seldom do any such come to their pastor, and express a fear, and follow it up, that they have never been truly changed!

Prayer.

HE that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.

Praying only for carnal things shows a carnal heart and leaves it carnal.

Prayer is a key in the hand of faith, to unlock God's treasures.

A family without prayer is like a house without a roof — exposed to every wind that blows, and every storm that rages.

Prayer will compel a man to leave off sinning; or sinning will make him leave off praying.

The greatest and hardest preparation for heaven, is *within;* but the spirit of prayer can effect this.

ou profess to *love* any one
n you have never *prayed?*
r is heart-work. *Rhetoric*
pray, *with all his words;*
h can pray, *even when she*
ords.
yer it is better to have a
thout words, than words
a heart.
not only in the *name* of
ut in the *faith* of Christ.
ift of prayer may have
om men, but the *grace* of
has power with God.—
nan's Almanac.

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pulation of the Grave.

extensive calculation, is
ie average of human births
nd, since the birth of Christ
time, is about 815; which
bout thirty-two thousand
: and after deducting the
supposed population of the
(960,000,000,) leaves the
of thirty-one thousand
y millions that have gone
) the grave; giving death
grave the victory over the
o the number of thirty
l and eighty millions. Of
ber in the grave, about

0,000 have died by war.
0,000 by famine and pestilence.
,000 by martyrdom.
,000 by intoxicating drink.
00,000 natural or otherwise.

it will be seen that war
ng drink have sent nearly
d of the human race to a
re grave.
alculations upon this sub-
ght be extended to an al-
lefinite length, and perhaps,
h propriety, if thought and
ion would dwell upon them
uce the morals from each
ry avenue. For instance,
g drink has now had its
580,000,000 of victims, how many more must it have before the moderate drinker will lay his shoulder to the pledge of reform? Suppose but thirty days of intense agony and misery to be the lot of each drunkard's family of five each, what is the amount in the aggregate? Suppose it required even no more than fifty bushels of grain distilled to make a man a drunkard, how long would it last famishing Europe — nay, even the whole universal world? It would amount to fifty-eight millions of barrels of flour.

Suppose again that each drunkard loses or wastes only ten years of his life, at three shillings per day, how many solid globes of gold of the size of our earth would it ($653,080,000,000) purchase? Make your own calculations, not only upon these supposed cases, but any others of which the subject is susceptible, and the result will astonish you, and perhaps lead to a somewhat different course in life. These estimates are many of them below the reality.

A Dread Eternity.

ETERNITY is a solemn word and a solemn world. The soul of man shrinks back with dismay and dread from entering that mysterious abode of spirits. And yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it and enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure-loving who tread so near its dark shores, how soon they must launch away on that untried ocean!

What is the eternity of God? Existence without beginning or end. Who can comprehend it? Run your thoughts back as far as the utmost stretch of imagination,

even millions of ages before creatures were made — God existed, and was as old as he is now, or as he will be when millions of ages more are passed away. From everlasting to everlasting he is God.

What is the eternity of creatures? Existence without end. Such is our inheritance, to live forever and ever. No period of years, or revolution of unnumbered ages, will diminish aught of the duration which will still be before us. Here we have no abiding place; time is hastening us into eternity; all we do is for eternity; we are forming characters for eternity. The thoughts we indulge, the feelings we cherish, the words we utter, the works we do, are all drawing the features of our moral likeness. How short and uncertain is the period of our probation! how soon will our deathless souls arise to the joys and employment of heaven, or plunge into the world of hopeless despair!

"I wish I enjoyed more Religion."

So you ought. So ought all Christians ever to hunger and thirst after righteousness, to press onward, to grow in grace. Not so with many who make this assertion. It is heartless—false! They do not mean it. It is offensive to God! They are incurring awful guilt! I wish I enjoyed more religion? Let me place beside this the words of our Saviour. It is high authority, I know. "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they SHALL BE FILLED." Such was the experience of Paul — of Payson. Why are you not thus filled? Now I believe the words of our Saviour are invariably true, and I think your assertion is false. I will tell you why I think so.

1. You neglect the Sabbath and its sanctuary. You do not remember it to keep it holy. Your thoughts are worldly. Your conversation is not in heaven, but on some worldly subject. More than one hundred years ago, on a Sabbath-day, the pious Brainerd wrote in his diary: "Was distressed as soon as I awaked, hearing much talk about the world and the things of it. Oh! thought I, what a hell it would be to live with such men to eternity!" Not so with you. It gives you no pain to hear such converse, or to mingle in it.

2. You neglect prayer. The family altar—where is it? How seldom do you gather around it! Or if you are regular in this duty, how cold and heartless are you in its performance! Oh! these lifeless prayers, how odious to God are they! The duty of secret prayer is sadly neglected, and your desire for a revival is so diminutive, and you care so little about the Saviour, you do not even attend the prayer-meeting. Or if you do, the fact is known only by your presence; for you do not blend your voice with others in prayer. You have no gift. You do not recommend Christ. You have no words.

3. You do not give as you ought to sustain missionary labors. You know that the heathen in all their guilt and pollution are going down to death, but you have so little anxiety for their salvation, you contribute little or nothing to effect it. You do not even attend the Monthly Concert.

4. You are not a subscriber to a religious paper. Political papers you have, and they are read with interest, read even on the Sabbath-day. But no religious paper. I know you pray, Thy kingdom come; yet you care not to learn of the advancement of that king-

dom. You are anxious to learn the progress of the Mexican war; but of the prevalence of revivals you care not to know. Well, where the treasure is, there will be the heart also.

5. You stand aloof from the temperance cause. If you are not its open enemy, you are not its secret friend. Although you profess a regard for the cause, you love strong drink. You are guilty of its occasional use. You sometimes pray for a revival when your breath is redolent with rum. Your example and influence favor its use, tend to increase and perpetuate the alarming evil of intemperance. How can you enjoy more religion while you cling to this sin, this debasing indulgence?

Finally, you are making no efforts for a revival. Your neighbors, your relatives, it may be your children, are without God; the world is perishing; there is no revival, and you are at ease. You have no time to attend the prayer-meeting, no time to pray and labor for a revival. What fearful evidence this, that a love of the world predominates in your heart! "I wish I enjoyed more religion," and yet unwilling to use the appointed means to secure the end desired. Christian, you have all the religion you wish, all you will have. There is no room in your heart for more. The peace of God would rule in you, but you will not let it. Oh! what transports, what joys might fill the soul! Such ravishing foretastes of heaven did Payson and Brainerd enjoy, that at times they were "almost insupportably happy." Why are not your joys the same? Unlike them, you neglect your duty. You do not labor for God, as did they. Harlan Page was, under God, the means of the conversion of more than one hundred souls. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

"I wish I enjoyed more religion." So you ought; you need more. God and your eternal well-being demand it. Oh! work, pray, labor for an abundant entrance.

The Revival of Religion.

It is a remark of President Edwards, that, from the fall of man to our day, the work of redemption in its effects has mainly been carried on by remarkable communications of the Spirit of God. Though, he adds, there be a more constant influence of God's Spirit always in some degree attending his ordinances, yet the way in which the greatest things have been done, toward carrying on his work, always has been by remarkable effusions at special seasons of mercy. If such is the fact in regard to the past, may we not expect the same in regard to the future?

Again, it should be noticed that revivals of religion have always been connected with the earnest preaching of Christian doctrine. Search all history, and the result will be in favor of doctrinal, rather than hortatory, or what is called practical preaching. A writer in the *Herald of the Prairies* illustrates this very happily by the following statement:

"We are acquainted with a minister who, twice during his ministry, commenced a course of lectures on the Epistle to the Romans. His own mind and the minds of his hearers became interested. In both instances the lectures were interrupted by the commencement of interesting revivals. Christians were much quickened, and many hopeful converts were added to their number.

"On another occasion this same minister set himself to work for a revival. Duty, duty, duty, in some form or other, was the burden of his sermons. He was much in earnest, and continued his labors day after day for six weeks. An impression was made, but it is not known that any valuable permanent results were the fruit of that protracted effort."

When the churches are in such a state as at present, active in the things of this world and sluggish in regard to those of the world to come, it is natural for a minister who longs to see the work of God revived to preach "duty, duty, duty," as the writer says, to be hortatory and driving, rather than to feed the flock of God with the strong meat of doctrinal truth.

Preachers and Preaching.

THE preacher is the steward of God, the messenger of mercy, and the servant of the Church.

His commission is from heaven, his calling from on high, his qualifications divine; the Scriptures his armory; righteousness his vesture; truth his girdle; salvation his helmet, and faith his shield; his message, mercy; his theme, Jesus; his glorying, the cross; his aim, human salvation; with a heart of benevolence, bowels of compassion, and a conscience of fidelity; with a clear perception, a discerning judgment, a magnanimous spirit, and an enduring perseverance.

He should be faithful to his soul, zealous for God, and compassionate to men; heavenly in his aspirations, disinterested in his motives, generous in his emotions, and devotional in his spirit; a lover of good men, a hater of iniquity; not greedy of lucre, not thirsting for power, not eager for fame, not given to wine; self-denying in life, unwearied in toil, uncompromising in principle, and instant in season and out; the guardian of youth, the counselor of the perplexed, the consoler of sorrow, the visitor of the afflicted, the advocate of the widow, the friend of all, the enemy of none; holding forth the word of light, breaking the bread of life, dispensing the healing virtues of the cross, and proclaiming to the wretched the acceptable year of the Lord.

His subjects are from heaven in their source, of heaven in their revelations, and to heaven in their tendency.

His style should be clear, his thoughts well ordered, his enunciation distinct, his manner earnest, and his language plain. Not exhibiting self, but Christ; Christ always, and Christ all in all. Not the minister of mystery, but revelation; not a perplexer, but solver of doubts; not a herald of despair, but of hope; not clad in the habiliments of sorrow, but of joy—enlightening the ignorant, cheering the penitential, comforting the distressed, reproving the wayward, admonishing the thoughtless, warning the reckless, and threatening the obdurate; preaching repentance, faith, and salvation; preaching mercy, truth, and holiness; preaching justice, benevolence, and piety; preaching death, resurrection, judgment, and eternity; preaching supreme homage and love to God, self-government and self-denial, worldly non-conformity, and kindness and good-will to men; preaching the law and the Gospel, grace and truth, the prophets and the evangelists; but preaching Christ as the end of all, the sum of all, and the glory of all; preaching down sin, and preaching up purity; preaching down self, and preaching up grace; preaching

down error, and preaching up truth; preaching hope to the self-condemned, abasement to the proud, spirituality to the formal, and a heaven of rest and blessedness to the renewed pilgrims and sojourners of earth.

Preacher of righteousness! how high thine office, how sublime thy calling, how arduous thy work, how onerous thy charge! but if faithful, how transcendently glorious thy reward! For as heaven's resplendent orbs, or the brightness of the milky way, shalt thou shine forever and ever.

Monitors.

EVERY thing around us, indeed, assumes the character of a monitor, and reminds us that we must die. The rising and setting of the sun; the constant succession of day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest; the changes which are daily taking place on the surface of this our world, and on the strongest battlements of nature—are so many proofs of the creature's tendency to dissolution and decay. In the evening we retire from the bustle of the world, lay our head upon the pillow, and sink into a state of sweet repose and forgetfulness: and this is an emblem of the long sleep of death. The withering grass, the fading flower, the passing cloud, the waning moon, and the setting star, teach us that the short day of life will soon be over — that the beauty and the strength of man must alike fail. One family removes from our neighborhood, and another succeeds; houses are continually changing their occupants; the children of the past generation are taking the place of their fathers, and a new race is springing up, with whose faces we are scarcely familiar. Our churchyards are crowded with slumbering inhabitants; new cemeteries are formed, and are daily visited by groups of afflicted mourners; the habiliments of death are to be seen in every street, and almost in every company; and the solemn knell reminds us that another, and yet another immortal, has passed from time into eternity. Nature lifts her voice, and cries: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Providence repeats the mournful story, and exhibits hourly instances of the fact. The Scriptures assure us that "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment." The ministers of religion urge the exhortation: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Experience tells us that the seeds of mortality are planted thick within us, and will soon grow up, and ripen into death. And conscience reads to us, in a deep, sepulchral tone, the sentence of our speedy dissolution.

The Christian's Duty to Himself.

THE Christian's first duty is, to take care of his own heart, the passions must be subdued, its zeal aroused, its faith strengthened, its hope enlivened. To do this:

His heart must be examined. He must narrowly watch his conduct and his feelings. He must regard self-examination as an imperious duty, to be frequently and faithfully performed. Seek a place of retirement and explore the heart. Know thyself. No other knowledge is so important. You can not be useful, happy Christian, without this knowledge.

Secret prayer is indispensable to personal holiness. Go to the

closet. With great particularity enumerate those sins which self-examination has revealed to you. Confess them humbly. Mourn over them sincerely. And in this intimate and confidential intercourse with your Maker, you will get purified from sin; you will get girt with an angel's armor; you will get your spirit imbued with lowliness and with love, which will melt down opposition, and which will allure and win to Christ. If any member of a church is neglecting secret prayer, his heart is in a state which chills vital religion, which discourages inquiring sinners, which deadens the consciences of those who are already stupid in sin. There can be no life in religion, unless that life is animated by secret prayer. There can be no joy in religion unless

In secret silence of the mind—
Your God, and there your heaven, you find.

There can be no successful effort in saving souls, unless the zeal of the heart be quickened and purified by sacred prayer.

The Bible must be studied. It is the guide to duty. It is the stimulus to effort. To read it with a listless and slumbering mind, answers not the purpose for which this volume was given. We must come to it with our intellectual energies. We must enter deeply into its meaning. We must imbibe thoroughly its spirit. As we read, we must pause and ponder. When the doom of the finally impenitent is announced, we must meditate upon that doom till we feel its terror, till emotion floods the heart, till constrained to say: "Oh! that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." When heaven is unfolded, thought must range that blissful world, till the heart glows and burns with anticipated joys. The precepts, the penalties, and the rewards which the Bible presents, must be made the subject of earnest attention, and of continued thought. Is there a member of a church who does not study his Bible? He is a soldier without armor. He is a useless member of the sacramental host. Friends, the day is far spent. Bind on the Christian armor. Go forth to the Christian conflict.

Prayer in Death.

A CHRISTIAN should die praying. Other men die in different ways, according to their character and temper. Julius Cæsar died adjusting his robes, that he might fall gracefully. Augustus died in a compliment to Livia his wife; Tiberius, in dissimulation; Vespasian, in a jest. The infidel Hume died, with pitiful jokes about Charon and his boat; Rousseau with language of presumptuous boasting; Voltaire with mingled imprecations and supplications; Paine with shrieks of agonizing remorse. Multitudes die with sullenness, some with blasphemies faltering on their tongue. But, brethren, the humble Christian would die praying. Well says the poet:

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer."

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" This is the prayer of faith, commending the immortal spirit to the covenant care of Jesus. The spirit does not die with the body. None but God, who gave it, can take away the soul's existence, and he has declared that he never will.

Would that bad men would think on that. You can not get rid of your soul's existence; you can not cease to be: you may wish it, though the wish is monstrous and unnatural. But there is no annihilation for any soul of man. Oh! come to our Saviour; give him your guilty soul to be justified through his atonement, washed in his blood, regenerated by his Spirit. Make to him now that surrender of your soul for which he calls. Renew this happy self-dedication every day, very specially every Sabbath, and most solemnly from time to time at the Lord's Supper. And then, when you come to die, it will only be to do once more what you have so often done in former days — again to commend your soul very humbly, believingly, and affectionately, into the faithful care of Jesus Christ.

Conscience.

Of all the horrors human beings can feel, none perhaps are equal to those of a guilty conscience. It embitters every comfort, it dashes every pleasure with sorrow, it fills the mind with despair, and produces wretchedness in the highest degree. "To live under such disquietude," says Blair, "is already to undergo one of the most severe punishments which human nature can suffer. When the world threatens us with any of its evils, we know the extent, and discern the limits of the danger. We see the quarter on which we are exposed to its attack. We measure our strength with that of our adversary, and can take precautions either for making resistance or for contriving escape. But when an awakened conscience places before the sinner the just vengeance of the Almighty, the prospect is confounding, because the danger is boundless. It is a dark unknown, which threatens him. The arm that is stretched over him he can neither see nor resist. No wonder that the lonesome solitude or the midnight hour should strike him with horror."

Singular Efficacy of Social Prayer.

A clergyman who was not very remarkable for his zeal in the cause of his divine Master, while traveling, not many months ago, in a certain section of this State, stopped for a night in a place where there was an extensive revival of religion. After resting for a short time at the inn, his curiosity to view the place, led him to stroll through the streets. He had not proceeded far on his evening ramble, before his ear was arrested by the voice of prayer. He paused and listened, and finding that the voice issued from a retired and humble dwelling by the road-side, stranger as he was, he resolved to enter. On entering, he found himself unexpectedly surrounded by a band of disciples assembled for special prayer. He cast his eye about upon the little group, in a vain endeavor to find some one whom he could recognize as an acquaintance; but all were strangers in person, though brethren in Christ. Collecting his wandering thoughts, he bowed himself in the humble attitude of prayer, and to his infinite surprise he soon discovered that himself, by name, and the people of his charge, were the subjects of ardent and importunate supplication. The person who was leading their devotions was an entire stranger to him, and yet he seemed to wrestle in spirit with God, that he might be aroused to greater faithfulness and zeal in his ministerial duties

and private devotions, and that God would prepare him to become instrumental in reviving his work in the church and congregation over which he was placed as a spiritual watchman. After the meeting had closed, being deeply impressed with the guilt of his past negligence, and with the responsibility of the ministerial office, he silently withdrew and returned to his lodgings. Not long after this event, he returned to his people, and resumed, with renewed vigor, the duties of his office. Within a short time, a revival commenced in his congregation, and three hundred were early numbered as the hopeful subjects of redeeming mercy. The revivals in both mentioned places still continue.

Privilege of Prayer.

WHAT a glorious boon is thus vouchsafed to *us!* The Christian's joy and hope and consolation. How often and how earnestly, then, should the Christian seek the throne of grace! He should feel most sensibly that the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much. He should long and ardently lift up his soul to God in prayer that blessings may come down upon himself and his fellow men. To call upon God, is not only acknowledged as our privilege, but is every where laid down in the New Testament as our absolute duty. Earnest, energetic prayer, we are kindly informed in the Bible, has great efficacy with God. What infinite condescension! The humble, feeble petition of a worm of the dust, may have an influence in the councils of the Eternal Three! In nothing, perhaps, do we see the forgiving love and benevolence of the Deity more strikingly manifested toward his rebellious creatures, than in the institution of prayer. Here we see, as it were, a communication opened between earth and heaven. By this way the humble saint may rise on the wings of faith and love to the very confines of heavenly bliss. He may almost hear the sound of heavenly music. He mingles, in imagination, with the glorious company that stands around the throne of God, with crowns upon their heads and golden harps in their hands, singing day and night: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." In the emotions of the simple, humble and despised disciple of Christ, are the loftiest examples of moral sublimity, ever seen or felt by man. But these emotions, elevated and exalted as they are, still are open to all who will sincerely and earnestly seek them. Yet, after all, are there some still remaining, and those professing Christians too, who, regardless of its value, are now living in almost entire neglect of this heaven-born privilege!

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XI.*

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A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.

a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to rejoice "—JOHN 5 : 35.

words were spoken of John the Baptist by our Lord rist: "He knew all men, and needed not that any should man, for he knew what was in man." No flattering nts fell from his lips for any man. And there was no ever lived of whom he spoke such high eulogy, as his erunner. When "the multitudes thronged him he began to them concerning John, What went ye out into the wil-

urse commemorative of the late Honorable Theodore Frelinghuysen, LL.D. n a public occasion, in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, on Sabbath ril 27th. Repeated by request, in the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Sab- g, May 4th, 1862.

derness to see? A reed shaken by the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea! I say unto you, and more than a prophet. Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist; notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." In his personal character the Baptist must ever retain this preëminence of the greatest among men. But in official position, even the Forerunner of our Lord is surpassed by "the least in the kingdom of heaven" which he heralded, but to which he did not belong. In the eye of Jesus, it is a greater thing to be a lowly Christian than to have been the last and greatest of the Old Testament prophets. The dignities, services, and rewards of the new dispensation leave far behind them those of the Hebrew covenant. Yet we must not forget that the brightest of all ancient names, the purest of all ancient characters, the noblest heroes of the world before Christ, were Jews; just as the theocracy was the best of all governments, the Hebrew faith, the only true religion, Palestine, the only land of promise; and Jerusalem, with its throne and temple, the intellectual, moral, and spiritual center of the world. Spite of all their guilt and curse, the world owes more to the Hebrews than to any other race of ancient men; and the Jew was dearer to the heart of God than the Persian or the Mede, the Roman or the Greek. Of this race, the last of its great names "more than a prophet," yet "a man of like passions with ourselves," was the second Elijah, the predicted and inspired reformer, the grand preacher, and immediate herald of the new kingdom of heaven, and of our glorious Lord.

"He was a burning and a shining light."

How beautiful this designation of the Forerunner is, we may better learn by a brief analysis.

1. He was a "light." But of what kind? Literally the word in the original means a portable light, as a candle, lamp, or torch, which must be made, prepared, and kindled into a flame. He was not the uncreated Light, "the Sun of righteousness." "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into this world." The greatest of all the prophets was but a lamp, a torch, compared with Christ, the full-orbed and Eternal Sun.

2. But "he was a burning light." He was on fire, burning, blazing with self-consuming ardor in the service of God. He had "oil in his vessel with his lamp," and it never went out for lack of fuel. The Baptist, like our Saviour, was ever full of his work. His zeal consumed him. His devotion burned with the most in-

tense fire of love. It glowed like a furnace at a white heat. It sent out its own radiating and reflecting fire, until the wilderness was kindled by its flames, and the nation was aglow with his awful power. But

3. "He was a burning and a shining light." Some fires burn but do not blaze, nor is it every flame that gives true light. There must be something to burn, some solid chemical matter in every flame that makes an illumination. So there are souls which consume away but do not shine. The fires of passions may burn a man up, body and soul together, but their light is only that of the burning wreck—a terror and a warning. Others just smoulder amid their own smoke and ashes. Their fire gives neither genial heat nor cheerful light. But John the Baptist's burned and shone, because his light was light from heaven. It was not stolen like the fabled Promethean fire, but it was kindled at the uncreated and eternal source; and then it was set where all could see it and rejoice in it, while it flamed heavenward from earth. The predictions and preaching of John; his constant testimony for Jesus; his wilderness cry, "Behold the Lamb of God;" his instructions to his disciples; his rebuke of Herod; his deep humility; his martydom; his record in the prophets and gospels; his memory in the church, and his place in the history of redemption; all the incidents of his life, and the grand total impression which he leaves upon the mind, justify the declaration, "He was *the* burning and shining light" of his dispensation, and that he was outshone and eclipsed only by "the Light of the world," whom he announced.

Yet "that burning and shining light" went out; it burned fast; it shone but a little while, and then he who was the lamp that lighted our Saviour's feet on earth, was made one of the brightest of the stars that burn and shine forever and ever before the throne of God.

If "the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he," we have in these words the great Teacher's own authority for magnifying his grace in every one of those "burning and shining lights" which he has set in his own kingdom. And we may "rejoice in their light for a season," in a better sense than the Jews did in that of John, for they honored him and were proud of him as a prophet, but rejected him as the forerunner of Christ. When God raises up eminent Christians, endows them with gifts and graces, and honors them and their work for Jesus' sake; the Church is bound by her loyalty to her King, and by her debt to redeeming love, to "rejoice in that light and to walk in it" "for the season" during which it lasts. Every such believer in Christ is a miracle and monument of grace. The blood of Christ has been sprinkled on him, the love of Christ constrains him, the witness of the Holy Spirit is within him, and his seal upon him.

His body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. He burns and shines with love divine. He does the work of Christ. He obeys the word and will of Christ. "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Thus all of God's elect people are "chosen in Christ that they may be holy." "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, and holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." It matters not whether our lamp be of clay or of gold, whether it be of rude or classic shape, if it is but filled with the pure oil of grace and is kept trimmed and burning by "him who walketh among the seven golden candlesticks." One may carry but a little light, a mere taper; another may burn like a flaming torch; another may branch out like the golden candlestick of the temple; but the Church and angels rejoice in them all. The lights of the Church universal are innumerable as the stars in the firmament, and of every order and rank; but all blend their rays together to make the night light about us, while "the sun rules by day." Our rejoicing in these lights is not boastful, not selfish, not as Nebuchadnezzar gloated over the great Babylon which he had built, but it is the rejoicing of humble, thankful hearts which praise the Lord and cry: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." And when our Lord takes these "burning and shining lights" away from the Church on earth, they go not out in endless night, but he transfers them to the temple "that is not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He takes them from a lower to a higher place where they burn and shine forever with brighter lustre and with purer flame.

My brethren and friends, in this spirit let us now turn to see the illustration of these truths in the character and death and influences of that eminent servant of the Lord for whom we lament, and yet praise God to-day.

The object of this discourse is not to present a biographical sketch nor to attempt a full-length portrait of our "American Wilberforce," but simply to exhibit some of those characteristics which have made him for more than a generation "a burning and a shining light" in the Church and in the nation. Against the dark background of our unhappy times his character stands in bright and bold relief, admired by millions, and beloved by all who knew the man and his native and gracious worth.

An old writer has said that "grace does not run in the blood, although corruption does." But there is something in ancestry;

and of all people in the world a Christian is not the one to undervalue a descent from godly forefathers. The ancestors of Theodore Frelinghuysen, both in this country and in Holland, were eminent for their love of liberty, their independence of spirit, and their intelligent attachment to the truth of God. Several of them were ministers of the Gospel, full of the principles of the Reformation, and animated by the utmost fearlessness and zeal in the prosecution of their work. The first of these, who came over to this country in 1719, and whose ministry was alike memorable for its success and power, declared in the face of great opposition: "I would sooner die a thousand deaths than not preach the truth." Inheriting these noble qualities of his honored line, Mr. Frelinghuysen adorned and illustrated them all during a lifetime of great usefulness in the Church and in the State. "His father was a distinguished lawyer of New-Jersey, an officer in the army of the Revolution, afterward major-general, and then senator of the United States." Thus in character, religion, and statesmanship, his lineage was equally honorable and blessed of God, who has made him the most illustrious of his name.

Let me now speak to you of his character. By the concurrent testimony of the whole nation as expressed in private and public, in the pulpit and at the forum, and through the press, "he was a burning and a shining light," and "we rejoiced for a season in his light."

It would be hard to say what particular gifts and traits made that light so bright. He was a man of eminent intellectual gifts, and of scholarly tastes; an orator of no mean fame and of classic eloquence; a lawyer who adorned the able bar of his native State; a Senator who stood high in the front ranks when the Senate of the United States contained its greatest lights. But it was the fine balance of his powers, the beautiful adjustment of intellectual and moral qualities with refinement of culture, admirable judgment, and unique individuality of character, speech and action, which constituted the general excellence of the man. In this happy combination of characteristics without the striking preponderance of any one intellectual gift, he was not unlike our matchless Washington. His was no amiable insipidity, nor negative virtue. He was a positive, spirited, direct, energetic man, full of a latent fire which often burned from the depths of his soul through all his movements, and set the hearts of those around him in a flame. At times his power was like the discharge of an electric battery, instantaneous and over-mastering. Yet a more gentle spirit never moved in human breast. He was the true gentleman, in the classic sense of the word, by birth and in behavior, in manners and in mind, in private and in public life. He was distinguished for his sterling honesty, thorough conscientiousness, unbending integrity, and great self-possession, with kind con-

sideration for others, and generous, large-hearted sympathy, and large-minded views of men and things. Few men enjoyed so rare a reputation for these essential virtues amid the temptations of professional and public life. While some of his eminent compeers were hopelessly ruined by the vices of the capital; while he moved amid the same exciting scenes, at a very critical period of our congressional history, his senatorial robes were always white, and his example was lustrous with undiminished moral and religious light for all. Yet he was a very humble man. He did not appear to "think of himself more highly than he ought to think." He did not take the highest place at the feast, but waited until the Master of the feast came and said to him: "Friend, come up higher."

Perhaps the best designation of his character would be its purity. No miser's covetousness wrote its hateful legends on his calm brow. Nobody looked in his shadow for "treason, stratagems, and spoils;" for lurking cunning, nor for that peculiar malice with which hardened age sometimes steels its withered nerves. He was like the crystal, solid but translucent. You could see through him, and love him, because he unconsciously sought and bore the test of sunlight. Like Nathanael, when he came to Jesus, he was "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile."

But it was the religion of Jesus Christ which gave to Mr. Frelinghuysen his chief distinction. I doubt much if since he took his public stand as a Christian, he was ever thought of apart from that character. He was the Christian lawyer, the Christian senator, the Christian philanthropist, the Christian gentleman, the Christian always and every where. His honesty and integrity, his eloquence and his power were all, like himself, "baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "The blood of sprinkling" was on the posts of his doors, on his family, his calling, on every service that he rendered to the country or to the cause of Christ.

I know no finer instance of the vast increase of power which religion gives to a man of intellect and education. With natural powers which were surpassed by some of his great compeers, and equaled by many, it is safe to say that no man, not even the greatest of them all, exerted the same kind of lofty and permanent influence which he did by the sheer force of his well-known consistent religious character. "As an honest man," (says one of his friends,) "as well as a learned and able advocate, he came to possess such power over juries, that his opinion at the bar was regarded with profounder reverence than that of the judge or the bench; and when, as Attorney-General, it became his duty to prosecute a criminal, a conviction was considered absolutely certain if Mr. Frelinghuysen declared his belief that the man was guilty."*

* *New-York Observer*, from which also we take the following anecdote: "More

The same writer states that when his name was proposed in the caucus of the National Convention, for Vice-President, on the same ticket with Henry Clay, a distinguished Southern lawyer opposed it in these words: "I know him well; I admire and love him: if I were searching the world over for a man to be my pastor, my spiritual guide, I would seek Theodore Frelinghuysen of all men living; but to drag him through the mire of party politics at the tail of a presidential ticket, I will never consent to it—never, never!" Still he was nominated, and failed of an election that would have placed in the second office of the nation one of the purest of statesmen.

It may serve to bring out the brightness of this shining character, in contrast with political tactics, to mention the following incident. When the tidings of the nomination reached New-York, one of the most celebrated scholars of our country, who narrated the fact to your preacher, said to the leading editor of the same political party: "How do you like the nomination of Mr. Frelinghuysen?" He replied: "It will never do! It will never do! He is too much mixed up with the Bible Society." "Well, sir," said the scholar referred to, "if it has come to this—that, because a man is a Christian, and president of a Bible Society, he can not be elected to high office—it is time that we should know it."

But God had better things in store for his honored servant. Both before and after his retiracy from political life, he was the most eminent living American representative of the great moral, philanthropic and religious institutions of the age. Nothing that concerned the welfare of humanity and the kingdom of Christ, was foreign to him. More than thirty years ago, the late Dr. J. W. Alexander, then at Trenton, wrote to his friend and biographer: "Mr. Frelinghuysen is here at this time, full of the subject of temperance. He is a singular instance of a man zealously devoted to every good enterprise without the slightest eccentricity."* The character which he then bore at forty-three years of age, grew until it ripened for the harvest at seventy-five. Philanthropy has had no more noble advocate, Christianity no more devout pattern of its graces, and of its broad, deep, genuine catholicity. He was a member, an elder, and a presiding officer of

than forty years ago, and in the northern part of the State of New York, we heard one man say to another: 'If I knew where there was an honest lawyer, I would go a thousand miles to see him.' Another man replied: 'If you go to New-Jersey and ask for Theodore Frelinghuysen, you will find the man.' Such was his reputation at that early period of his shining career."

Another writer gives a similar illustration in the *Standard and Presbyterian Expositor:* A man came into Newark, one day, and asked the innkeeper to direct him to a first-rate lawyer. "Well," said Boniface, "if you have a good cause, go to Frelinghuysen, he is an honest lawyer, and never undertakes any other kind; but if you want a keen, sharp lawyer, that sticks at nothing, go to Lawyer ——." He watched the way the stranger went, and he went straight to Lawyer ——.

* *Forty Years Familiar Letters of J. W. Alexander, D.D.* Vol. i. p. 147.

some of the Boards of my own Church. We have not another like him to lose. During a lengthened period of his life, before there was a church of our order in Newark, he was a member and elder of the Presbyterian Church in that place, where his first confession of Christ was made. But he belonged not to us, nor to our sister Church. The whole Church of Christ in these United States claims him as the type, embodiment and representative of Christian Union, and of that "unity of the Spirit" which is "the bond of peace" and "of perfectness." No better proof of this can be named than the singular fact that at one time he held the office of President in those three great national and catholic institutions, the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The first of these he retained until his death. It is also stated in the public prints that he was President of the American and Foreign Christian Union, and of the American Temperance Union. Yet no man ever loved more heartily, or held with greater tenacity, the creed and polity of his own mother Church. He was a theologian of ample acquirements, of rigid evangelical views, and of thorough orthodoxy according to the Calvinistic standard of Dordrecht and Westminster. All his ancestral, traditional, and local associations, his constitutional tendencies, his education, and his conscientious convictions, united to make him a living type of "the good old ways of the Reformation." He was neither a bigot nor a latitudinarian. He stood upon the highest ground of unsectarian Christianity, and yet like a good soldier of Jesus Christ he obeyed that apostolic injunction: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity." (1 Cor. 16 : 13, 14.)

His peculiar powers of eloquent speech were often developed on the anniversary occasions of our great national religious institutions, and with wonderful effect. Thus I remember how, a few years ago, when some converted Indians were introduced at one of the sessions of the American Board of Foreign Missions, he welcomed them in an impromptu address which thrilled the vast assembly, and so paralyzed the utterance of others, that even one of the most eminent pulpit orators of our time, who was to follow him, only apologized and exclaiming, "But who can come after the king?" sat down among the tearful multitude. His faith, and his love for Christ and his cause, were measured by the world, the Bible, and the Cross. With him "there was neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female: for all are one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. 3 : 28.)

He was a regular attendant of the union daily prayer-meetings which were held in New-Brunswick during and since the late revival, and took a leading part in the exercises, and an humble seat among the lowly. For many years during his legal practice

while a Senator in Congress, when Chancellor of the University, and afterward, when President of Rutgers College, he was a Sabbath-school teacher, who loved his work, deemed it one of his highest honors, and found in it a comfort and reward of which he now enjoys the full fruition. He considered it, and often spoke of it, as one of his greatest privileges to be permitted to lead his young classes to the Bible and the Saviour. The Sunday-school has good reason to rejoice in his light, for it burned and shone there with the lustre of his great example and gracious power. He had unusual ability to make things plain to the most humble mind, and this, with his deep sincerity, won his way to the hearts of the young quite as readily as he impressed himself upon juries and popular assemblies.

Another preëminent trait of his Christian character was his faithfulness. He could "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and gentleness." He did this with an authority which only goodness can command. The righteous indignation which the sacred writers show against sin, and their fidelity to truth, and to the transgressor, were richly displayed in the habitual conduct of Mr. Frelinghuysen. It was this which kindled his burning eloquence at the bar in behalf of the oppressed, and against the culprit; which flamed like tongues of fire in his senatorial speeches against the wrongs of the Indians, and against the Sabbath mails; and which enabled him to confront his own party, and its great leaders, and the administration, which he opposed whenever the occasion demanded it. It was this faithfulness, too, which made his very presence and character a silent and perpetual protest against all iniquity in high places. It was this, again, with which, like a prophet, he is said to have reproved, and melted, and subdued the profane impatience of a great leader, whom he loved, and who had vainly tried to bring him over to his views on an exciting topic. "I will not stay in the room with you, if you indulge in this wicked profanity. My ears shall not be shocked by it. When you can talk to me like a gentleman or a Christian, I will return, but I will never speak to you till then." And was not the answer characteristic of the great man who replied: "Come back, Frelinghuysen. I am all wrong. Forgive me. Forgive me. I will be guilty no more. Hear me. Hear me. I will not swear any more!"* This was not the ebullition of a transient feeling under an insulting remark. It was the outworking of a principle within him, which grew stronger and brighter with his experience. Every body felt it. From the Senate Chamber to the farthest bounds of the Union, the wise and good of the whole land rejoiced in his light. It burned and it shone for all the people. During his career as an educator of youth, in the University and in the College, this influence was like an atmos

* See note at the close of the sermon.

phere around him and his pupils, and the institutions. When he reproved his students for any wrong, if they felt his momentary indignation, they could not get away from his loving heart. They knew his goodness, and many a youth will carry to his grave the tender memory of his private expostulations, his faithful warnings, his generous pity, and his unfailing love. Few could more readily speak a word in season to the young, for Christ and the soul, than this beloved man of God. One of his students lately told me that the last conversation with him, as he joined him in the street, and they walked a few squares together, was on the subject of his personal salvation. He was an unconverted young man, but he felt the charm and the irresistible appeal; and all the more when but a few days later those eloquent lips were cold in death. Religion was not with him a matter of form, or of common-place talk, but it was a daily life. It was "a well of water within him springing up unto everlasting life"—"a well of salvation from which he and others drew water with joy."

Would you know how his students regarded him? Listen to this testimony of one who speaks the voice of all that were worthy of him:

"All I can say is, that I love him as a father for the tenderness, the amiability, the simplicity, the constancy and fervor of his heart. I admire him for the comprehensiveness, the exactness and the beauty of his richly furnished mind. I revere him for the humility, the ardor, the consistency and constancy, the completeness of his Christian life." And this description answers precisely to the good President's own portraiture of his high vocation as an instructor and guardian of youth: "How single-minded and steadfast should be the watchfulness!—how faithful the discipline—how stern, if need be, and yet how kind! How true to duty and to the best and highest interests of the soul!"*

There is one other characteristic of this venerated man, which can not be omitted in even the most superficial view of his traits. He was the beau ideal of a Christian patriot. The motto of his life was: "For Christ and my country." I need not stop to tell this audience how he exemplified his love of country. It was a part of the man and of his life. Scarcely one year ago, with his own hands, in the presence of a great multitude of citizens and collegians, he raised the banner of the stars and stripes above the college edifice, where for years he had expounded the constitutional law of the land, and trained hundreds of young men in the knowledge and love of the Union. And when the bright flag floated in the breeze, he electrified the people with one of those short, ringing, overwhelming bursts of eloquence which only some great occasion could bring from him. The old fire burned from the lowest depths of his loyal heart when he exclaimed: "The Union

* Inaugural Address as President of Rutgers College.

ormed then is the Union of to-day, and under it our prosperity as been so great that we are all willing to sacrifice the last drop f our blood to see it maintained against traitors. The forbearance f the North was simply the calmness of conscious strength. The irst cannon-shot, however, against Sumter, struck the great heart f the American people, and that heart shall never cease beating ntil this wrong is avenged. Despising the remedies offered by he Constitution itself for redressing their supposed grievances, hey, just as wicked men always do, have gathered their forces, ave stolen forts and arsenals, have plundered our public property, nurdered innocent citizens, and now are endeavoring to coil a erpent among the stars and stripes, whose fangs shall strike out he emblems of seven States from its glorious folds. If a foreign oe had done this, the nation would have risen up as one man to url down the aggressor. How much worse is it when the foe came rom within our own bosom. In fact, a more monstrous crime gainst human rights had never been perpetrated since the crucixion of our Lord and Saviour."* Yet this indignation at treaon, was tempered with the spirit of that love which dictated words like these, in his address at the last anniversary of the Bible Society—words which I quote as indicative of the final remedy for the evils that now distract our unhappy country, and as a rebuke to the vengeful spirit of retaliation which would detroy us: "The hope has strong foundations that the Bible may even now preserve us a free people, reconcile prevailing discoents, and again unite us as brethren of a country whose liberties he patriotic statesmen of every section of it labored to gain and o secure. This blessed volume, in the scope of its precepts, and breadth of its charity, can reach all the collisions of opinion, and pacify the troubled waters of strife. While different interpretaions may be, and are, honestly entertained, all must agree to the one meaning of the clear injunction of forbearance and long-suffering patience. No one can easily misapprehend the charity that suffereth long and is kind."

During his last illness, and up to the day of his death, his country was upon his heart, and upon his tongue, and in his prayers. And when from almost every public building and private house in the city, the good old flag floated at half-mast over his unburied corpse, the people felt that America and the Union had lost the very Daniel of the time.

His death was preceded by an illness of a few weeks' duration, attended by severe suffering. But grace was triumphant there. The faith which he had humbly adorned so long was his victory. The Saviour, whom he loved so well, was "Christ in him the hope of glory." Notwithstanding he had been prone to constitutional

* Only a portion of the above extract was repeated in the delivery of this discourse, but we keep it whole in print.

religious depression, and had during long years felt those fears of death which trouble many of God's dear children, they were all dispelled by the grace which was given him. The valley of the shadow of death was made light about him. His end was peace—perfect peace—which was the effect of the assurance of hope unto the end. His was not the death of one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." But he died in the faith which he had loved,

> "His eye bright with hope,
> Flashing its birthright radiance unto heaven,
> Drinking revealments of God's paradise."

Amid the prayers and the praises of a great multitude of the best citizens of the land, with tears and with love, his body was laid in the grave of the righteous, among the sepulchers of many honored and sainted dead, to await "the resurrection of the just."

I am painfully conscious of the meagerness of this sketch of our departed "worthy." Yet, as a friend remarked to me, of Mr. Frelinghuysen, it is almost as difficult to write out one's impressions of so complete a character as it is to describe Niagara. The impressions are within you, and you have no voice or pen to produce them. Others will do better justice to his exalted name, services, character and memory. But none can be more heartfelt than this tribute to the illustrious man, whose friendship was my honor, and whose personal and official relations to your preacher are remembered only to exalt his beloved name. Whatever of infirmity he possessed—and "he was a man of like passions with ourselves"—he was a model man, a nobleman by nature, and a prince in Israel by the grace of God. Tears fell hot and fast when he died, for his loss is irreparable. But devout men who carried him to his burial, and the throngs that stood over his grave, praised the Lord who gave him to the Church, the country, and the world: who spared him so long, and then brought him to his grave "as a shock of corn fully ripe in his season." His work was done. His life was beautifully rounded off. He could say with the Apostle—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Yes! yes! He was a burning and a shining light, and we rejoiced in his light for a season! "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good—to him that made great lights—for his mercy endureth forever."

The beneficent grandeur of such a character deserves peculiar attention in this troublous time. Nature had done much for him;

grace did more. It gave this "salt its savor." His world-wide
ity, his deep piety, his representative character, his high
nple, are before the nations of the earth. Wherever the
erican tract, the American missionary and the American Bible,
into all the world preaching the Gospel to every creature,"
carry with them the influence and the prayers of this prince
od. To our American youth he is the pattern of patriotism,
essional purity, and success, and of sanctified ambition, with
lesty, humility, and faithful piety. To the legal profession he
the burning and shining light" of its learning, its integrity,
loquence, and its legitimate power in the state. To our coun-
and its rulers, he is the model of its wisest counselors, its best
ens, and its most Christian loyalty. To the Church he is the
of her most eminent servants in her Sabbath-school, her
rship, her ecclesiastical courts, and her benevolent operations.
very one of us he is the pattern of the decided believer in the
d Jesus Christ, "walking softly before God, and occupying his
nts until his Lord came." It is a calamity to lose such a man
n radicalism and revolution walk hand in hand; when a great
on reels, staggers, and wades deep in the blood of its citizens, to
its own life; when sea and land are involved in one great
e with parricidal rebellion. His was not the light of a dim
r, nor that of a little household lamp, nor that of a signal
et, nor yet that of a festive illumination. It was rather like
magnificent arrangement of lamp and lantern, lenses and
ms, which some of us have seen on the lighthouse by the ocean
. It was lifted up on high, a fixed, steady, and powerful light,
rning and shining" — shooting its radiance far out upon the
through fog, and storm, and darkness, in the wintry blasts,
through the summer solstice, never waning, never deceiving,
true as the North star in its place and beauty — the guide,
beacon, the warning and the joy of every mariner upon a
gerous coast. It was a true reflection of the best civilization
Christianity of the age.

nd who can think of him in his latter days, without the sweet-
impressions of that serene and beautiful old age, which, pre-
ed from decay, gave full scope to his genial simplicity of soul,
winsome manners, his inexpressible attractions for young and
alike; and, above all, to his mellowed Christian virtues.
r, beautiful old man, how we loved him!

oward the evening of the day on which he was nominated for
Vice-Presidency, I stood with a friend and classmate in the
inary, upon an elevated spot, looking toward the west-
hills. Just as the tidings came, the heavens were lighted
with the splendors of such a sunset as seldom glows even in
an skies. Cities and palaces, domes of gold, mountains of
t, and seas of silver, were crowded into the gorgeous pano-

rama. And as the scenes shifted with the vapory masses of crimson and gold, wonders grew upon wonders, until imagination itself was lost in the vision of the naked eye. It seemed an emblem of the good man's political future—and so it was, but not as we thought. The clouds grew gray and dark as the sun went down, and the night was heavy with the rain. And so the election failed. But not so ended that "calling and election" which, "giving all diligence," he had "made sure" through grace. When *his* sun went down, it revealed not its lingering splendors in "cloudland — gorgeous land," but they flashed upon the precious foundation-stones of the New Jerusalem; from her gates of pearl, and from the throne of the Lamb; "and the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates thereof shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there, and they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

PHILADELPHIA, May 5th, 1862.

REV. W. J. R. TAYLOR, D.D., Pastor of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR: Having heard with much satisfaction the discourse delivered yesterday in our church, commemorative of the late Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, and believing its publication would be productive of good, and a permanent memento of that eminent man, we would respectfully ask the favor of a copy for publication in THE NATIONAL PREACHER.

While the relations of Mr. Frelinghuysen were closely identified with our Church as a member of her communion, a prominent officer in several of her Boards, and President of Rutgers College, his memory is revered throughout our land and the Church universal—a whole people feel that a great and good man has passed away, leaving a character of lofty patriotism, exalted moral worth, and Christian excellence, for us to imitate and cherish.

LEONARD JEWELL,	JOHN BINGHAM,
WILLIAM WHITNEY,	WILLIAM BADGER,
PETER FARNUM,	CHARLES WURTS,
LEWIS RENSHAW,	EVAN MORRIS,
THOMAS COOPER,	DANIEL S. JONES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6th, 1862.

DEAR BRETHREN: At your request, I submit the accompanying memorial-discourse for publication, trusting that it may, at least, witness for the grace by which our revered friend was made "a burning and a shining light" to the Church, the country, and the world.

I remain, your friend and pastor, WILLIAM J. R. TAYLOR.

MESSRS. LEONARD JEWELL, WILLIAM WHITNEY, and others.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT FRELINGHUYSEN.

Theodore Frelinghuysen died at his residence in New-Brunswick, N. J., on the
stant, (April, 1862.) He was born in Somerset county, N. J., March 27, 1787,
ted at Princeton College in 1804, and was admitted to the bar in 1808. In 1826
elected United States Senator, and in 1844 received the Whig nomination for Vice-
nt of the United States. In 1838, after his retirement from the Senate, he was
Chancellor of the University of the City of New-York, and removed his resi-
o this city. Mr. Frelinghuysen resigned the Chancellorship of the New-York
ity in 1850, on his election to the presidency of Rutgers College of New-Bruns-
lew-Jersey, and removed from New-York to that city during the same year.
ie resided until the close of his life.
ewark, N. J., where he resided during his active professional life, he was one of
nders of the Second Presbyterian church in 1811, and held the position of Elder,
, and Superintendent of the Sabbath-school down to the time of his removal
-York. He was also the Mayor of the city in 1837 and 1838.
as twice married. His first wife, Miss Mercer, of Newark, died April 13, 1858.
rwards married Miss Pumpelly, of Oswego, N. Y., who survives him.

SERMON XII.

BY REV. A. S. GARDNER,

MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, COLD SPRING, NEW-YORK.

THE EMOTIONS OF A SAINT JUST ARRIVED AT HEAVEN.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—PSALM 16 : 11.

LLNESS of joy is a most comprehensive expression. It implies
erfection of enjoyment in all the faculties of being. It springs
good in possession and good in prospect, and in its very
e involves certainty and permanence. That joy which, how-
great its present extent, is destined to ultimate extinguish-
can not be said to be perfect joy. Much less may that be
l fullness of joy which is attended with many abatements.
is evident, therefore, that the expression, fullness of joy, can
ave relation to this world. It must stand related to some
and higher sphere. There is, there can be, only one place
ıich it may be truthfully said, that in it there is fullness of
and that place is heaven. "In thy presence," saith the
ıist, "is fullness of joy ; at thy right hand there are pleasures
vermore."
aven is the goal of the Christian's race. He has respect to it
the beginning to the end of his career. He feels more and
sensibly, as he advances toward it, that nowhere else is
.ness in fullness to be found. And when he reaches it, when
ıters upon his inheritance, when faith is lost in sight, hope

succeeded by fruition, and grace crowned with immortal glory, then and not till then can he understand the full import of the language: "In thy presence is fullness of joy."

In considering these words at this time, I wish to dwell upon them mainly, as they may be supposed to express the feelings of a saint who has just entered into heaven. Let this, then, be the subject of our present meditations.

I. And, first, the glorified Christian will feel that he has been the subject of a change which affects every thing connected with him save his identity. There will be nothing about him to remind him directly of his former self, and all the processes of his thoughts will be conducted on the principle of contrast. He will experience a great variety of emotions, and they will all fill his bosom, we may say, at once. They will, moreover, be so intermingled as scarcely to preserve their essential distinction. Yet for the purposes of this discourse we may trace in succession some of the feelings which will affect his heart, irrespective of the inquiry whether they do or do not occur in the order which is here presented.

That which may be supposed to be most vividly present to the mind of the glorified believer as connected with this world, is the scene of his dissolution. But a moment before his entrance into heaven, he was lying upon a bed of pain. Sympathizing and weeping friends were gathered around him, each solicitous to render some service of affection. He and they were alike conscious that death was near, that ere long the silver cord would be loosed, the golden bowl be broken, the pitcher be broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern, the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it.

That trying hour was perhaps preceded by many weeks and months of wasting illness. Alternate clouds and sunshine, calm and storm, may have marked his experience, and fears of death, to which he was perhaps ever in bondage, may have derived fresh intensity under the final temptations of the adversary. As the tempest-tossed mariner, just when the shores of his desired haven loom up to his glad vision, encounters sometimes an unexpected storm, so the Christian, about to enter the port of everlasting rest, sometimes sees the clouds gathering over his head so dark and deep that they hide from his sight the chart and compass and the magnetic star. In the midst of just such perils as these, the glorified Christian was perhaps struggling a little while before. But now he stands upon the shore of the celestial Canaan. "The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed," he abides henceforth "where tempests never beat nor billows roar." He finds by blessed experience that death is, through Jesus, transformed from a harbinger of eternal ruin into a simple porter, whose office it is to open the doors of this earthly house, that the occupant may go

forth to tread the fields of everlasting light and glory. Now is realized once and forever the assurance of the sacred record: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Another source of singular emotions is the absence of the body, the former inlet of physical pain and of general suffering. Of these emotions we can now form, it is true, but a very inadequate idea. We might say that they must be delightful, but for the fact that in this body, raised and purified, the soul is to dwell again, and that therefore there must be the consciousness of incompleteness. This consciousness will not, however, be permitted to detract from the real enjoyment of which the soul will be capable. In fact, the thought that the body, which was once the inlet of suffering indescribable, is now laid aside, will afford positive delight. There shall be no more pain; the fatal fever shall no more heat the blood and parch the lips; consumption, with its hectic glow, its cough and hemorrhage, its sleepless nights and restless days, will no longer prey upon its victim. No more will the kindness and sympathy and benevolence and attention of friends be called into exercise. These and kindred reflections will no doubt arise in the mind of the glorified believer, and from the hights of his exaltation he will contemplate with pleasing satisfaction the respect which friends are paying to his cold remains, and will think with composure upon the fact that they are so soon to be buried out of human sight.

The believer will be the more readily reconciled to the absence of the body from the consideration that it has been abandoned, like an old dwelling, that out of it there may be made, by the skill of the great Architect, a new one, far more perfect and resplendent than the first. He believed when on earth, and now believes more firmly than ever, the doctrine of the resurrection of the body according to the teaching of the Apostle Paul: "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." Of these truths he is now thoroughly convinced, and therefore he rests reconciled to the absence of the body until the time of its redemption from the grave.

II. Another source of new and joyful emotions springs from the unencumbered action of the spirit and its unconstrained inspiration of the air of heaven. While on earth the spirit was confined within the narrow framework of mortality, and therefore circumscribed

in all its operations, as spirit must necessarily be when dwelling in a gross material body. But now it operates in what may be called its native element. All its powers are brought into most vigorous and pleasing action. The engagements in which it is employed are exactly adapted to the nature of spirit. The very air it breathes is full of vitalizing elements, and affords positive comfort with every inspiration. Nor are the wings of its reflections clipped by the thought that ere long all this must come to an end. On the contrary, every thing conspires to show that its continuance in its new abode is to be perpetual; that its inheritance is incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading.

Another source of happiness to the glorified believer is the fact that he has now entered into more exalted society than he enjoyed on earth. It is a matter of surprise to me that any question concerning the certainty of mutual recognition in heaven should ever have been raised. Peter recognized on the mount even Moses and Elias, whom he had never seen before; and surely in another world he would know his own friends and fellow-disciples. This privilege of discovering former friends amongst the spirits of the just made perfect, will be a prominent element of the believer's enjoyment. There the parent will meet the child who died years before. It will have advanced indeed in all the elements of spiritual growth, but its interest in its parent will not have abated, and it will be amongst the first, we fondly believe, to welcome him to heaven. There the child will meet its parents, who died first in the Lord. The daughter will enjoy once more the embrace of a mother; a son will once more grasp the hand of a father; brothers and sisters, sundered by death, will there be reünited, and their mutual recognition and companionship will contribute greatly to even celestial enjoyment. In that world, the faithful minister of Christ will meet once more the people of his charge, and he will feel like the shepherd who at night leads his beloved flock to the fold and feels that they are safe.

III. Again. The friendships of heaven will be of a higher order than those of earth. Here the poet sings,

"What is friendship but a name?"

in view of the repeated snapping of the ties which at one time or another bound men in relations of closest intimacy. The friendships of earth are exposed to danger on every hand. Even amongst Christians, it is found that their imperfectly sanctified natures are marked with many unlovely features. Envy sometimes creeps into their hearts, and distrust, and at last positive dislike, where formerly friendship reigned in some of its sweetest forms. What is more common than doubts, misgivings, treachery, amongst mankind at large? and, alas! to how great an extent do these things

prevail even in the nominal Christian world! But in heaven there will be no surmises, no suspicions, no deceit, no envy, no open or concealed dislike, no watching for another's halting. Each will recognize in the other a sincere, reliable friend. Each may pour into the other's bosom the most secret thoughts, and all will be worthy the same unbounded confidence. The approach of one of the shining ones to others engaged in discourse, will not be the signal to close the interview, or to change the topic of remark, but the new-comer will be welcomed with all the warmth of affectionate confidence, and made a sharer in the pleasures of friendly communion. There will be no reserve in heaven, for there will be nothing to conceal. Wisdom will not be affected by silence, nor will contempt of others be adopted as the sign of individual superiority. All such miserable rags of worldly pride and policy will be unknown. The inhabitants of that world will be clothed in the robes of holiness, humility, and love. These characteristics will be permanent, and will hence afford assurance of the perpetuity of the happiness which they invariably produce.

Another element in the happiness of the glorified believer will be the clear light which will then be shed upon all God's dealings with him while he was upon earth. The Apostle Paul taught his Christian brethren in Asia Minor that much tribulation should attend their entrance into the kingdom of God. And in a more comprehensive remark he says: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Every true child of God, therefore, will find his way through life encompassed more or less with trials. Many of these trials will be inexplicable to him. Oftentimes they will seem to contradict the dictates of prudence, of reason, of true affection. Faith will indeed lead the believer to the conclusion that all is well. But even faith often staggers beneath the heavy blows of the divine providence, and a spirit of despondency, if not of rebellion, sometimes holds long and apparently doubtful conflict with the spirit of Christian confidence and submission.

But when the believer reaches heaven, then faith gives place to sight. The clouds which hung in black masses over his head and pathway on earth are now dispersed. In the light of the upper world he discovers things which either could not have been made intelligible to him while encompassed with clay, or the revelation of which would have been inconsistent with his sanctification and development.

We might easily suppose many cases of the visitation of God's hand, which would find a counterpart in the experience of mankind; cases which are passing strange when they occur, but which, as viewed in the light of the upper world, will be found to have been absolutely essential to the welfare of the believer and the glory of God.

Faith, indeed, led the Christian, while under the rod, to believe that his sufferings were designed for his good; but now he is endowed with power imparted from the Spirit to review his whole earthly existence, and following it from its commencement to its close, he discovers with the utmost clearness the divine purposes, and thus, strange to tell, his severest afflictions are overruled to give additional ecstasy to his song, and to lend increased vigor to his hand as he sweeps the harp of thanksgiving amid the ranks of the redeemed in glory.

But that which will give fullness of joy to the glorified believer, will be the unutterable privilege of standing in the presence of his Saviour Jesus Christ. "In thy presence there is fullness of joy." "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, in thy likeness." "We shall see him as he is." What the emotions of the believer will be at this transporting moment, we can not now conceive. We may, however, safely conclude that they will be of an inexpressibly delightful character. Their nature will be complex. The believer will see his Saviour invested with the highest glory, and at the same time he will observe the scars of the wounds received upon the cross. Exultation at Christ's present honors will be mingled with astonishment at his humiliation. The recollection of personal demerit, of the ruins of the fall, and of all that appertains to man by nature, will, no doubt, come home to the memory of the believer, and swell the rapture of his gratitude to his once crucified but now exalted Lord.

The Christian, while on earth, thinks much of Christ. Thinks of him in his physical aspect. He images to himself the benignant eye which ever bent in love upon those who sought his favor, and dropped tears even while it rested in indignation upon his infatuated and cruel foes. He thinks of him as he sat and taught in the synagogue; as he preached upon the mountain-side, upon the seashore, and in the temple; he thinks of him as he uttered the life-giving words at the bedside of the dead daughter of Jairus, at the bier of the widow's son, at the grave of Lazarus; thinks of him as he sat wearied upon the well, as he reasoned with the woman of Syro-Phœnicia, as he entered the abode of Mary and Martha, as he dined with Zaccheus, and sat at meat in the house of Simon the leper, where he received upon his head and feet the very precious ointment which anointed him for his burial; thinks of him in the upper chamber, in Gethsemane, upon the cross. And then, meeting him at the threshold of Joseph's sepulcher, he accompanies him in his walk to Emmaus, in his journeyings into Galilee, in his last visit to Mount Olivet, and witnesses, finally, his ascension to the skies.

Here we must pause. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God

ath prepared for them that love him." He waits, and often, like 'aul, waits impatiently, for the wondrous vision. "I am in a trait betwixt two," he exclaims, "having a desire to depart and e with Christ, which is far better." But when the saint goes ome to heaven his desires are gratified. The Jordan of death nust indeed be crossed in his way thither, but the prospect before im gives courage and strength. Advancing to the middle of the iver, he exclaims with one of Bunyan's pilgrims: "This river ath been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have rightened me; but now, methinks, I stand easy; my foot is fixed pon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of he covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. The waters, ndeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the houghts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that wait for ne on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see nyself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are nded. I am going to see that head which was crowned with horns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have een the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set ny foot too. His name has been to me a civet-box; yea, sweeter han all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired he light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food nd for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me and hath ept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthned in his way."

And now, having given utterance to his dying thoughts, he nounts to glory. And glorious would it be could our eyes beold how the upper region is filled with horses and chariots, with rumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to accompany the Christian pilgrim as he goes up and enters in at the beautiful gate of the city. And more glorious still would it be to attend him further, and share with him the effulgence of that light which radiates from the throne of God and the Lamb. And transcendently glorious would it be could we accompany him to the very presence, and there with him gaze rapturously upon the glorified manhood of the Redeemer.

"Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne;
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

"Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds new glories on them all!

"Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!"

This, this is the privilege of the believer glorified. He looks upon the face of his Saviour. He hears his voice. He takes his extended hand. He sits down with him upon his throne. He is filled with joy unutterable and full of glory. He realizes what the Psalmist sang, and he lifts up his voice and shouts, while the hills of the celestial Canaan echo back the sound: "In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore!"

Such, my hearers, is a faint view of the joy which the Christian experiences when he enters into heaven. I ventured upon the theme, not because I felt myself equal to its right exhibition—far otherwise; but that I might, with God's blessing, lead you to make it, more than you have, perhaps, hitherto done, the subject of your frequent meditation.

From what has now been offered valuable inferences may be drawn. Bear with me while I mention in conclusion only two or three.

1. And first, I remark that if what I have said is true, then excessive grief over the departure of those who have died in the Lord is totally unwarranted. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," saith a voice from heaven. The righteous dead are blessed. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Full of hope; full of immortality. We may indeed mourn the loss of Christian friends. We may mourn on our own account; on account of the Church, and of society. But our grief should never have in it an element of regret that the dear departed could not have lived a little longer to enjoy the pleasures of friendship and of the world. Much less are we at liberty to say, that if we could we would bring them back to our embraces and companionship. We are to exercise more faith in respect to their present relations and employments. We are to look up and feel that they are happier far than we, and that they would not consent to leave their places, their enjoyments, the society of friends glorified like themselves, and the immediate presence of their Lord, for all the inducements which the world in its most attractive forms could possibly present. Viewing the matter in this scriptural light, weeping survivors will discover that there is danger lest selfishness assume the habiliments of grief, and the desire of the presence of the loved and lost spring less from a regard to their happiness than to our own.

2. Another inference from the discourse may be, that Christians have reason to dwell much in their reflections upon the conclusion of their career on earth. Such meditation will serve to reconcile

them to the toil and struggle which they must experience by the way. "To him that overcometh," saith Christ, "will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne." Moses had respect unto the recompense of reward, and chose, in view of it, rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And the Apostle Paul enumerates many other of the fathers who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the world. They had their affections set upon a better country, that is, an heavenly; and concerning them he says: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." And Paul himself, in view of the same blessed inheritance, encountered all dangers. To the Ephesian elders he said: "Now behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." And to the Philippians he writes: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." It likewise becomes us, my brethren, if we be risen with Christ, to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. This would lead to greater spirituality and to more practical Christianity. The soldier who is conscious that he is fighting under the immediate command and observation of his king, fights with more than mortal energy. In like manner does the Christian redouble his efforts, who is ever looking unto Jesus, the Captain of his salvation. Spirituality will be promoted by the daily contemplation of the employments and enjoyments of heaven. The love which controls the actions of the saints in glory, will be a standing condemnation of all selfishness amongst the children of God on earth. Their holiness of character and worship will serve to rebuke every thing of an opposite nature in the Church below. And thus proceeding from point to point, I might show, had I time, the salutary influence of frequent meditation upon the exalted engagements, pleasures, and purity of the Church in glory. "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

By and by our race will be run. And, oh! if we do, by the grace of God, but run it well, how great will be our satisfaction and ultimate reward! I have no doubt, Christian friends, but that some of you at times feel weary, and long to be released from service and suffering, and say in the anguish of spirit: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." Be patient. Commune daily with heaven and with the Church triumphant there. Seek, obtain, cherish the blessed benefits of such communion. Remember that they whom you behold there clothed in white, and bearing in their hands palms of triumph, are they who came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. And remember that therefore, because of their tribulation and their perseverance in the midst of it, therefore, because they laid aside every weight, and ran with patience the race set before them, looking unto Jesus, therefore, therefore are they before the throne of God, serving him day and night: and He that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them nor any heat. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Commune then with heaven, my brethren. It will give you patience under adverse providences, and activity in the service of Christ. The traveler, weary and worn, feels his heart revive as he catches a glimpse of his home, though it lie far off in the distance.

There are other reflections of perhaps still greater importance than those which I have named, growing out of the subject, that might be presented and developed, but time will not permit me to dwell.

I conclude, therefore, by briefly saying that this fullness of joy which the glorified believer experiences is to be found in the immediate presence of Christ, and no where else. No where in the wide universe can it be found but at the feet of the exalted Redeemer. Those, therefore, who would possess fullness of joy must strive to enter in at the strait gate. To fail of entering the strait gate is not only to fall short of the fullness of joy, but it is to incur the fullness of wo. It is not only to fall short of heaven, but it is to sink down to hell. And the picture which I have attempted to draw of the glorified believer must be reversed in every particular in order to describe the doom of the incorrigible sinner.

Wherefore, brethren and hearers, "give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" "in whose presence is fullness of joy, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore." Amen.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

ılton-Street Prayer-Meetings.

HIS consecrated spot, these
ıs for prayer and supplication to
have become a great and sol-
altar upon which are daily laid
erous petitions and requests for
spiritual blessings as none but
can bestow. It has become
lerful how strong is the faith
ıny who send these requests.
: prayers are answered. It
d seem as if God was saying
s praying people: Open thy
h wide and I will fill it. Prove
ıow herewith. This is as it
d be among all praying peo-
put the promise of God to the
ınd see if he will not be as
as his word. We present the
ring as proofs and illustrations
)d's readiness to hear prayer.
|uote from the *Christian In-*
ncer:

PRAYER ALL-POWERFUL.

ıong the many pleasing inci-
which daily occur at the
n-street meeting, none are
grateful to the heart than
which demonstrate the bless-
)f prayer. About six weeks
a poor man was found in the
under the sad effects of li-

He was kindly invited to
ulton-street meeting, and ac-
l the invitation. For three
ıe was noticed in his place,
as invited by the kind mis-
y, who loves to reclaim the
to sign the pledge. They
:ogether to the lower room, which has recently been used as a place of religious conversation. The missionary prayed with him; it was a new way, and one which the man had never tried before; and he resolved to commence right, and to look to God for health and strength in future. He had often endeavored to lure himself from the syren voice of the charmer, but without success. He was a mechanic, and his society had raised five hundred dollars, and placed him in an inebriate asylum, hoping to restore the lost one.

He saw and felt the necessity of redeeming grace, and realized that God answered prayers. When the missionary's prayer was finished, he raised his voice to heaven in prayer! It was a wonderfully full and free confession, resembling the 51st Psalm. He is now a changed man, and has no inclination for intoxicating drinks. Depending upon God for strength of purpose, he has taken the vow, and received a blessing. Formerly, the sight of liquor would increase his appetite for it, but now it only produces loathing and disgust. Within the past few days, he saw some soldiers drinking, and says that, instead of desiring to join in their festivities, his heart was filled with sorrow.

FULTON-STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

The number of requests for prayer for the conversion of sons in the army, coming from praying, anxious mothers, is very great.

This desire is no doubt stimulated by the sense of danger which is hanging over them in the near prospect of battle. Prayer goes up every day for our soldiers and seamen, now engaged in fighting for our defense. We pray for wisdom and courage to be given to those in command, that they may be assisted to devise and execute what is best for our country. Our rulers are every day made the subjects of special supplication, that God would keep and guide them in the duties and responsibilities which devolve upon them.

A few evenings since, two young men arose and professed their faith in Christ. There was no noise or excitement, but much tenderness and earnestness of expression. The younger of the two, a youth of eighteen, after speaking of his conversion, said: "A big cloud had been on my heart for some time on account of two brothers, who are in other regiments — one of them a lieutenant; but today I feel better. I received a letter from my mother this afternoon, and I had read but two or three lines, when I learned that my brother, the lieutenant, had been converted. I have been praying for these brothers ever since I found the Saviour, and now I want to ask you to pray that my other brother may be converted also." His prayer was full of earnestness and simple faith. The other man said he was a member of the Episcopal Church, but he felt that he had been converted in the regiment. He had thought he did wrong in leaving his wife and children and enlisting in the regiment, leaving them helpless, and, to some extent, destitute, as they are. But he now rejoices, because he could not help thinking that God brought him there that he might be converted. Others are thoughtful. "I expect greater things than these. How many professing Christians there are in the regiment, I have never been able to ascertain. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel are excellent helpers, as are many of the line officers and officers non-commissioned."

A FULTON-STREET PRAYER-MEETING IN CAMP.

A gentleman said he held in his hand a letter from the chaplain of the 102d regiment. Some weeks ago, this same chaplain wrote to this meeting, saying that they had established a regimental prayer-meeting in the camp, which they called the Fulton-street meeting, and wishing us to pray that God would pour down his Holy Spirit upon their assemblies for prayer. Now their chaplain says:

"We were afflicted in having to leave the large room fitted up for our Fulton-street prayer-meeting at our barracks. We had only held one meeting in it, when we were ordered to vacate it; and since then, we have moved our camp three times. We are now guarding a line of forts on the Potomac, extending from Fort Stanton, opposite Washington, on the right, to Fort Greble on the left, opposite Alexandria. We are in tents. But still our prayer-meeting is held every night at 7½ P.M. at the sound of the trumpet. And in point of earnestness and spirituality, there is a steady advance. Our meeting-tent is too strait for us. Wanderers are almost daily returning, and confessing their departures from Christ, and occasionally new recruits are coming in for the Master's service."

Secret Prayer.

THERE is no Christian duty more important than secret prayer. And yet there is, perhaps, none more neglected. Every Christian who would "grow in grace" must pray to God; and he must pray in secret. A person may gather his family around the family altar, morning and evening, and lead them in prayer. He may go to the social prayer-meeting, and there take his part in leading the prayers of that meeting. He may go to the sanctuary, and even enter the sacred desk, and there conduct the prayers of the great congregation. He may do all this, and yet seldom be found alone, wrestling with God in secret prayer. We suppose there is no better test, by which a person may determine his standing with God. If one truly delights in being alone, and holding communion with his God, it is, we think, good evidence that he has some claim to the privileges of the children of God. On the other hand, if he has no delight in this part of devotional service, he has reason to doubt the genuineness of his piety.

The excitement of the services in the house of God may stimulate him. He may, with great apparent earnestness, take part in the duty of prayer, under such stimulus. At the family altar, also, there may be much to cause him to seem even to delight in prayer. But put him in a different position. Take away from him all those surroundings, and place him alone with his God, where there is nothing around him to excite, except the thought that God is there, and then how does he relish religion? Does he delight, under such circumstances, to hold communion with God? The question is not, does he pray, or say prayers in secret, but does he delight in such intercourse with God?

God certainly teaches the duty of secret prayer both by precept and example. "Enter thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." And Jesus retired alone to pray. Now we do not suppose it is an absolute necessity, that every one should have some secret room into which he could retire, in order that he may engage in secret prayer. This is often impossible. A person may engage in this duty, even when employed in the busy scenes of life. He may then lift up the silent, secret prayer to God. When amidst the busy, stirring scenes of military drill, or engaged in the animating strife of the battle-field, he may send up a secret prayer to the God of battles for success. Would to God there were more such praying just now. The prospect for success in our armies would be much brighter.

But while secret prayer may be acceptably offered to God, under such circumstances, still we think that under ordinary circumstances, each one should aim to be alone, and spend a portion of each day in prayer. And especially where parents are raising a family of children does this seem important. And we think that while prayer is to be in secret, still they should not aim to keep the fact that they engage in it a secret from their children. On the contrary, these devotions should be so managed, that the children may know that their parents spend a portion of each day in secret prayer. This is important for the benefit of their children. Example has a much greater influence upon their minds than precept. A little incident, which will illustrate our meaning,

just now occurs to mind. A little boy, of about four years, was once, in our hearing, repeating his evening prayer to his father. After finishing his prayer, he innocently looked up at his father, and said: "Pa, do you say your prayers in bed?" The little fellow had never noticed his father saying his prayers, and he supposed he must do it in bed.

The Caravan of Life.

WHAT a mighty procession has been marching toward the grave during the past year! At the usual estimate, since the first of January, 1861, more than 31,500,000 of the world's population have gone down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle, as they "move on," tramp, tramp, tramp — forward! upon this stupendous dead march!

"Life is short and time is fleeting,
Still like muffled drums are beating
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Funeral marches to the grave!"

A True Idea of a Sermon.

1. THE Gospel ought to be preached so plainly as to be clearly and easily understood by those who hear. Technical or scientific language is to be excluded from popular sermons. A still greater trespass against plainness of speech is committed in what is called metaphysical preaching. Even Paul, one of the most profound of all reasoners, never appears to choose abstruse discussions, when the subject will allow of any other; and returns with apparent pleasure to a plainer mode of discourse, as soon as the case will permit. Our Saviour treats every thing in the most direct manner of common sense, although he often discourses concerning things of a profound nature.

2. VARIOUSLY.—By this I intend that both the manner, and especially the subjects, should be diversified.

3. BOLDLY.—He who brings a message from God ought never to be afraid of man.

4. SOLEMNLY.—All things pertaining to divine truth are eminently solemn.

5. EARNESTLY.—He who would persuade others that he is interested in the subjects on which he descants, must feel them, and must express his views of them feelingly.

6. AFFECTIONATELY.—A preacher is sent on an errand more expressive of tenderness and good will than any other. He comes to disclose the boundless mercy of God to man.—DR. DWIGHT.

The Dying-Bed.

YOUNG says: "In life and health we think with men, but on a dying bed with God." How often do we see this illustrated! What a change comes over the views of those who are brought to the verge of eternity! How differently do they admit they would have acted had they but always viewed things in the light which is cast upon them in the valley and shadow of death! A ministerial friend writes us of one of his parishioners, just deceased: "His protracted illness prepared us all for the change. He died on the ——, with his

mily and friends around him. He expressed regret just before is death, that he had not united rith the Church, and thus made n open profession of religion. I ave no doubt he was a good man, lthough in error as to his duty. His life would have done honor to a Christian, except in one respect— is neglect of a public profession f religion. He assured me no ther reason had deterred him, but deep sense of his utter un-orthiness of the privilege, and of is unfitness to perform the duties f a member of the Church. This as an error of judgment, to say he least; and his course, in this espect, he regretted the night be-ore he died."

Here is a lesson for us all, name-r, not to neglect obedience to the lain commands of Christ, lest we lant thorns in our dying-pillow; ut especially is there warning and istruction for those who secretly ndulge the hope that they are Christians, and yet hesitate and elay to confess Christ before men, y identifying themselves in a pub-c profession of religion with the ause and people of God. It is ot a case of worthiness, but of ith and obedience; and he who eglects so plain a duty may be are that he will deeply regret it n a dying-hour. We have known he individual above referred to for any years, and have often urged his duty upon him, and felt that e needed nothing else to afford he most cheering evidence of his iscipleship. We would that all ho occupy the position he did ight but for a moment, in im-gination, throw themselves for-ard upon a dying-bed, and obtain he views of duty which he then ad, and which will then assuredly ash upon them in the near pros-ect of an exchange of worlds.

Religion Practical.

ALL religion is designed to be practical. Its doctrines are of no value unless they influence the life. How many persons have very beautiful ideas, and a beautiful theory about religion! But it has nothing to do with their conduct. It is made up of sentiments and feelings and opinions, which are as evanescent and as empty as the beautiful drapery of a clouded sunset, which often inspires them.

This sentimental religion does very well in every case but when religion is wanted. It will answer to dream about, and to talk about. But when the energies are to be called into action, when the passions are to be controlled, when a perverse and headstrong will is to be subdued, when the temptations and trials and afflictions of life are to be met, it has neither fitness nor power.

In the very moment, and at the very exigence when religion is the only thing sufficient and effective, then it is empty. I once knew a man who contrived a very simple system of machinery for perpetual motion. The principle was so obvious, and the plan so well adapted to effect the purpose, that even a philosopher would be troubled to see where the defect lay. It had but one difficulty — *it would not move.* And this is the grand difficulty with a speculative and sentimental religion. It is beautiful and comforting until you attempt to use it, and then it is found that it will not move. There are others who obtain very just notions about religion. They are well instructed both in doctrines and in duties. They have felt the necessity of its transforming and regulating power. To a certain point, they have compared themselves with its require-

ments, and have seen and remedied their deficiencies. But still they are not practical, experimental Christians. They have neither the hope, nor the vigor, nor the life of Christians. They stop short of doing. They do not set themselves in motion by its power. They have been out of the way, and have seen their difficulties and wanderings, and have endeavored to get back; but they have taken no step in the right way.

Now, if a clock run down and stop, and you wind it up, and set the hands with perfect exactness, and yet do not give the motion to the pendulum, you will have done no good.

The persons we have described do not get the pendulum in motion, and so they stand, making no progress, and doing nothing for themselves or others. They need to begin—to put in practice what they know. Not only to make a stand, but to take a start. Religion is life — it is holy principle. It is the will acting under divine influence, the heart yielding to heavenly impulses, as well as the understanding filled with a knowledge of the truth.

The Unexpected Visit.

One day, as we were just rising from the dinner-table, a young man knocked at the door. He had lived but a few months in the town, and my acquaintance with him was very slight indeed., I believe we had never spoken together but once, when I was making a pastoral visit to the family in which he boarded. The thing that most struck me then was his extreme diffidence. I was not aware that any particular impression had been made on his mind. Hence, it did not occur to me that his call, especially at such an hour, was connected with the state of his feelings on the subject of religion.

Judge then of my surprise, as he took his seat by the fire in the midst of my family, and looking up said: "I have come to talk with you about my soul." The words thrilled through my heart. Such a remark, from a modest, retiring youth, who had never entered our door before, could not but awaken tender emotion. For a few moments, I hardly knew what to say. Soon, however, I found utterance, and in a few simple sentences, gave him such direction as seemed suited to his circumstances. It was a word in season. God had evidently been moving upon the mind of the diffident young man, and he was in a short time led to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Years have since passed away, but no one has had reason to doubt that this was a genuine conversion.

The Happy Island.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."—Watts.

The love of God the only instrument to destroy the love of the world, by an exhibition of the superiority of heaven to earth.

Conceive a man to be standing on the margin of this green world, and that, when he looked toward it, he saw abundance swelling every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford scattered about in profusion through every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society. Conceive

s to be the general character of
scene upon one side of his con-
nplation, and that on the other,
ond the verge of the goodly
net on which he was situated, he
ld descry nothing but a dark and
homless unknown. Think you
t he would bid a voluntary
eu to all the brightness and all
beauty that were before him
on earth, and commit himself to
frightful solitude away from
Would he leave its peopled
elling-places and become a soli-
y wanderer through the fields
nonentity? If space offered
n but a wilderness, would he for
bandon the home-bred scenes of
and cheerfulness that lay so
ar, and exercised such a power
urgency to detain him? Would
not cleave to the regions of
se, and of life, and of society?
d shrinking from the desolation
t was beyond it, would he not
glad to keep his firm footing on
territory of this world, and
ke shelter under the silver can-
y that was stretched over it?
But if, during the time of his
ntemplation, some happy island
the blessed had floated by, and
ere had burst upon his senses the
ht of its surpassing glories and
sounds of sweet melody, and
saw clearly that there a purer
auty rested upon every field and
more heartfelt glow spread itself
long all the families, and he
uld discern there peace, and
ety, and benevolence, which put
moral gladness into every bosom,
d united the whole society with
e rejoicing sympathy with each
her and with the beneficent
ather of them all — could he fur-
er see that pain and mortality
ere unknown, and, above all, that
gnals of welcome were hung out,
d an avenue of communication
as made for him — perceive you
not that what was before the wil-
derness would become the land of
invitation, and that now the world
would be the wilderness? What
unpeopled space could not do can
be done by space teeming with
beautiful scenes and beautiful socie-
ty. And let the existing tenden-
cies of the heart be what they may
to the scene that is near and visibly
around us, still if another stood
revealed to the prospect of man,
either through the channel of faith
or through the channel of his
senses, then, without violence done
to the constitution of his moral na-
ture, may he die unto the present
world, and live to the lovelier
world that stands in the distance
away from it.—Dr. Chalmers.

"Gently Glides the Stream of Time."

Men are not always conscious of their own movements. Our globe is ever moving; and relatively to other worlds, we are ever changing our position, while we seem to ourselves to be stationary. We launch upon a broad and deep river, whose current rolls noiselessly toward ocean's dark and briny bosom; quietly and cheerfully we are borne along. We gaze upon the verdant meadows with which it is bounded on one side, or stand in mute admiration while we view the towering cliffs and rugged precipices that frown upon the other, and fancy them to be things of life, flying past us upon the pinions of the eagle. But such is not the fact. We are the travelers, and the objects of our vision are stationary. The divine word has indeed told us that "the things which are seen are temporal"—they are all, *all* passing away. But the flight of some things pertaining to this world is much more rapid and affecting than that of

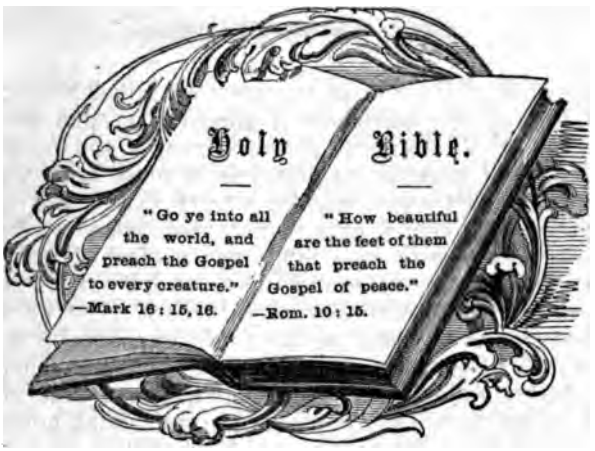
others. We can look with composure upon the fading beauties of a retiring spring; can cheerfully go past the summer solstice, and welcome the "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn, to which, in turn, we can bid adieu, as dark November rushes by, the sure precursor of hoary winter, which we all know full well, must in a little time give place to the reviviscence of spring. But to man there is no such vicissitude. The winter of his life, so far as mortal vision can reach, is followed by no soft southern breezes; no gentle showers make nature smile around him; no feathered warblers carol their inimitable melody to soothe his soul. He passes surely and rapidly, though not always thoughtfully, to the grave.

What is there here of which we may not say, "It is temporal"—a beginning it had, and it hastens to its termination? The decaying marble will not long commemorate the virtues of the pious dead. Its inscription will soon become extinct; atmospheric action will speedily disintegrate it; and long ere the fiat of the Almighty goes forth, declaring that time shall be no more, it may disappear, or be agglomerated into some other shape. And yet it is much more permanent than man. Let the majestic mountain raise its rocky peak above the clouds, towering in grandeur above all surrounding objects; those rocks, broken and pulverized by the winter frosts and summer heats, will float with the torrent from their lofty hight, to be imbedded in some dark ocean cavern. But while this process is going on, how many generations of men will dash over time's awful cataract, and are buried in oblivion!

The Bible a Compass.

In the voyage of human life are many dangers, rocks and shoals; but an unerring chart and compass are provided to guide the mariner's bark safely through it, if he will steer by it. But suppose there is a ship in a dark night at sea. There are rocks and quicksands near. There are currents that are setting toward the shore, and the wind is rising, and every thing indicates a tempest. There are a chart and a compass near the helmsman. But he is unsettled in his views and his aims. He will look neither at his compass nor his chart, but he begins to be distressed, and he turns his helm this way and that way, and he guides his ship by caprice, and she moves in a zig-zag course, and his hope is chance, and a few more moments in this way will dash the ill-fated vessel on a rock. Meantime many a mariner has gone calmly through those seas, and stood out with a bold front and swelling canvas to the ocean, and seen the tempest rise without alarm, and been unmoved when cloud has been piled on cloud, and the ocean been lashed into foam, and the lightnings have played, and the thunder has rolled along the deep. Human life is a voyage; and men act in reference to that, not as the skillful mariner does on the deep, but as no mariner ever did, or ever will. They have the chart and the compass in their own dwellings, but they will not look at them; and they are unsettled in their views, and when the storm arises, and danger deepens, they are alarmed, and when they die their hopes become a wreck.

Rev. Albert Barnes.


Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." —Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace." —Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XIII.

BY REV. WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D.D.,

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GOD'S EXHAUSTIVE KNOWLEDGE OF MAN.

"O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is high; I can not attain unto it."—PSALM 139: 1–6.

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of a rational being is the power of self-inspection. The brute creation possesses many attributes that are common to human nature, but it has no faculty that bears even the remotest resemblance to that of self-examination. Instinctive action, undoubtedly, approaches the nearest of any to human action. That wonderful power by which the bee builds up a structure that is not exceeded in accuracy, and regularity, and economy of space, by the best geometry of Athens or of Rome; by which the beaver, after having chosen the very best

possible location for it on the stream, constructs a dam that outlasts the work of the human engineer; by which the faithful dog contrives to perform many acts of affection, in spite of obstacles, and in the face of unexpected discouragements; the instinct, we say of the brute creation, as exhibited in a remarkably wide range of action and contrivance, and in a very varied, and oftentimes perplexing, conjuncture of circumstances, seems to bring man and beast very near to each other, and to furnish some ground for the theory of the materialist that there is no essential difference between the two species of existences. But when we pass beyond the mere power of acting, to the additional power of surveying, or inspecting an act, and of forming an estimate of its relations to moral law, we find a faculty in man that makes him differ in kind from the brute. No brute animal, however high up the scale, however ingenious and sagacious he may be, can ever look back and think of what he has done, "his thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing him."

The mere power of performance is, after all, not the highest power. It is the superadded power of calmly looking over the performance, and seeing what has been done, that marks the higher agency, and denotes a loftier order of existence than that of the animal or of material nature. If the mere ability to work with energy and produce results constituted the highest species of power, the force of gravity would be the loftiest energy in the universe. Its range of execution is wider than that of any other created principle. But it is one of the lower and least important of agencies because it is blind. It is destitute of the power of self-inspection. It does not know, and can not know, what it does, or why. "Man," say Pascal,* "is but a reed, and the weakest in all nature; yet he is a reed that *thinks*. The whole material universe does not need to arm itself in order to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water is enough to destroy him. But if the whole universe of matter should combine to crush him, man would be more noble than that which destroyed him. For he would be conscious that he was dying, while, of the advantage which the material universe had obtained over him, that universe would know nothing." The action of a little child is altogether nothing and vanity compared with the energy of the earthquake or the lightning, so far as the exhibition of force and the mere power to act is concerned; but on the other hand it is more solemn than centuries of merely natural processes, and more momentous than all the material phenomena that have ever filled the celestial spaces, when we remember that it is the act of a thinking agent, and a self-conscious creature. The power to survey the act when united with the power to act, sets mind infinitely above matter, and places the action of instinct, wonderful

* Pensées. Grandeur de l'Homme. p. 120. Ed. Wetstein.

is, infinitely below the action of self-consciousness. The words of one of the characters in the old Drama are strictly

> "I am a nobler substance than the stars.
> Or are they better since they are bigger?
> I have a will and faculties of choice,
> To do or not to do; and reason why
> I do or not do this: the stars have none.
> They know not why they shine more than this taper,
> Nor how they work, nor what."*

this characteristic of a rational being, though thus distinc- ıd common to every man that lives, is exceedingly marvel- Like the air we breathe, like the light we see, it involves tery that no man has ever solved. Self-consciousness has he problem and the thorn of the philosophic mind in all and the mystery is not yet unraveled. Is not that a rful process by which a man knows, not some other thing, mself? Is not that a strange act by which he, for a time, ates his own unity, and sets himself to look at himself? her acts of consciousness are comparatively plain and ex- le. When we look at an object other than ourselves, when ıold a tree or the sky, the act of knowledge is much more , and easy to be explained. For then there is something e of us, and in front of us, and another thing than we are, ch we look, and which we behold. But in this act of self- tion there is no second thing external, and extant to us, which ıtemplate. That which is seen is one and the same identical with that which sees. The act of knowledge which in all instances requires the existence of two things—a thing to own, and a thing to know—in this instance is performed nly one. It is the individual soul that sees, and it is that ame individual soul that is seen. It is the individual man nows, and it is that very identical man that is known. eyeball looks at the eyeball.

l when this power of self-inspection is connected with the of memory, the mystery of human existence becomes yet complicated, and its explanation still more baffling.

t not exceedingly wonderful that we are able to reëxhibit vn thoughts and feelings; that we can call back what has clear by in our experience, and steadily look at it once Is it not a mystery that we can summon before our eye feelings, purposes, desires, and thoughts, which occurred soul long years ago; and which perhaps until this moment ve not thought of for years? Is it not a marvel that they ıp with all the vividness with which they first took origin experience, and that the lapse of time has deprived them ıe of their first outlines or colors? Is it not strange, that

* Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracy.*

we can recall that one particular feeling of hatred towards a fellow-man, which rankled in the heart a long time since; that we can now eye it, and see it as plainly as if it were still existing within us; that we can feel guilty for it once more as if we were still cherishing it? If it were not so common, would it not be surprising that we can reflect upon acts of disobedience towards God, which we committed in the days of childhood, and far back in the dim twilights of agency; that we can reäct them, as it were, in our memory, and fill ourselves again with the shame and distress that attended their original commission? Is it not one of those mysteries which overhang human existence, and from which that of the brute is wholly free, that man can live his life, and act his agency, over, and over, and over again, indefinitely and forever, in this his self-consciousness; *that he can cause all his deeds to pass and repass* before his self-reflection, and be filled through and through with the agony of self-knowledge? Truly *such* knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it. Whither shall I go from *my own* spirit, and whither shall I flee from *my own* presence? If I ascend up into heaven, it is there looking at me. If I make my bed in hell, behold it is there torturing me. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there must I know myself, and acquit or condemn myself.

But if that knowledge whereby man knows himself is mysterious, then certainly that whereby God knows him, is far more so. That act whereby *another* being knows my secret thoughts and inmost feelings, is most certainly inexplicable. That cognition whereby *another* person understands what takes place in the corners of my heart, and sees the minutest motions of my spirit, is surely high; most surely I can not attain unto it.

And yet, it is a truth of Revelation, that God searches the heart of man; that he knows his down-sitting and up-rising, and understands his thought afar off; that he compasses his path and his lying-down, and is acquainted with all his ways. And yet it is a deduction of reason also, that because God is the Creator of the human mind, he must perfectly understand its secret agencies; that he, in whose essence, man lives and moves and has his being, must behold every motion, and feel every stirring of the human spirit. He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

Let us then ponder the fact of God's exhaustive knowledge of man's soul, that we may realize it, and thereby come under its solemn power and impression. For all religion, all holy and reverential fear of God, rises and sets, as in an atmosphere, in the thought: "Thou, God, seest me."

1. In analyzing and estimating the divine knowledge of the

man soul, we find, in the first place: That God accurately and haustively knows all that man knows of himself.

Every man in a Christian land who is in the habit of frequent- ; the house of God, possesses more or less of that self-know- ge of which we have spoken. He thinks of the moral charac- of some of his own thoughts. He reflects upon the moral ality of some of his own feelings. He considers the ultimate idency of some of his own actions. In other words, there is a rt of his inward and his outward life with which he is uncom- nly well acquainted ; of which he has a distinct apprehension. ere are some thoughts of his mind at which he blushes at the ry time of their origin, because he is vividly aware what they , and what they mean. There are some emotions of his heart, which he trembles and recoils at the very moment of their up- ing, because he perceives clearly that they involve a very ilignant depravity. There are some actings of his will, of ose wickedness he is painfully conscious at the very instant their rush and movement. We are not called upon here to how many of a man's thoughts, feelings, and determinations thus subjected to his self-inspection at the very time of their gin, and are known in the clear light of self-knowledge. We not concerned at this point with the amount of this man's self- pection and self-knowledge. We are only saying that there some experience such as this in his personal history, and that does know something of himself at the very time of action, th a clearness and a distinctness that makes him start, or blush, fear.

Now, we say, that in reference to all this intimate self-know- lge, all this best part of a man's information respecting himself, is not superior to God. He may be certain that in no respect es he know more of himself than the Searcher of hearts knows. e may be an uncommonly thoughtful person, and little of what done within his soul may escape his notice; nay, we will make e extreme supposition that he arrests every thought as it rises, d looks at it; that he analyzes every sentiment as it swells his art; that he scrutinizes every purpose as it determines his will ; en if he should have such a thorough and profound self-know- lge as this, God knows him equally profoundly and equally oroughly. Nay more, this process of self-inspection may go on definitely, and the man grow more and more thoughtful, and tain an everlastingly augmenting knowledge of what he is and hat he does, so that it shall seem to him that he is going down far along that path which the vulture's eye hath not seen, is netrating so deeply into those dim and shadowy regions of nsciousness where the external life takes its very first start, as be beyond the reach of any eye, and the ken of any intelli- nce but his own, and then he may be sure that God understands

the thought that is afar off, and deep down, and that at this lowest range and plane in his experience he besets him behind and before.

Or, this man, like the most of mankind, may be an unreflecting person. Then, in this case, thoughts, feelings, and purposes are continually rising up within his soul like the clouds and exhalations of an evaporating deluge, and at the time of their rise he subjects them to no scrutiny of conscience, and is not pained in the least by their moral character and significance. He lacks self-knowledge altogether at these points in his history. But notice, that the fact that he is not self-inspecting at these points can not destroy the fact that he is acting at them. The fact that he is not a spectator of his own transgression, does not alter the fact that he is the author of it. If this man, for instance, thinks his own thoughts on God's holy day, and in God's holy house, with such an intensity and such a pleasure that he drowns the voice of conscience, and self-inspection is banished for the time, it will not do for him to plead this lack of a distinct and painful consciousness of what his mind was doing, as the palliative and excuse of his wrong thoughts. If this man, again, indulges in an envious or a sensual emotion with such an energy and entireness, as for the time being to preclude all action of the higher powers of reason and self-reflection, so that he is not in the least troubled by a sense of his wickedness, it will be no excuse for him at the eternal bar that he was not thinking of his sin at the time of its commission. And therefore it is, that accountableness covers the whole field of human agency, and God holds us responsible for our thoughtless sin, as well as for our deliberate transgression.

In the instance then of the thoughtless man, in the case where there is little or no self-inspection, God certainly knows the man as well as he knows himself. The Omniscent is certainly possessed of an amount of knowledge equal to that small modicum which is all that a rational and immortal soul can boast of in reference to itself.

2. And this leads to the second remark: That God accurately and exhaustively knows all that man might, but does not know of himself.

Although the Creator designed that man should thoroughly understand himself, and gave him the power of self-inspection that he might use it faithfully and apply it constantly, yet man is exceedingly ignorant of himself. Mankind, says an old writer, are nowhere less at home than at home. Very few persons practice serious self-examination at all, and none employ the power of self-inspection with that carefulness and sedulity with which they ought. Hence men generally, and unregenerate men always, are unacquainted with much that goes on within their own minds and hearts. Though it is sin and self-will, though it is thought,

and feeling, and purpose, and desire, that is going on and taking place during all these years of religious indifference, yet the agent himself, so far as a sober reflection upon the moral character of the process, and a distinct perception of the dreadful issue of it, are concerned, is much of the time as destitute of self-knowledge, as is the irrational brute himself. For were sinful men constantly self-examining, they would be constantly in torment. Men can be happy in sin only so long as they can sin without thinking of it. The instant they begin to perceive and understand what they are doing, they begin to feel the fang of the worm. If the gay wicked world which now takes so much pleasure in its wickedness, could be forced to do here what it will be forced to do hereafter, namely, to *eye* its sin while it commits it, to *think* of what it is doing while it does it, the billows of the lake of fire would roll in upon time, and from gay Paris and luxurious Vienna, there would instantaneously ascend the wailing cry of Pandemonium.

But it is not so at present. Men here upon earth are sinning continually, and yet they are not continually in hell. On the contrary, "they are not in trouble as other [good] men are, neither are they plagued like other [good] men. Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish." This proves that they are self-ignorant; that they know neither their sin, nor its bitter end. They sin without the consciousness of sin, and hence are happy in it. Is it not so in our own personal experience? Have there not been in the past ten years of our own mental history, long trains of thought,—*sinful* thought; and vast processions of feelings and imaginings,—*sinful* feelings and imaginings; that have trailed over the spaces of the soul, but which have been as unwatched and unseen by the self-inspecting eye of conscience, as the caravans of the African desert have been, during the same period, by the eye of our sense? We have not felt a pang of guilt every single time, that we have thought a wrong thought; yet we should have felt one inevitably, had we scrutinized every such single thought. Our face has not flushed with crimson, in every particular instance in which we have exercised a sinful emotion; yet it would have done so had we carefully noted every such emotion. A distinct self-knowledge has by no means run parallel with all our sinful activity—has by no means been coëxtensive with it. We perform vastly more than we inspect. We have sinned vastly more than we have been aware of at the time.

Even the Christian, in whom this unreflecting species of life and conduct has given way, somewhat, to a thoughtful and vigilant life, knows and acknowledges that perfection is not yet come. As he casts his eye over even his regenerate and illuminated life, and sees what a small amount of sin has been distinctly detected, keenly felt, and heartily confessed, in comparison with that large amount of sin, which he knows he must have committed, during this long

period of incessant action of mind, heart, and limbs, he finds no repose for his misgivings with respect to the final examination and account, except by enveloping himself yet more entirely in the ample folds of his Redeemer's righteousness; except by hiding himself yet more profoundly, in the cleft of that Rock of Ages, which protects the chief of sinners from the unsufferable splendors and terrors of the divine glory, and holiness, as it passes by. Even the Christian knows, that he must have committed many sins, in thoughtless moments and hours—many sins of which he was not deliberately thinking, at the time of their commission, and must pray with David: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." The functions and operations of memory evince that such is the case. Are we not sometimes in our serious hours, when memory is busy, convinced of sins which at the time of their commission were wholly unaccompanied with "conviction"? The act, in this instance, was performed blindly, without self-inspection, and therefore without self-conviction. Ten years, we will say, have intervened; years of new activity, and immensely varied experiences. And now the magic power of recollection sets us back once more at that point of responsible action, and bids us do what we did not do at the time—analyze our performance, and feel consciously guilty, experience the first sensation of remorse, for what we did ten years ago. Have we not, sometimes, been vividly reminded that upon such an occasion, and at such a time, we were angry, or proud, but that at the time when the emotion was swelling our veins, were not filled with that clear and painful sense of its turpitude which now attends the recollection of it? The reëxhibition of an action in memory, as in a mirror, is often accompanied with a distinct apprehension of its moral character, that formed no part of the experience of the agent while absorbed in the hot and hasty original action itself. And when we remember how immense are the stores of memory, and what an amount of sin has been committed in hours of thoughtlessness and moral indifference, what prayer is more natural and warm than the supplication: "Search me O God, and try me, and see what evil ways there are within me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

But the careless, unenlightened man, as we have before remarked, leads a life almost entirely destitute of self-inspection and self-knowledge. He sins constantly. He does only evil, and that constantly, as did man before the deluge. For he is constantly acting; a living, self-moving soul like his, can not cease action if it would. And yet the current is all one way. Day after day sends up its clouds of sensual, worldly, selfish thoughts. Week after week pours onward its stream of low-born, corrupt, unspiritual feelings. Year after year accumulates that hardening mass of carnal-mindedness and distaste for religion, which is sometimes a more insuperable obstacle to the truth, than positive faults and

vices which startle and shock the conscience. And yet the man *thinks* nothing about all this action of his mind and heart. He does not subject it to any self-inspection. If he should, for but a single hour, be lifted up to the eminence from which all this current of self-will and moral agency may be seen and surveyed in its real character and significance, he would start back as if brought to the brink of hell. But he is not thus lifted up. He continues to use and abuse his mental and his moral faculties, but for most of his probation with all the blindness and heedlessness of a mere animal instinct.

There is then a vast amount of sin committed without self-inspection; and consequently without any distinct perception at the time, that it is sin. The Christian will find himself feeling guilty, for the first time, for transgressions that occurred far back in the past, and will need a fresh application of atoning blood. The sinner will find, at some period or other, that remorse is fastening its tooth in his conscience for a vast amount of sinful thought, feeling, desire, and motive, that took origin in the unembarrassed days of religious thoughtlessness and worldly enjoyment.

For, think you, that the insensible sinner is always to be insensible; that this power of self-inspection is eternally to "rust unused"? What a tremendous revelation will one day be made to an unreflecting transgressor, simply because he is a man and not a brute, has lived a human life, and is endowed with the power of self-knowledge, whether he has used it or not! What a terrific vision it will be for him, when the limitless line of his sins, which he has not yet distinctly examined, and thought of, and repented of, shall be made to pass in slow procession before this inward eye which he has wickedly kept closed so long. Tell us not of the disclosures that shall be made when the sea shall give up the dead that are in it, and the graves shall open and surrender their dead; what are these material disclosures, when compared with the revelations of self-knowledge! What is all this external display, somber and terrible as it will be to the outward eye, when compared with all that internal revealing that will be made to a hitherto thoughtless soul, when of a sudden in the day of judgment, its deepest caverns shall heave in unison with the material convulsions of the day, and shall send forth to judgment their long-slumbering and hidden iniquity; when the sepulchers of its own memory shall burst open, and give up the sin that has long lain buried there, in needless and guilty forgetfulness, awaiting this second resurrection!

For (to come back to the unfolding of the subject, and the movement of the argument) God perfectly knows all that man might, but does not know of himself. Though the transgressor is ignorant of much of his sin, because, at the time of its commission, he sins blindly as well as willfully, and unreflectingly as well as freely;

and though the transgressor has forgotten much of that small amount of sin, of which he was conscious, and by which he was pained, at the time of its perpetration; though on the side of man, the powers of self-inspection and memory have accomplished so little towards this preservation of man's sin, yet God knows it all, and remembers it all. He compasseth man's path, and his lying down, and is acquainted with all his ways. There is nothing covered, therefore, that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known. Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness, shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops. The Creator of the human mind has control over its powers of self-inspection, and of memory; and when the proper time comes, he will compel these endowments to perform their legitimate functions, and do their appointed work. The torturing self-survey will begin, never more to end. The awful recollection will commence, endlessly to go on.

One principal reason why the Biblical representations of human sinfulness exert so little influence over men, and, generally speaking, seem to them to be greatly exaggerated and untrue, lies in the fact that the divine knowledge of human character is in advance of the human knowledge. God's consciousness and cognition upon this subject is exhaustive; while man's self-knowledge is superficial and shallow. The two forms of knowledge, consequently, when placed side by side, do not agree, but conflict. There would be less difficulty and less contradiction, if mankind generally were possessed of even as much self-knowledge as the Christian is possessed of. There would be no difficulty and no contradiction, if the knowledge of the judgment-day could be anticipated, and the self-inspection of that occasion could commence here and now. But such is not the fact. The Bible labors, therefore, under the difficulty of possessing an advanced knowledge; the difficulty of being addressed to a mind that is almost entirely unacquainted with the subject treated of. The word of God knows man exhaustively, as God knows him; and hence all its descriptions of human character are founded upon such a knowledge. But man, in his self-ignorance, does not perceive their awful truth. He has not yet attained the internal correspondent to the Biblical statement; that apprehension of total depravity, that knowledge of the plague of the heart, which always and ever says yea, to the most vivid description of human sinfulness, and amen to God's heaviest malediction upon it. Nothing deprives the word of its nerve and influence, more than this general lack of self-inspection and self-knowledge. For only that which is perceived to be true, exerts an influence upon the human mind. The doctrine of human sinfulness is preached to men, year after year, to whom it does not come home with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, because the sinfulness which is really within them is as yet unknown, and because not one of a thousand

of their transgressions has ever been scanned in the light of self-examination. But is the Bible untrue, because the man is ignorant? Is the sun black because the eye is shut?

However ignorant man may be, and may desire and strive to be, of himself, God knows him altogether, and knows that the representations of his word, respecting the character and necessities of human nature, are the unexaggerated, sober, and actual fact. Though most of the sinner's life of alienation from God, and of disobedience, has been a blind and a reckless agency, unaccompanied with self-scrutiny, and to a great extent passed from his memory, yet it has all of it been looked at, as it welled up from the living centers of free agency and responsibility, by the calm and dreadful eye of retributive justice, and has all of it been indelibly written down in the book of God's sure memory, with the pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond.

And here, let us, for a moment, look upon the bright as well as the dark side of this subject. For if God's exhaustive knowledge of the human heart waken dread in one of its aspects, it starts infinite hope in another. If that Being has gone down into these depths of human depravity, and seen it with a more abhorring glance than could ever shoot from a finite eye, and yet has returned with a cordial offer to forgive it all, and a hearty proffer to cleanse it all away, then we can lift up the eye in adoration and in hope. There has been an infinite forbearance and condescension. The worst has been seen, and that too by the holiest of beings, and yet eternal glory is offered to us! God knows from personal examination, the worthlessness of human character, with a thoroughness and intensity of knowledge of which man has no conception; and yet, in the light of that knowledge, in the very flame of that intuition, he has devised a plan of mercy and redemption. Do not think then, because of your present ignorance of your guilt and corruption, that the incarnation and death of the Son of God was unnecessary, and that that costly blood of atonement which you are treading under foot, wet the rocks of Calvary for a peccadillo. Could you but for a moment only, know yourself altogether and exhaustively, as the Author of this redemption knows you, you would cry out, in the words of a far holier man than you are: "I am undone." If you could but see guilt as God sees it, you would also see with him, that nothing but an infinite Passion can expiate it. If you could but fathom the human heart, as God fathoms it, you would know, as he knows, that nothing less than regeneration can purify its fountains of uncleanness, and cleanse it from its ingrain corruption.

Thus have we seen that God knows man altogether; that he knows all that man knows of himself, and all that man might, but does not yet know of himself. The Searcher of hearts knows all the thoughts that we have thought upon, all the reflections that we

have reflected upon, all the experience that we have ourselves analyzed and inspected. And he also knows that far larger part of our life, which we have not yet subjected to the scrutiny of self-examination; all those thoughts, feelings, desires, and motives, innumerable as they are, of which we took no heed at the time of their origin and existence, and which we suppose, perhaps, we shall hear no more of again. Whither then, shall we go from God's spirit? Or whither shall we flee from his presence and his knowledge? If we ascend up into heaven, he is there, and knows us perfectly. If we make our bed in hell, behold he is there, and reads the secret thoughts and feelings of our hearts. The darkness hideth not from him; our ignorance does not affect his knowledge; the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to him.

This great truth which we have been considering obtains a yet more serious emphasis, and a yet more solemn power over the mind, when we take into view the character of Him who thus searches our hearts, and is acquainted with all our ways. Who of us would not be filled with uneasiness, if he knew that an imperfect fellow-being were looking constantly into his soul? Would not the flush of shame often burn upon our cheek, if we knew that a sinful man like ourselves, were watching all the feelings and thoughts that are rising within us? Should we not be more circumspect than we are, if men were able mutually, to search each other's hearts? How often does a man change his course of conduct, when, he discovers accidentally, that his neighbor knows what he is doing.

But it is not an imperfect fellow-man, it is not a perfect angel, who besets us behind and before, and is acquainted with all our ways. It is the immaculate God himself. It is he, before whom archangels vail their faces, and the burning seraphim cry, "Holy." It is he, in whose sight the pure cerulean heavens are not clean, and whose eyes are a flame of fire devouring all iniquity. We are beheld in all this process of sin, be it blind or be it intelligent, by infinite purity. We are not, therefore, to suppose that God contemplates this our life of sin, with the dull indifference of an epicurean deity; that he looks into our souls all this while, from mere curiosity, and with no moral emotion toward us. The God who knows us altogether is the Holy One of Israel, whose wrath is both real and revealed against all unrighteousness.

If therefore, we connect the holy nature and pure essence of God, with all this unceasing and unerring inspection of the human soul, does not the truth which we have been considering speak with a bolder emphasis, and acquire an additional power to impress and solemnize the mind? When we realize that the Being who is watching us at every instant, and in every act and element of our existence, is the very same Being who revealed

himself amidst the lightnings of Sinai, as hating sin, and not clearing the thoughtless guilty, do not our prospects at the bar of justice look dark and fearful? For who of the race of man is holy enough to stand such an inspection? Who of the sons of men will prove pure in such a furnace?

Are we not, then, brought by this truth close up to the central doctrine of Christianity, and made to see our need of the atonement and righteousness of the Redeemer? How can we endure such a scrutiny as God is instituting into our character and conduct? What can we say in the day of reckoning, when the Searcher of hearts shall make known to us all that he knows of us? What can we do in that day, which shall reveal the thoughts and the estimates of the Holy One respecting us?

It is perfectly plain from the elevated central point of view where we now stand, and in the focal light in which we now see, that no man can be justified before God upon the ground of personal character; for that character, when subjected to God's exhaustive scrutiny, withers and shrinks away. A man may possibly be just before his neighbor, or his friend, or society, or human laws, but he is miserably self-deceived who supposes that his heart will appear righteous under such a scrutiny, and in such a Presence as we have been considering.* However it may be before other tribunals, the Apostle is correct when he asserts, that "every mouth must be stopped, and the whole world plead guilty before God." Before the Searcher of hearts, all mankind must appeal to mere and sovereign Mercy. Justice, in this reference is out of the question.

Now, in this condition of things, God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. The divine mercy has been manifested in a mode that does not permit even the guiltiest to doubt its reality, its sufficiency, or its sincerity. The argument is this. "If when we were yet sinners," and known to be such, in the perfect and exhaustive manner that has been described, "Christ died for us, much more being now justified by his blood, shall we be saved from wrath through him." Appro-

* "It is easy," says one of the keenest and most incisive of theologians, "for any one in the cloisters of the schools to indulge himself in idle speculations, on the merit of works to justify men; but when he comes into the presence of God, he must bid farewell to these amusements, for there the business is transacted with seriousness. To this point must our attention be directed, if we wish to make any useful inquiry concerning true righteousness: How we can answer the celestial Judge when he shall call us to an account? Let us place that Judge before our eyes, not according to the inadequate imaginations of our minds, but according to the descriptions given of him in the Scriptures, which represent him as one whose refulgence eclipses the stars, whose purity makes all things appear polluted, and who searches the inmost soul of his creatures; let us so conceive of the Judge of all the earth, and every one must present himself as a criminal before him, and voluntarily prostrate and humble himself in deep solitude concerning his absolution."—*Calvin's Institutes*, iii. 12.

priating this atonement which the Searcher of hearts has himself provided for this very exigency, and which he knows to be thoroughly adequate, no man, however guilty, need fear the most complete disclosures which the divine Omniscience will have to make of human character in the day of doom. If the guilt is "infinite upon infinite," so is the sacrifice of the God-man. Who is he that condemneth? it is the Son of God that died for sin. Who shall lay any thing to God's elect? it is God that justifieth. And as God shall, in the last day, summon up from the deep places of our souls, all of our sins, and bring us to a strict account for every thing, even to the idle words that we have spoken, we can look him full in the eye without a thought of fear, and with love unutterable, if we are really relying upon the atoning sacrifice of Christ, for justification. Even in that awful Presence, and under that omniscient scrutiny, "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

The great lesson, then, taught by the text and its unfolding, is the importance of attaining self-knowledge here upon earth, and while there remaineth a sacrifice for sins. The duty and wisdom of every man is, to anticipate the revelations of the judgment-day; to find out the sin of his soul, while it is an accepted time, and a day of salvation. For we have seen that this self-inspection can not ultimately be escaped. Man was made to know himself, and he must sooner or later come to it. Self-knowledge is as certain in the end as death. The utmost that can be done is to postpone it for a few days, or years. The article of death, and the exchange of worlds, will pour it all in like a deluge, upon every man, whether he will or not. And he who does not wake up to a knowledge of his heart until he enters eternity, wakes up not to pardon, but to despair.

The simple question, then, which meets us is, Wilt thou know thyself here, and now, that thou mayest accept and feel God's pity; or wilt thou keep within the screen, and not know thyself until beyond the grave, and then feel God's judicial wrath? The self-knowledge, remember, must come in the one way or the other. It is a simple question of time; a simple question, whether it shall come here in this world, where the blood of Christ "freely flows," or in the future world, where "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." Turn the matter as we will, this is the sum and substance; a sinful man must either come to a thorough self-knowledge, with a hearty repentance, and a joyful pardon in this life; or he must come to a thorough self-knowledge, with a total despair, and an eternal damnation in the other. God is not mocked. God's great pity in the blood of Christ must not be trifled with. He who refuses, or neglects to institute that self-examination which leads to the sense of sin, and the felt need of Christ's work, by that very fact, proves that he does not desire to know his own

heart, and that he has no wish to repent of sin. But he who will not even look at his sin; what does not he deserve from that Being who poured out his own blood for it? He who refuses even to open his eyes upon that bleeding Lamb of God; what must not he expect from the Lion of the tribe of Judah, in the day of judgment? He, who by a life of apathy, and indifference to sin, puts himself out of all relations to the divine pity; what must he experience in eternity, but the operations of stark unmitigated law?

Find out your sin, then. God will forgive all that is found. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become as white as snow. He wants to forgive. He is waiting to forgive. But sin must be seen by the sinner, before it can be pardoned by the Judge. If you refuse at this point; if you hide yourself from yourself; if you preclude all feeling and conviction upon the subject of sin, by remaining ignorant of it; if you continue to live an easy thoughtless life in sin, then, you can not be forgiven, and the measure of God's love, with which he would have blessed you, had you searched yourself and repented, will be the measure of God's righteous wrath with which he will search you, and condemn you because you have not.

SERMON XIV.

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SAFETY AND SUCCESS IN WELL-DOING.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—ROMANS 12 : 21.

It is a kind provision that makes Labor, with its attendant fatigues, our guardian against many forms of harm that lie in wait for man. The workman, who "in the sweat of his brow eats bread," little thinks that the stroke of his axe or hammer is beating off not only the spectres of beggary and famine which he dreads, but also the unforeseen temptations to vice and crime which visit the idle poor. Yet such, under God, is the happy immunity of toil. And in a much higher sense, there is in all kinds of activity for the good of others, a blessed reward. Climbing the rugged mountain, over lofty tracts of snow, the traveler feels in the tenuous and frosty air a paralyzing influence. There creeps

over him a strange longing to stop, lie down, and sleep that fatal slumber which he knows to be the embrace of death. Almost conquered, he struggles on, till he sees, half-buried in the snow, the numb and helpless body of one who has yielded to the lethargy. Eager to preserve life, if life remain, he bends over it, and puts forth all his vigor in the effort to rouse, revive, restore. At last he rises, languid no longer, but glowing with the warmth of generous and hopeful exertion, saved himself in the act of saving another. What is thus true of the physical man is true especially of the life of the soul. Our subject is, "The Safety and Success of Well-Doing." "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Christians are here taught, that there is safety and success in well-doing. This truth it will be our endeavor first to define, and then to apply. It is evident that the terms employed in the text are to be taken, not in a causative, but in an instrumental sense. The reference is to conduct. Good and evil are sometimes put for holiness and sin. Here they bear the meaning of right and wrong-doing; more precisely, the influence for right or wrong with which human actions are clothed.

I. There is, then, we observe in the first place, a certain power in Evil-doing. Works and words of wickedness possess an efficiency for mischief. This power springs from a corrupt nature, and it calls in the help of corrupt passions. There is a headlong energy about the depraved instincts of men, which lends itself to the furtherance of evil. "Anger, wrath, malice, bitterness, clamor, envy," in these the soul puts forth a vehemence like that of frenzy, whose momentum assists the carrying out of sinful purposes. "The heart of man," saith Solomon, "is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live." And whoever has watched the paroxysms of insanity, must note a resemblance *in* these violent affections of the mind, which often exercises a nervous vigor hardly to be withstood, under the control of either impulse. Again, there belongs to Evil-doing the power of awakening and stimulating bad propensities in others. The agent of wrong fortifies himself not only by his own corrupt passions, but also by those of other men, as he is able to excite and enlist them. An influence proceeds from his conduct, which irritates or flatters, provokes or encourages that within men, which only needs to be roused by the presented motive; the selfish desire, the lawless inclination, a will restive under authority, a heart averse to goodness. Hence, too, the power of propagating sinful feelings and impressions, that belongs to wrong-doing. Consciously or unconsciously, men as moral agents are perpetually exerting one upon another a force attractive or repellent; by every act, evil as well as good, touching springs of motion in others, and communicating an impulse that spreads far and wide beyond all

possible detection and arrest. Now, to these elements of power add that of inert resistance; the property which evil eminently possesses to harden and encase; the armor of impenitence that it forges, a perverse counterpart of the Christian's armor of light; and you perceive how formidable an enginery it is that threatens to overcome him; how great a task is assigned him in the command to overcome.

Look at one of the channels by which this energy is conveyed, namely, Language. How mighty for mischief is this agency! We can scarcely define its limits. Take only one of its base and baleful uses. The vivid warnings of the Apostle James describe it well. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! The tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." Yes, the slanderer can accomplish an incalculable amount of evil. "A whisperer separateth chief friends." "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends." We are all of us, so to speak, at the mercy of this foe. Your domestic peace, your social happiness, your standing and reputation, how vitally may they at any moment be affected by the malignant exercise of this tremendous power! Let some vile rumor be set afloat, and pushed out upon the current of gossip; let it receive the willing contributions of idle and ignoble spirits; let it bear down upon the virtues or the honors of the most exalted and esteemed of men, and what but a miracle of Divine protection can secure him against the overwhelming shock of this machinery of evil?

Look at another agency, that of Example, voiceless, noiseless, but potent minister of good or harm. Used for either purpose, it appeals to an instinct of imitation; but enlisted in the service of evil, it has the bad advantage of an appeal to innate dispositions favorable to error. The pattern given is not only reproduced, but aggravated. "False teachers" have many to "follow their pernicious ways," who shall "increase unto more ungodliness." "Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." It requires indeed an effort of those confirmed in the truth to withstand at times the gradual but forcible suasion of example toward wrong; but how many unsuspecting and unresisting souls, "laden with sins, and led away with divers lusts," doth a bad example take captive at will! The respectable Sabbath-breaker, the intelligent skeptic, the polished voluptuary; what numerous and potent threads of influence do they grasp and finger; reaching it may be to some heart in every household of the community, and thwarting the persuasions of parent, teacher, pastor, toward truth and duty!

Consider, again, the bolder power of injury that goes out in Deeds, of undisguised malignity, such as revenge, ferocity, persecution. What herculean efforts it can put forth! What desolations it can make in the earth! Let the chronicles of crime reveal the courses of unchecked violence that may be followed out. Let the history of religious troubles show the success of wicked men, in molesting not only, but in extirpating the generations of the righteous.

II. Such is that hurtful power of Evil, which goodness is commanded to repel; a power which in all its operations, transitive and reflective, must be met and overcome. Whoever its subjects, whether recipients or agents, they must share this benevolent intervention. It is not enough to neutralize the action of evil on us, and on others. Self-injury must, if possible, be averted. The efforts of wrong-doers for their own destruction must be watched and counteracted. "Do thyself no harm," cries the voice which saith also, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." But in this work there is a manifest danger to be avoided; and this danger we shall in the second place consider. "Be not overcome of evil." There is power in evil; and there is consequent danger that we may be overcome by that power.

(1.) And to be overcome, is to be discouraged by Evil. Satan asks nothing better than to persuade us that our endeavors to withstand him, at whatever point of attack, are vain and hopeless, and that our assaults upon his dominions are equally doubtful of success. He knows that the fearful and faint-hearted are unfit for aggression not only, but even resistance. To labor fruitfully for Christ, we need faith to say, There be more with us than with them.

(2.) To be overcome, is to give way to the encroachments of Evil. Every one of us, God's intelligent, accountable creature, is placed by him at some threatened post, there to stem the forces of temptation. It is true of us, as it was of the builders of Jerusalem, "The work is great and large, and we are separated upon the wall, one far from another." To give way is to be vanquished. The watchman sees the sword come, and blows not the trumpet. The Christian stands by when wickedness is committed, and utters no reproof. He views the uprising of systems of iniquity, and bears no testimony against them. It is even "as when a standard-bearer fainteth."

(3.) To be overcome, is to be led to use the weapons of Evil. This implies more than a confession of weakness; it is a virtual agreement with the foe. This is utterly forbidden us. We must "recompense to no man evil for evil." We must in no case "do evil that good may come." We must employ none of the arts of deception. We must avail ourselves of no human weakness. We must appeal to no corrupt propensity or passion. Let Satan

transform himself into a minister of light, we must never assail his kingdom in the disguise of darkness. All cunning craftiness, all plausible professions, all policy and stratagem, flattery, cajolery, and what not:—These are not for you, children of the light! The weapons of your warfare are not carnal. "Ye can not drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils."

(4.) To be overcome, is to consent to the appearance of Evil. Truth and error, holiness and sin, differ from each other even as light and darkness. But to human eyes there seems to be a line of shadow, a penumbra, which is neither wholly good nor wholly bad. On this neutral ground the worldly wise will seek to stand. It is no place for the Christian. Practices doubtful to the judgment of others are dangerous for him. Measures that may be just, yet are likely to be misinterpreted, are inexpedient for him. "Let not your good be evil spoken of." "Abstain from all appearance of evil." "Provide for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men—of all men." "Avoiding this, that no man should blame us."

(5.) Once more: To be overcome, is to breathe in the spirit of Evil. This completes the conquest. The citadel is scaled; and if some show of resistance be kept up, it is only the better to serve the enemy's purpose. When those who claim to be God's friends and servants work under the impulse of sinful tempers and desires, there is gain from their labors only to the cause of Satan. They know not what spirit they are of. If truth be advocated in words of irritation and anger, with tones of bitterness and contempt, we can expect no good result, either to ourselves or to others. "Not self-willed, not soon angry, no striker, but sober, just, temperate," is a description not only of a worthy preacher of the word, but of all who "with sound doctrine" seek to "convince the gainsayers."

III. So much appears to be unfavorable to the cause of Goodness. There is power in evil-doing; power that springs from a corrupt nature, that calls in the aid of corrupt passions, that stirs up evil propensities, that propagates sinful emotions, that resists good. There is danger from this power, wielded as it is through language, example, and overt action. Danger lest the soul be overcome; be discouraged by evil; give way to its encroachments; adopt its weapons; consent to its appearances; inhale its spirit. But there is superior power in well-doing. Hence there is safety and success in well-doing. And by this we mean, "doing the will of God from the heart," acting from a regard to the will of God, and from a desire to please him. This is Christian obedience; and the most faithful and beautiful description of its working is that found in the sixth chapter of second Corinthians: "By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by

kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." In short, goodness works by truth and love, as evil works by error and hatred. This is the whole machinery. Hence a double power, superior to all the enginery of evil. Truth keen and piercing, love fervid and melting; truth as a two-edged sword, love as "coals of fire;" both "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The Christian exercises in concert these twin forces. But sometimes in the application the one becomes more visible than the other — truth opposing error, and love meeting enmity. So in the Apostle's defense of his ministry, (2 Cor. 4: 2,) it is the former: "Not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." In our text it is the latter: "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Thus it is that Goodness operates; but consider next the elements of its success. First, by well-doing we may baffle the plans of evil. The arch-adversary of man, who is the author and prompter of all mischief, though great in power and cunning, is not infinite. He is knowing, but not omniscient. Truly sings Luther:

> "Our ancient enemy,
> In earnest now is he;
> Much craft and great might
> Arm him for the fight.
> On earth his equal is not found."

But Satan's cunning is outwitted by that "wisdom that is from above, first pure, then peaceable," always "without hypocrisy." His great scheme for the ruin of man hath been frustrated already. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." The saints of Christ have the promise: "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." And those who serve the purposes of the enemy are not wiser than he. The worker of iniquity can not anticipate the procedures of godliness. The skeptic may strengthen himself with objections, and "fill his mouth with arguments;" and yet one arrow from the quiver of truth, let fly "at a venture," may smite his proud heart "between the joints of the harness," and lay him low before the cross. The worldling may bury himself in the cares of this life, and think he has barred every door against an importunate conscience; yet in the very sanctuary of mammon he may be forced to cry, like Ahab before Elijah, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" and be answered: "I have found thee." The foe may nurse his wrath, and plot in secret for its cruel execution;

but kindness, like fire from heaven, shall find him out, and melt its way to his relenting heart. Yes, with

"Simple truth his utmost skill,"

the servant of Christ has all the forces of iniquity at an immeasurable advantage. The straight path of duty shall strike and expose the mines of error, crooked and secret though they be.

Secondly, Well-doing shuts off the approaches of Evil. The idle man is open to a thousand wiles, against which the busy Christian is protected. "I am doing a great work," answers he when the messengers of mischief arrive, "so that I can not come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?" Here is his safety, here his success, though laboring, as it were, in the trenches of the battle-field, under the sharp fire of the enemy. "Give thyself wholly to these things, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Oh! what good service for Christ hath been done by men intent on their Master's work, and therefore blind, deaf, callous to all the alluring and irritating devices of the prince of evil. This is the security of those who follow Jesus. "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and if ye drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you."

Thirdly, Well-doing exhausts the venomous arts of Evil. Nothing so confuses the scoffer and unbeliever as the blameless life of a Christian holding fast his integrity. Ill-will can do much to harass and impede, but there are limits which it can not pass. Faith receives upon its burnished shield "all the fiery darts of the wicked;" and those quenched, the enemy is foiled. "And this," remarks holy Leighton, "this is a wise Christian's way, instead of impatient fretting at the mistakes or willful miscensures of men, to keep still on in his calm temper of mind, and upright course of life, and silent innocence; this as a rock breaks the waves into foam that roar about it." "For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

Fourthly, Well-doing secures the promised victory over Evil. There is about God's appointed agencies a fitness which we may profitably consider, to achieve the work and compass the ends in view. Yet must we bear in mind that the sufficiency is all of him and that the methods and implements we use in well-doing a successful after all, not by reason of their fitness, but because en gized and prospered of God. Hence our great support is the cious promise: "To them who by patient continuance in wel ing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." wage no doubtful contest. They press toward no elusive "thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through Christ our Lord." Therefore may they well "be stead

of sin. It originates in the absence of right desires; a
conformity, in the moral state and the actions, to the will
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stands ready and eager to supply. His devices must be th
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our sanctification, wherein "we are renewed in the whc
after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to
sin, and live unto righteousness." Hence the Bible figure
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Spirit." "Ye were sometime darkness, but now are y
in the Lord." The desire of the Christian is to be whc
sessed by this sanctifying power. "Being filled with jo
with wisdom, filled with knowledge, filled with comfort, fill
the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, u
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ods of confronting the ignorance and the malice of the wicked. Well-doing answers every purpose for which we are responsible. Truth and love—truth in love—this under God is all-sufficient. It is of malice that the text immediately treats—enmity in its various expressions of slander, deceit, flattery, ingratitude, persecution. These, overcome with good, with kindness, or well-doing in love. But error too is enmity. The false teacher is the most cruel of foemen; and error, too, no less unfriendly, no less offensive, must be met by the same procedure—with good—with the argument of a holy life—with well-doing "in truth and love." Such a life will be vocal, as opportunity shall serve. It may speak out in remonstrance, entreaty, reasoning, rebuke, as God shall enable. The active Christian hath promise of being "enriched in all utterance." But his power is "not in word only." It is in deeds. It is the demonstration of the Gospel's reality and efficacy, held up to the eyes of men in a living shape, and by the Spirit of God stereotyped, it may be, upon their hearts, "to the acknowledging of the truth which is after godliness." It is the power of Christ, resting upon his faithful servant.

Thirdly, The doctrine applies to labors for the conversion of the world. The text forms part of an exhortation to a local church, but by implication to the entire Church of Christ. It is enforced by an appeal to "the mercies of God." It is the emphatic conclusion and summing up of a series of earnest entreaties. There is no more practical chapter in the Bible. There is no more practical verse. Yet, alas! how the Church of Christ has neglected, is neglecting, the wise counsel here conveyed! Not only that particular church addressed by the Apostle, whose flagrant violations of this rule have filled history with tales of horror. Not only the Church of Rome, overcome of evil, and overcoming good with evil; using carnal weapons to enforce doctrines of devils, and adopting for its tactics "the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." But those of a purer faith, who "hold the Head," and preach the Gospel; too often have the strange fires of intolerant zeal and disputatious wrath been kindled on their altars. Too often have those who were striving for the faith permitted themselves to take up the enemy's mode of warfare, and meet hatred with hatred, abuse with abuse, anger with anger, craft with craft. Need there was, and is, of the impassioned remonstrance: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." It is not every weapon that will beat down Satan; not surely his own weapons, though they seem to be turned against himself. Many weapons, like his own fiery darts, serve only to inflame and to destroy. Meet error with truth, hatred with love, and God shall give us the victory. Pour light upon darkness, oppose simplicity to deception, confront ignorance with knowledge. Face pollution with

purity, and sin with holiness. Let not the "thousand fantasies of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire," with which her way is surrounded, induce the Church to enter the windings of subtlety and deceit. She needs them not.

> "Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
> By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
> Were in the flat sea sunk."

Yes, by patient continuance in well-doing, by the simple preaching of the cross and practice of godliness, by this shall Jacob rise; by this shall Christianity triumph. And the more absolute and positive our manifestation of the truth, the more powerful shall it be for good.

From the subject we infer that Goodness is truly great. Measured by the mere capacity for great undertakings, there are none so worthy of respect as the simply good. Eccentric wickedness, which men miscall genius, may laugh to scorn the silent progress of a holy life. Pride of intellect may honor it with a superior smile. The short-sighted principalities of evil may presume upon its weakness. Yet is goodness "mighty through God." Truth conquers; love subdues; and that where genius, intellect, satanic craft, are impotent. For

> "—— If Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her."

How needless, then, our fears for the kingdom of God! He is taking care of his own cause. As surely as truth is stronger than error, and love stronger than hatred, it shall "ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness." "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

How necessary the prayer: "Deliver us from evil!" Nothing but the answer given to it prevents us from being overcome of evil. Nothing else enables us to overcome evil with good. We may well ask, with the Apostle, in the spirit of this prayer, "that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men; delivered from this present evil world; delivered from every evil work delivered from the body of this death." It is because our trust is in a faithful God, "who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able," that we dare hope to escape not only, but to overcome. "Many there be that say of my soul, there is no help for him in God. But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head."

Let us not despise the humblest means of doing good. Compared with the devices of wicked and worldly men to propagate mischief and error, those means appear contemptible indeed. This

is no new thing. So judged the ungodly before the flood, while the ark was preparing. So thought the Corinthians of "the foolishness of preaching." So think many now of the tract, the mission-school, the prayer-meeting, the visit from house to house, the effort to plant the Gospel on heathen shores. It is no wonder that they should so pronounce, who see not the hidden power of Goodness. But we, convinced that "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever," let us believe that nothing done in Jesus' name, for Jesus' sake, is done utterly in vain. "The wicked worketh a deceitful work; but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward." In the performance of every duty, my brethren, bear this in mind. The benefit of a word spoken, a tract given, a contribution made, may be far off, or near at hand; it may not savingly affect those you have immediately in view, but pass over to others, of whom you know nothing. It may affect yourself alone, as a healthy development of Christian zeal, richly blessed to your own soul; or perhaps "in doing this thou" mayest "both save thyself and them that hear thee." In any event, there is safety, there is success, in well-doing; and therefore "blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

On the other hand, how unhappy are those who serve sin! Neither safe nor successful, with a bad master and a doomed cause, they stand in slippery places, yet they are fighting against God. My hearer, on which side are you standing? Christ saith: "He that is not with me is against me." Not under his banner striving against sin, laboring by the Spirit's grace to overcome evil in your own heart and around you; not by faith gaining the promise of victory through Jesus, the conqueror of sin—you are the subject and victim of a destroying power, able to overcome you, yet sure itself to be overcome. For as certainly as "righteousness tendeth to life, so" certainly "he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his death." Break off your service of this bad master. Take Christ for your deliverer and your king. Seek a place and a portion among those who are humbly working to overcome evil with good. "To him that overcometh will he grant to sit with him in his throne, even as he also overcame, and is set down with his Father in his throne."

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our care, and the calm of our tempest. He who prays to God with an angry or troubled spirit, is like the man who retires in the midst of a battle for meditation, or sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer; it is directly opposed to that disposition which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark, rising from its bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as it rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was driven back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular, unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as though it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed through the air about his ministries here below. So it is when a storm rises in the spirit and overrules the good man: his prayer is broken, and his thoughts troubled; his words go upward toward a cloud, and his thoughts call them back again, and make them without intention. The good man sighs for his infirmity, but he must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed; and his spirit is becalmed and made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; then it ascends and dwells with God, until it returns laden with the blessing and dew of heaven.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Humiliation and Glory of Christ.

ONCE was there a man on earth who had the form of "a servant," and was "without any comeliness for which he might be desired." That was Jesus! But now he has dipped his raiment in the sun, "and is clothed with these royal garments down to the feet." Once a mob surrounded a helpless prisoner, and cried: "Crucify, crucify!" That was Jesus! But now, "every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Once they took a man, and plaited a fillet of sharp thorns for his diadem, and pressed it cruelly upon his temples. That was Jesus! But "on his head now are many crowns." Once they hung a man upon a cross, and great was his shame, and awful his agony. That was Jesus! But now, "honor and majesty are before him—strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Once a man went down, not merely to the grave, but "descended into the lower parts of the

earth." That was Jesus! But now "he has ascended up, far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." At Isaiah's date, Jesus, it is true, had neither been manifested nor slain — far less, exalted. Nevertheless, the vision *anticipates* all events connected with him; and, conducting us amid the heavens after that the Son of God has returned thither, shows us the man of grief and conflict, now "the only potenate." Our Lord has been to earth—has been at Bethlehem—in the wilderness—in the garden—on the cross!—but in the very flesh in which he contended and vanquished, has he entered again with the vail, "to reign before his ancients gloriously!"

What a Saviour, then, is our Saviour! "His visage was so marred — more than any man — and his form more than the sons of men;" but, "behold my servant! he has prospered, and so shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high." Men and brethren, look and wonder! The green earth, lying under the rays of evening, is beautiful—the still waters, gliding in sweet murmurs to the deep, are pleasant — the stars at midnight are glorious in their very silence. What more bright or sublime than the sun when it prepares to run, like a bridegroom, its race? Yet in all these there is no beauty, no sweetness, no lustre, compared to what beams forth from the man Christ Jesus "sitting on his throne!" Most lovely is the world to you—most excellent all the world contains — how ever on your lips! how near your heart! But oh! if once the soul has had a view of Christ in his gloriousness, there only will its eye rest. There, in one surpassing beam, blaze all the rays of the infinite, supreme, eternal, holy Godhead; and we can not help exclaiming, with David: "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hath set thy glory above the heavens." —Rev. J. Bonar.

Temporal Benefits of Piety.

1. It exercises and improves the mental powers. No other subjects are so sublime as those of divine truth. They form the Alps and the Andes in the world of mind. The being and perfections of the Deity; the system of providence running through all ages and all worlds; the scheme of redemption; the immortality of the soul; the solemnities of the final judgment; and the everlasting state of the righteous and wicked, are the topics of the Christian's daily contemplation. Who can live among such scenes, and fix his mental vision on such vast subjects day after day, and not experience an elevating influence upon his intellectual powers?

We owe to piety all the elevating influences of Sabbath-school instruction and Sabbath-school libraries. And our excellent system of primary schools and all our higher institutions of learning are indebted to the Christian religion both for their incipient establishment and their whole prosperity.

Experimental religion always gives additional elasticity and energy to the mental machinery. "Since I have known God in a saving manner," remarked the learned and the pious Henry Martyn, "painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before; for religion has refined my mind and made it susceptible of impressions of the sublime and beautiful."

2. The influence of pure religion upon the *health* is salutary. Not that the rose of health will always

bloom upon the cheek of piety; but where health already displays its loveliness and emits its fragrance, religion will prevent those vices which, like worms at the roots of a plant, consume its strength and shorten its existence.

Sin is the origin of a multitude of evils. It has been computed that intemperance and licentiousness drag more victims to the grave than all the martial instruments of death, even in the time of war. Experimental and practical religion is a certain preventive to that disposition which carries on this work of death. It arranges the passions, regulates the life, and assists to establish habits of regularity and sobriety; and to vast mulitudes it has proved the very mainspring of health.

3. Piety exerts a salutary influence upon the *character*. It prevents the sins which render men dishonorable and infamous, and promotes those virtues which secure esteem. If all were pious we should not read in the records of courts of justice the history of criminal trials and punishments. Nor should we find those prisons and penitentiaries over the whole land, with their massy walls and iron doors and bolts and locks, were the nations truly religious.

4. True religion tends directly to improve the *secular interests* of men. Nothing is so economical as pure and undefiled religion, and nothing so expensive as sin. Religion then saves the expense of all the vices it prevents. The Gospel requires industry, frugality, economy, sobriety, and indeed the practice of every other virtue which tends to advance the worldly gain of men.

Neglect it not then, but secure its healthful influence, to remove the thorns and briers from the pathway of life, and in their stead to transplant fragrant flowers and pleasant fruits from the paradise of God.

The Rebellious Prayer.

"LET him become what he will; so he may live, I shall be satisfied."

THUS prayed a father by the sick-bed of a youthful and an only son. He had prayed importunately for the abatement of the disease, but the child continually struggled with intense pain. A calm at last visited the sufferer. The pulse that had throbbed and fluttered beat feebly and slowly. A deathlike hue overcast the features. The physician shook his head sadly, and said there was no hope. Suddenly the father thought that perhaps God was about to take away his child, to save the child from a life of error. Should he pray God to change his purpose? There was a struggle in the parent's heart. He gazed wistfully upon the child's countenance. It was calm, beautifully calm. The cheeks that were wont to dimple with laughter were rigid, still, marble-like. The eye, that depth of affection into which he had loved to gaze, was unusually brilliant. The pale, red lips wore those marks of sorrow that always touch a parent's heart. The longer he looked upon his idol the more lovely it seemed. All his desire and affection centered upon it. It seemed hard to give it up—hard, very hard. Tears filled his eyes, and he uttered the rebellious prayer recorded above.

The child recovered.

. . . . .

"Father, will you see me to the tree?"

Many years have passed since the scene we have been describing. That son had passed through an

almost unparalleled course of iniquity and villainy. He had broken the sensitive heart of an affectionate and watchful mother, and brought her to a suicide's grave. He had been tried for crime, convicted, and sentenced to death. Pardon was offered him by the officers of the law, if he would reform and lead an exemplary life. But he preferred the alternative of the gallows. In vain his white-haired father expostulated with him. With a careless air the criminal asked him if he would see him to the tree, and then went out of the prison with the sheriff, and was hung.

The above story is true and instructive. In our dissatisfaction with the prospective providences of God, we are in danger of having our desires granted us. It is our duty to *bear*, as well as to *do*, the will of God. All his acts toward us are acts of love. Our journey heavenward is necessarily variable. We have our Gethsemanes. Let us not forget, when praying for the bitter cup of affliction to pass, the words of our Master: "Nevertheless, not as *I* will, but as *thou* wilt."

Christian Unity.

HEAVEN is the abode of unity, nd when the spirit of unity comes nto a soul, or a church, it cometh rom above. The Comforter brings t down. Discord is of the earth, rom beneath. The divisions of hristians show that there is still uch carnality among them. The ore carnal a Christian is, the more ectarian will he be; and the more piritual he is, the more loving and orbearing and self-renouncing are ou sure to find him. And it is ith Christian communities as with ndividual Christians. When the ide is out, you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot-depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbor-shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by and by, in place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbors of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion includes all that is precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple, every reflux, brings it nearer—a mighty communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools, the Christians, the Christ-lovers of all denominations, to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven, as well as the saints on earth, have room enough to range. Yes, our churches are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to

keep the few inmates living during this ebb-tide period of the Church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the largest is but little—yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which, as it lips in over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion. Happy church! furthest down upon the strand! nearest the rising ocean's edge! Happy church, whose sectarianism shall be swept away in this inundation of love and joy! whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost! Would to God that church were ours!

Trials and Cares.

Christian Pilgrim, you know what they are. You look wayworn and weary. Your brow has become furrowed by them, and you long for release and rest. Listen then to a word of encouragement by the way.

These bitter trials and heavy cares, though in one sense the result of sin, are beneficial and gracious. They keep us humble. The natural heart chafes under them, but religion teaches us they are a part of our good schooling. Without them grace *might* curb and restrain our proud and restless natures; but the danger would be great, the experiment hazardous. They teach us patience. They remind us of our sins. They make us the more anxious to reach the end of our journey. Without them we would fall in love with the enticements constantly presented to detain us. Indeed, we may turn them into angels of mercy. Let the laborer, as he returns from his toils, but feel that he is laboring for Christ. Let the almost exhausted mother, as she sings her subdued lullaby in the midnight hour, but remember she is keeping watch for the glory of God. Let the poor, and the sick, and the sorrowing turn their trials to account in the same way, and they will prove blessings indeed. And why may you not do so? If you can eat and drink for the glory of God, why not bear trials with Christian resignation and cheerfulness for the same end?

The great trouble is, you do not sufficiently connect these things with your religion. If you thought you were bearing and toiling for Him who once suffered and sorrowed for you, would it not be an easy task? So you may consider it. The worldling bears it all from necessity. But it should not be so with you. The Saviour is exceedingly near to you in your hours of trial and sorrow. What a blessing that! And he would have you come to him. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." You can glorify him by your resignation and hope and trust amidst them all; for it is his grace that strengthens you. Hence you are not to despond, not even merely to endure; but it is your privilege to rejoice. Look at your prospect. The end of the weary way is not far off. "I will give you rest." That rest will be all the more sweet that you labored and toiled hard on the way. Then take courage. Remember you are a pilgrim, and it is but natural and necessary that you should often have weary limbs and a careworn brow. Let your conscience be undefiled and your heart be light, and the journey through much tribulation will be a pleasant journey. At the end you will have rest.

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

Prayer and supplication continue daily to ascend, like a cloud f incense, from this sacred locality. Hardly do the annals of prayr, or prayer-meetings for hundreds f years past, present such a record, r such a history of prayer-meetigs continued, and blest through a eries of years. How much soever ther prayer-meetings may languish or want of life, here in the Fulon street is a living vitality of aith and prayer.

Rev. H. W. Beecher's Experience.

Few preachers in the land have xcited such a variety of remark nd comment, on matters of faith, octrine and experience, as this reowned minister. The following rom a discourse recently preached, rill show how he feels, and what re his views of his own religious xperience:

"I was a child of teaching and rayer; I was reared in the housecold of faith; I knew the catechism as it was taught; I was instructed in the scriptures as they rere expounded from the pulpit nd read by men; and yet, till fter I was twenty-one years old, I roped without the knowledge of od in Christ Jesus. I know not hat the tablets of eternity have ritten down, but I think that hen I stand in Zion, and before od, the brightest thing which I hall look back upon will be that lessed morning of May when it leased God to reveal to my wanering soul the idea that it was his ature to love a man in his sins for he sake of helping him out of them; n short, that he felt toward me as ny mother felt toward me, to hose eyes my wrong-doing rought tears, who never pressed ne so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble. And when I found that it was Christ's nature to lift men out of weakness to strength, out of impurity to goodness, out of every thing low and debasing to superiority, I felt that I had found a God. I shall never forget the feelings with which I walked forth that May morning. The golden pavements will never feel to my feet as then the grass felt to them; and the singing of the birds in the woods—for I roamed in the woods cacophonous to the sweet music of my thoughts; and there were no forms in the universe which seemed to me graceful enough to represent the Being, a conception of whose character had just dawned upon my mind. I felt, when I had, with the Psalmist, called upon the heavens, the earth, the mountains, the streams, the floods, the birds, the beasts, and universal being to praise God, that I had called upon nothing that could praise him enough for the revelation of such a nature as that in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Time went on, and next came the disclosure of a Christ ever present with me; a Christ that never was far from me, but was always near me, as a companion and friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and the best revelation of God's spirit to my soul. It is only when the soul measures itself down deep, and says, 'I am all selfish and proud, and weak, and easy to be tempted to wrong; I have a glimmering sense of the right, and to-day I promise God that I will follow it; but to-morrow I turn the promise into sin; to-day I lift up myself with resolutions, but to-morrow I sink down with discouragement; there is nothing in me that is good; from the crown of my head to the sole of

my feet I am full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores;' it is only then that a man has passed through death to life, from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy."

Beware of Delay.

"HASTE thee!" every day, every hour is precious. Make the most of the golden moments. If God have now sent his ministering angels to thee, whatever these may be, though they should be the sable messengers of sorrow and bereavement, listen to their call! Up, and prepare for the journey; go with the determination of those who feel that life or death is involved in its issues. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." The salvation is all God's giving—the Zoar of refuge is God's providing. But in reaching it, you must set out, with staff in hand, like men in earnest, and "stay not in all the plain." The angels could have wafted Lot and his family on their wings through the air; or they might have reared some fireproof pavilion in the midst of the city, like another Rahab's house in Jericho, which would have remained unscathed amid the tremendous conflagration. But the command to Lot, as to us, is: "Haste thee, flee! tarry not—escape!" The angels brought them outside the gates, and then left them to pursue the appointed path.

The Gospel is a beautiful combination of simple faith with earnest working — a simple dependence on Christ, and yet the diligent use of means. Its command is: "Run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus." "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." "Of the times and of the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh." "SUDDEN!" yea, "*sudden!*" "Remember Lot's wife!" What must have been the feeling of this woman, as, in the twinkling of an eye, she felt every limb hardening—her body incrusted with the briny shroud, a winding-sheet of salt! No sculptor's chisel ever so depicted the horror of despair as in the rayless eyes of that cold statue on the hights of Siddim!

And what shall be thy feeling, O careless, negligent procrastinator! despiser of warning, rejecter of grace, when, all unmeet and unready, the icy hand of death shall fix thee forever, and the irrevocable sentence go forth: "Him that is filthy, let him be filthy still!"

Up, then, tarry not! Lost or saved, heaven or hell is the awful, the momentous alternative! "As thy soul liveth, verily there may be but a step between thee and death." With all our abounding privileges, in this age of Gospel light and Gospel blessing, may we not—remembering how Lot's wife perished, despising *angelic* warning — may we not well conclude with the cogent appeal of the great Apostle: "If the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall *we* escape, if *we neglect so great salvation*"?—J. R. MACDUFF.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." —Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace." —Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XV.

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LAWS FOR THE BESTOWMENT OF THE DIVINE MERCY.

"Be merciful unto me according to thy word."—Psalm 119: 58.

The prayer of the Psalmist was for mercy. He knew that justice would condemn him; that he could utter no more fearful imprecation of wrath upon his soul, than to entreat God to deal with him in exact righteousness, in strict accordance with his personal desert. Like the publican, he felt that in the sight of the Lord he was verily guilty, and so, with the publican's prayer, he came before his Maker: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." There was great encouragement for him to offer this prayer. In his word God had revealed his compassionate disposition. He had passed before Moses, and proclaimed his name: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keep-

ing mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." By the mouth of Moses he had also said: "The Lord thy God is a merciful God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which he sware unto them."

Encouraged by these and similar representations and promises of his word, David came before God to plead for mercy to be shown to him: "Be merciful unto me according to thy word." When this prayer was offered by the Psalmist, he possessed but a small part of the divine word, as it has since been completed, and as we are favored with it in our day. He lived in the early dawn of revelation, not only before the day of the apostles, but anterior to most of the prophets. What had been written, enabled him with intelligence and faith to approach God in prayer for mercy; but as with the language of his heavenly songs, so expressive of the various feelings of the pious soul, so with his prayer, it is possible for the Christian believer to embody therein a fullness of religious truth, and a comprehensiveness of godly emotion and desire beyond all that found expression in the exercises of his own mind and heart. And it is to a consideration of the text, as thus interpreted, I would to-day call your attention. I will not take it upon me to say, that the Psalmist meant by the expression, "According to thy word," any thing more than, 'as is promised in thy word,' according to the representations of the divine compassion, and the promises of mercy to the penitent suppliant, with which the word of God abounds.

Nor do I see how it can be denied that he *may* have desired the mercy of God to be manifested to him according to the divine word, as it reveals the method which infinite wisdom and goodness have devised to show mercy to man. He would not have God deny himself to show kindness to him; he would not have any principle of his government suspended in its operation, for his own individual, personal benefit; he would not have the plan of God, in any respect, set aside, in order that he might receive mercy. He earnestly desired that God would be merciful unto him; but he also desired, and with equal earnestness, that that mercy might be extended "according to" his word, in harmony with the principles which it reveals, as the established mode in which God will show mercy to his creatures. This is the idea I would to-day in particular, impress upon your minds.

The pious heart would experience God's mercy, it greatly desires the manifestations of that mercy in behalf of all God's creatures, but not otherwise than as God is disposed to show it; if he has certain ways, according to which he bestows it, his people would not have him depart from them; if he makes it conditional, they would not have him remove the conditions, nor show mercy where they are perseveringly and forever disregarded. They have

no disposition to take sides with the man who despises the offer of mercy, and so hopelessly perishes, against Him who has long waited to be gracious, until his patience has been exhausted, and the stroke of his indignation has at last fallen upon the incorrigible, and consigned him to an abode of suffering, where mercy never comes. Not even in his own case would the believer have God suspend the laws of his kingdom, for the bestowment of his compassion; he would not perish, nor would he be saved at the expense of the divine honor, by any inconsistency or unrighteousness in the Great Judge. His prayer is: "Be merciful unto me according to thy word." Regarded thus, the text teaches this sentiment:

The believer desires the mercy of God to be displayed according to the principles revealed in his word, which control and limit its exercise.

Such principles there are. In all respects God is unlike man. We are merciful at times, through weakness; we can not refuse a favor; we have not the heart to say "no" to a piteous supplication for compassion, or we may be unable to endure the sight of suffering, and so "spare the rod, and spoil the child," or connive at the escape of the felon, and suffer the villain to go unwhipped of justice, at the expense of the virtuous community. We are impulsive and capricious in the exhibition of compassion; at times moved by an appeal in this direction, beyond all reason, and then again we are deaf to the most importunate supplication. Our mercy is apt to be strained, forced and narrow, to be lacking both in depth and comprehensiveness, to want fixed principles and wise forethought, and uniform stability. It is never thus with God. He is merciful not from weakness, but from goodness; not impulsively, but with eternal deliberation; not reluctantly, but from the unprompted compassion of his boundless benevolence; not unwisely, but with constant reference to the highest welfare of the universe at large.

Let us first consider four of the most prominent principles or laws, in accordance with which God shows mercy, and next some of the reasons why the believer would have these laws always observed.

The first rule observed by God in showing mercy is, his own pleasure. As, at first, he made the universe without consulting any being—for none existed to admit to his counsels—so now he governs it in independent, absolute sovereignty. It is not meant by this to affirm that he is arbitrary or capricious in any thing he does, but distinctly to express the idea that, as the rightful proprietor of the universe, God does what he pleases with all it contains, appointing the lot and trial of every soul, exercising discrimination in the bestowment of his gifts, and the exercise of his mercy, without giving account of his ways, to any of his creatures. No fact is more palpable than the differences of men's conditions

in the world, not made by their own acts. Some are born in Pagan, some in Mohammedan, some in Christian lands, some are children of pious parents, and from infancy have exerted upon them all the enlightening, elevating and sanctifying influences of the Gospel; others are surrounded, from the very cradle, with the most debasing and corrupt companions and associations that can originate in infidelity and passion and crime; some are born to affluence, others to poverty; some are intrusted with ten talents, others have scarcely one. But it is not necessary to continue the description. Look around you and see; on every hand infinite diversity characterizes the conditions of men. Who made this difference? Not in all respects the men themselves, for it did not chiefly depend upon any conduct of theirs. With the Bible in his hands, can any man deny that it is the work of God, the direct ordering of his providence? If God be our Maker, if he calls us into being, then the time when we shall live, and the place where we shall live, and the parents we shall have, must be all chosen by him. And who, with this fact before him, can doubt that God is more abundant in mercy to some, than he is to others? that, as his dispensations differ in light to the world, so do they likewise in the blessings they convey to men individually?

To some men God gives greater blessings than to others. None can doubt this fact. It is equally evident that all his blessings to man are mercies; they come to him not in payment of a claim, but as the gratuitous expressions of God's sovereign mercy. He bestows them upon one man, and withholds them from another, according to his own pleasure. He discriminates in scattering his gifts; to no man does he ever act unjustly or unkindly, but some he favors beyond others; he appoints the time and place and circumstances of their probation in special mercy; and if we inquire why he does so? his word answers, because it seems good in his sight. It is the good pleasure of his own will to make a difference among men in the bestowment of his favor. This he claims as his right. "May I not do what I will with my own?" he asks; and we are assured that the reason why his mercies are specially shown to some rather than to others, is not to be found in any excellence in them—for all excellence in man has its origin in God's grace—but it exists in his own wise and righteous choice.

The very idea of mercy indicates that he is under obligation to none to exercise it in their behalf; it could not be mercy if he was; it would then be justice. Mercy is a gift; it is kindness undeserved. This, due to no man, God claims as his prerogative, to dispense as he sees fit, to diversify human life by its varied manifestations, according to his sovereign will. Such are the unequivocal representations of his word. Of Jacob and Esau, before they were born, he said, "The elder shall serve the younger;" and to Moses he saith: "I will have mercy on whom I will have

mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion."

Second. God shows mercy only through Jesus Christ. In him the true ladder is fixed, to use the expression of Lord Bacon, whereby God descends to his creatures, and his creatures ascend to him. The government of the universe is in the hands of the Mediator. All things are ordered by him, and with reference to him. But for this, we do not see how the human race would be in existence. The penalty of death, to which, by their disobedience, our first parents subjected themselves, would have been inflicted, and the family of man have perished in its infancy. The mercy shown to them came through the promised seed of the woman; and from that day to this, not one of their descendants has experienced any measure of divine compassion that did not flow to him through the channel of the Saviour's mediation. Every display of the mercy of God, in all ages and in every land of which this world has been the theater, alike whether it has related to the soul or the body, to time or to eternity, has been made with direct reference to the work of the Only Begotten of the Father, as the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world.

We greatly underrate the position assigned to the Redeemer, and our indebtedness to him, when we make the pardon of sin the only mercy conferred upon us for his sake. What God might consistently do for us, as a sovereign, is one thing; what he actually does, is another. We can readily see how God might be merciful to us, in various ways, even had Christ never suffered and died for us; but when we open the Bible to learn how much of God's mercy is, as an actual fact, shown to man without reference to the sacrifice of Christ, we find that there is none—that God holds no intercourse with earth, has no dealings whatever with his creatures, either in the way of judgment or of mercy, of providence or of grace, but through his Son.

Wonderful is the divine arrangement for the consistent exercise of mercy. Not at the expense of righteousness disregarded, and law dishonored, and justice outraged, would God exhibit compassion. If there was no way to be merciful to man, without weakening the force of the divine government against iniquity, and detracting from the holiness of his throne, and denying the inflexible and absolute justice of his nature, never would we experience his tender pity—he could not act contrary to his character, in denial of himself. Sin must call forth from his throne an expression of disapprobation, it must be followed by some unequivocal token of his abhorrence. Punishment is a necessity of justice. It is not a matter of expediency—something that can be inflicted or withheld, according to the fluctuating condition of men's minds and circumstances; it is imperatively demanded by absolute righteousness. If sin receives no punishment, no direct manifestation of

the displeasure of the Sovereign, his throne parts with its justice; mercy triumphs over and degrades it—rectitude, absolute and in perfection, can not be found in the government. And this without any reference to the question of the bearing of punishment upon the interests of the governed—the character of the Governor, and this alone, imperatively requires its infliction; guilt must be followed by suffering, or the law is dishonored and justice denied. Oh! how dark a night does this bring to a guilty world. From every human habitation ascends a cloud of iniquity to hide the light of God's countenance from the earth. The sinner has broken a holy law, and its penalty dooms him to eternal death. Justice, stern and immutable, demands the execution of the dreadful sentence. Mercy stands weeping by, in speechless anguish; she can not interpose. She can not ask God to take sides against his law—against himself. The blackness of despair gathers about our doomed race. Hark! Oh! how heavenly is the voice that scatters the darkness, and breathes words of hope to man, as the eternal Son of God offers himself a sacrifice for the sins of the guilty. "Lo! I come."

'With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh! amazing love,
He ran to our relief.

"Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead."

He gave himself a ransom for sinners. He voluntarily assumed our relations to the divine law. As the lamb bore the sin of the Jew—as its life was taken in testimony of his desert, and to make atonement for his sin—so the Lamb of God was slain for the sin of the world. He died on the cross to make expiation for human guilt. He bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed; for the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. By the cross he won the crown. Now he is Mediator-King of the Universe. By him, God reigns; through him, all mercy reaches his creatures. For his sake, the sun gives light to us by day, and the moon and the stars by night; for his sake, the changing seasons are made to minister to our comfort and welfare; for his sake, showers water the earth, and make it "bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;" for his sake, every blessing descends from the skies upon man, and for his sake, is the plea with which every pious heart enforces the devout prayer to God—"be merciful unto me."

The third rule we shall notice, which God observes in show-

ing mercy, is to limit its highest exercise to the penitent and godly. "His tender mercies are over all his works." Whatever may be the differences existing among men, made by the exercise of his sovereign discrimination, there is no man who has not experienced his compassion. Some have shared it more largely than others, it must be confessed, but none have been excluded from its manifestations. Mercy has watched over every life, imparted to it some measure of enjoyment, prolonged its days, and mitigated its deserved sufferings. While this is true, it is also a fact that, in the divine arrangement for the exercise of his mercy, God has honored moral excellence; he has made a difference here, as elsewhere, between him that serveth his Maker, and him that serveth him not. He has made the exercise of his pardoning mercy depend upon our treatment of his Son. He has ordained as the great unchangeable and universal law of forgiveness, that it shall be limited to the penitent and believing.

The mercy of God prolongs our days, whether we be penitent or impenitent, believing or unbelieving; but the mercy of God never pardons our sins, unless with a broken and contrite heart, we depart from iniquity, and exercise faith in Christ. The scheme of his wisdom and grace to save sinners, makes their cordial reception of the truth, to form the character and govern the life, as well as to enlighten the understanding, indispensable to their salvation. We may be assured, my readers, that however much we may experience of the divine compassion in this world, to whatever degree God may favor us with the tokens of his mercy, unless we repent we shall all hereafter perish. Unless we confess and renounce our sins, and accept of Jesus as our sacrifice and advocate, we shall meet with no mercy at the judgment-seat of Christ. Unless we be converted and become as little children, we shall be forever excluded from the kingdom of heaven.

Fourth, and lastly, God ever shows mercy with supreme reference to his own glory. It is not meant by this to say, that he has no regard for the welfare of his creatures, in itself considered; that he does not view their interests as an end to be sought for its own sake; that he does not aim to promote their well-being and happiness, out of love to and pity for them. But it is meant to affirm, that the grand and ultimate end he designs to secure in the manifestations of his mercy, is the glory of his own great and incomprehensible name. This, his word teaches us, is the last and highest end of all he does. As there is nothing so intrinsically excellent and desirable as this, so there is nothing which he seeks in comparison with it. He would make himself known to the universe, diffuse and scatter abroad the beams of his own ineffable light, because there is nothing so good—nothing so blessed as this. He is the sum of all excellence—the fullness of all perfection. All things were made by him, and for him. The universe he created

that it might become the theater whereon to display the grandeur and the goodness of his own adorable nature. He now reigns in heaven, over all worlds and beings and events, for the accomplishment of this supreme design. Listen to some of the declarations of his word: "For of him," writes an Apostle, "and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen." "The Lord hath made all things for himself." "For my name's sake will I defer mine anger, and for my praise will I refrain for thee, that I cut thee not off. . . . For mine own sake, even for mine own sake, will I do it; for how should my name be polluted? And I will not give my glory unto another." "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. For the Scripture saith, unto Pharaoh, Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy."

Thus have we considered some of the leading principles revealed in the word of God, according to which he exercises mercy in his treatment of his creatures. We have seen that he does not go out of himself to find reasons for its exercise. He claims the right to be rich in mercy, or severe in justice, according as he pleases; to distribute his gifts, as we do ours, when and where and to whom we see fit, without holding ourselves accountable to those who have no claim upon us. We have seen too, that all mercy comes to us through Christ; that its highest and best gift depends upon our treatment of the Gospel, and that the supreme end of all is the glory of God. We are now prepared to consider why the devout mind would have these principles always adhered to.

SERMON XVI.

BY REV. JOSEPH R. PAGE,

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LAWS FOR THE BESTOWMENT OF THE DIVINE MERCY.

In the preceding discourse, we considered four of the most prominent principles or laws in accordance with which God shows mercy.

We proceed to consider:

II. Some of the reasons why the believer would have these laws always observed.

1 The first reason we shall notice, is, Because these principles are inherently right. There is nothing arbitrary in them, nothing at variance with absolute rectitude, or in conflict with the highest welfare of universal being. On the contrary, they are demanded alike, by the nature and government of God, and the relations and interests of his creatures. However much they may be assailed by prejudice and pride and passion, they commend themselves to the conscience of the soul. Only impiety can call in question the right of the Creator to scatter his blessings where, and when, and to whom he pleases. It would be a denial of himself for God to deal unjustly or unkindly with any of his creatures, and it would be an equal denial of his clearest prerogative, for his creatures to murmur against the exercise of his sovereign discrimination in showing mercy. To say that God is under obligation in every choice of his will and act of his power to do right, is only to say that he is a moral being. No one doubts it. He may not—with reverence be it spoken—he may not act the tyrant in his treatment of any soul; he may not require a service beyond its utmost capacity to render; he may not demand the exercise of faculties which he has never conferred; he may not condemn for disobedience, when absolutely and in all senses, it was not in the power of the condemned to obey. He may not do this—but can he not do what he will with his own? Where there is no obligation to impart to any, may he not give or withhold as he sees fit—according to his own sovereign pleasure? Does he become a respecter of persons, because while he is unjust to none, he shows special kindness to some? Shall his creatures assume to tell him how his favors must be dispensed, what rules must govern him, and what can not be recognized as proper for him to observe? Away with such daring impiety! Let not the creature rashly intrude into the dominion of the infinite God; above all, let him not deny his Maker a right, which he indignantly resents if denied to himself, that of showing favors according to his own pleasure.

Of necessity, this must be the ultimate rule observed by the Most High in the exhibition of his mercy. His sovereign will alone, is to determine whether he shows mercy at all. That decided, it now rests with him, according to his own pleasure to say, how that mercy shall be shown; to some, or to all; upon what terms, or without conditions; in perfect uniformity, or according to a wise discrimination. If God can not be trusted here, how can we confide in him as the universal Sovereign? If we can not recognize his right to mold us by his favors, bestowed according to the good pleasure of his own will, as the potter in his wisdom fashions his clay into vessels of honor, or vessels of dishonor, how can we view him on his throne and not tremble? If he be, as his word represents, the all-wise and holy God, perfect in every

excellence, can we object to his declaration, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy"? Is it not better for all his creatures, individually and collectively, that he should be at perfect freedom to extend to them his mercy just as he pleases, rather than to be limited by their ideas of fitness? Is it not better to fall into the hands of God, than into the hands of man? Could God consent to part with this prerogative of his throne, and yet retain the reverence of his creatures? It would seem that none could deny the wisdom and righteousness of this principle—that God ever shows mercy according to his own pleasure.

Equally right and wise is the second we considered, namely, that every exercise of divine compassion comes to man through Jesus Christ. By this arrangement many and important ends are accomplished. Mercy is never exercised at the expense of justice. These two divine perfections lose all their antipathy and blend in harmonious union to save the lost. "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." There is nothing now in the highest display of the divine compassion, which tends in the least degree to weaken the power of God's government, as it is arrayed against all unrighteousness. The divine law has been honored, and the justice of the eternal throne made resplendently glorious by the Cross. Had the mercy of God pardoned the sinner's guilt without an atonement, we see not how God could have been true to himself; how the essential perfections of his nature could have been maintained; how the strength of his government to favor holiness and oppose sin could have continued unimpaired; how he could have preserved the reverence and obedience of the heavenly host, and, as now, filled heaven with adoring wonder, and loftiest ascriptions of sublimest praise.

There is nothing in repentance that gives a claim to pardon. It does not blot out transgression, it has no power to annihilate past guilt, it leaves undisturbed the record of what has been. Tears can never take the place of obedience. A broken heart can not make amends for iniquity committed. The precept of the law has been violated, the penalty has become due. Justice must pay it, or lose her inflexible righteousness. If it be paid, mercy is clean gone forever, for the penalty dooms to eternal death. In this extremity, the wisdom of God found a way for the exercise of mercy, by furnishing a substitute to bear in his person our sin. The eternal Son of God, equal with the Father, took upon him our nature, and drained the cup of our desert. With us it would have proved the death of the soul, and its anguish have extended through eternity. With him a few hours exhausted all its bitterness. Length in us was compensated by breadth in him. Eternity of woe was met by infinitude of worthiness. The ocean has an extent of capacity beyond the united length of all rivers. And so God, manifest in the flesh, was fully

competent to bear the sin of the world, which had else consigned an apostate race to helpless, unending misery. We see in this divine arrangement for the consistent display of mercy, a thousand glories. It is the most marvelous exhibition of God's infinite perfections the universe has ever witnessed. With adoring wonder angels contemplate the spectacle, and join the universal chorus of the redeemed in ascribing, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever!"

We now come to notice the righteousness of that principle observed by God in showing mercy, which limits its highest exercise to the penitent and believing. The rectitude and wisdom of this law are recognized by all men, even by such as deny its existence. No criminal is prepared to receive pardon until he confesses and weeps over his crime. No sinner is fit for forgiveness, until he acknowledges and repents of his sin. This is at once the decision of conscience and the fiat of God. No government can treat open rebels as it does obedient subjects. So long as the rebellion is persisted in, must the authority set at defiance be arrayed against the insurgents. Until they sue for mercy, they are not prepared to receive it, nor can it be honorably shown. While, therefore, man continues his rebellion against God, while he refuses to acknowledge allegiance to his throne, and in effect openly defies him, it is in the highest degree inconsistent for God to pardon his transgressions. Repentance, we have seen, gives no claim to pardon, but it does produce a fitness to receive it. It changes the feelings toward the law-giver and the law. It destroys the enmity to both that formerly existed. It removes all implications upon the Sovereign, and gives expression to the language of self-condemnation. It proclaims God guiltless, and the soul guilty. It vindicates righteousness and honors truth, as it leads the sinner to approach God with the penitential words:

"My lips with shame my sin confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace!
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear,

"Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death!
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

This spirit does not cancel guilt, but when it is consistent with the perfections of the Sovereign and the interests of his government, it makes all who possess it proper subjects of forgiveness. They can now receive pardon, and not abuse the clemency exercised, nor despise the mercy shown them, as must have been the case had forgiveness been extended while yet the heart was hard in impenitence, and at enmity with all righteousness.

The same reasons that required the sacrifice of Christ for sin, now imperatively demand the subjection of the soul to God, as a condition of its actual rescue from perdition. In consistency with his own nature, God could not pardon sin without an atonement, and now that an atonement has been made, he can not pardon sin without penitence. One is just as indispensable as the other, and for precisely the same reasons; ay, the very sacrifice of Christ as the sin-offering of the world, itself makes a necessity for repentance to precede forgiveness. The holiness of God required the erection of the cross. The language it utters to the universe is:

"Sin is that abominable thing which God hates. Against it all his nature rises in indignation, all the resources of his government are pledged, every perfection of his being is arrayed. It shall never go unpunished, never escape the vengeance of the Almighty. Though it appear in heaven among the angels, they shall be cast down to the pit, there to be reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day. Though it lift up the voice of blasphemy in hell, there shall the hand of God let loose upon it the unquenchable fire of his wrath, to light up all its gloomy caverns with lurid flame. On earth the setting up of its rebellious banner shall be followed by all woes, and agonies, and death. Even the spotless soul of the holy Jesus shall not escape the awful anguish of sacrifice, when voluntarily standing in the law-place of the sinner."

And if such be the language of the cross, oh! how can God thereafter treat sin as a matter of but little moment? How can he overlook in the guilty, that which led him to withdraw the light of his presence from the guiltless, and leave him alone and in darkness to die? How can he deliver the incorrigible sinner, when he "spared not" his only-begotten Son?

Is it not apparent from these observations, that there exists a moral necessity for the law of divine mercy we are considering? Could God extend his pardoning mercy to all the guilty, irrespective of their moral character and conduct, and maintain the honor of his name and holiness of his throne? Could he make no difference in his treatment of the rebellious and the obedient, and continue to receive the reverence and the adoration of all the inhabitants of the heavenly world? Could he do so and not forfeit the respect of his creatures, even of the pardoned themselves?

Equally righteous is his ultimate design in the manifestation of mercy, the glory of his own great and incomprehensible name. It is as wise in him to seek the best and highest end the universe affords, as it is in us, and this is the reason why he acts as he does. Not because it is his glory, but because it is the greatest glory, he would glorify himself. From a necessity of nature,

God never can be selfish, he never can sacrifice a greater interest to a less, because the less is his, while the greater pertains to others. In no single instance can this ever be true. As God comprehends in himself a greater degree and extent of excellence than all his creatures possess; so, whatever relates to him is of infinitely more importance and value, than all that relates to them. He is the only uncreated being, before all worlds he existed, in the depths of a past eternity, ere the song of the morning stars was heard, alone in the solitude of an unpeopled universe, of chaos, undisturbed and empty, he dwelt in the fullness of every perfection of his nature. What motive could then have influenced him to put forth his power and call creation into existence, but a desire to make himself known? To communicate something of the excellence of his own being, to scatter a portion of its brightness and blessedness throughout immeasurable space, and what better, higher end can he now seek in the government of his boundless empire, which he was thus led to create? For his pleasure—to glorify himself, all things were made by him at first, and it is right that the same end should now actuate all creatures, and himself in all their acts.

We have thus seen, that the laws in accordance with which God exercises mercy, are inherently right. We see not how God could do otherwise than observe them. They are demanded by every consideration that can address a moral being. And for this reason, the believing soul would not have God set them aside, he would not have the Most High disregard them in the bestowment of his favors. Once this consideration might have possessed little or no influence over him, but now he loves righteousness, and hates iniquity. Above every other desire, is the passion of his soul that the honor and holiness of God may appear in all things. Dearer is this to his heart, than every thing else beside, than the welfare of the human race, the happiness of his family and friends, the salvation of his own soul. He brings all things in subordination to the righteousness of God, the integrity of his throne. Whatever comes in conflict with this, the divine honor, he is ready to relinquish—with his own hand to sacrifice. Had he but one prayer to offer, was he limited by the divine will to a single petition, that would ever be heard from him by his Maker, from the fullness of his bursting heart, his lips would utter: "Let God be glorified."

He would not perish, he is not willing to be cast off and disowned by his heavenly Father. God does not require it of him. He supplicates the compassion of his Maker, he bows before him in prayer: "Be merciful unto me according to thy word." He would receive God's mercy, and he would receive it in God's way. He does not ask any display of divine compassion in his behalf, contrary to the established method which God pur-

sues in bestowing it. He would not have God dishonor himself to be gracious to him. He leaves all to his sovereign pleasure, as he pleads that according to his own penitence and faith God will pardon his sins, through the sacrifice of his dear Son, for the glory of his own great name.

The second reason we shall consider, why the believer desires the mercy of God to be displayed according to the principles revealed in his word, as governing in its bestowment is, because otherwise its exercise would do more evil than good. No righteous principle can be sacrificed by any ruler without inflicting injury upon the interests of the government and its subjects, and especially is this true in the exercise of mercy. Frequent and capricious exercises of the pardoning power are most injurious to the welfare of any state. They strongly militate against the sanctity of law and the restraint of crime, and the security of the person and property of the citizen. Greater evils would result to the universe at large, if in the administration of his government, God should depart from his great law of forgiveness, as it requires the previous exercise of repentance. I speak not now of the reproach it would bring upon his honor and government—*that* we have already noticed. I speak of the evils that would inevitably and sorely rest upon his creatures. If God should make no difference between the righteous and the wicked, the proud rebel and the broken-hearted penitent, where would be the security of his people from the violence of the vicious and the vile? What restraint would his government possess over the fierce passions of ungodly men? Where in all the wide universe would there be one sacred inclosure into which sin could not intrude its loathsome presence? Such a sanctuary now exists.

There is a heavenly land, somewhere in the regions of immensity, into which, it is written, "There shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." It is the home of the pure in heart. "Holiness to the Lord" is inscribed upon all things there. Upon this, his father's house, the eye of the believer in Jesus is fixed while here on earth. He earnestly desires to be found fit, by divine grace, for that glorious abode, when he shall be called from time into eternity. This hope sustains him in all his trials, and comforts him in all his afflictions; it is the anchor of his soul, holding it sure and steadfast, when the winds and the waves of temptation, with fiercest power, threaten its destruction. When worn and faint with unceasing conflict, and disheartened and pained by the abounding of iniquity on every hand, oh! how sweet to the child of God, is the thought that there is a land where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The purity of heaven is dear to the heart of every believer in Christ, and for this reason he would not have God disregard the principles of the Gospel in

the exhibition of mercy. He would not have the penitent and the impenitent, the pure and the vile, equal heirs to an heavenly inheritance. He would not have the heavenly character of the future world destroyed by making it like this, the common abode of all classes, whether good or bad. In his view, far greater evils would result from such a display of mercy, than are involved in the destruction of the ungodly. To blot heaven from the map of the universe, to give unbridled license to iniquity, to destroy the hope of the child of God, to doom all his people to unending companionship with the wicked—these fearful consequences of a weak and indiscriminate and unconditional exercise of divine compassion—lead every pious soul in humble, earnest prayer to God, whether for himself or others he lifts his voice, "Be merciful," to add, "according to thy word"—in harmony with the immutable principles of righteousness which thou hast revealed as governing its exercise.

The third and last reason, we shall consider why the believer desires the mercy of God to be thus displayed, and thus only, is because this is the way in which God actually displays it. We have clearly seen that it is both right and expedient for God to show mercy according to the principles he has revealed in his word, and to limit his mercy by the rules he observes. We now affirm, that even in the absence of this knowledge, the simple fact that God does thus show mercy would lead his people to desire that it might be shown in no other way. What God does is always done wisely. It is not possible for any thing of his ever to be improved by any of his creatures. Omniscient, he knows what is best; infinite in goodness, he chooses what is best; Omnipotent, his choice is unconstrained and certain to stand. What he does we may not comprehend. We may fail to see any measure of excellence in it. It may appear to our eyes the very reverse of what we should expect. But this does not change the fact, that it is worthy of himself. Oh! how vain and impious it is, to call the divine wisdom in question, because, like himself, it is infinitely above and beyond us; it towers upward far out of the reach of the strongest and clearest creature vision; it extends on every side, away into the unknown regions of immensity, where our feeble powers have no strength to follow it; it goes down into depths too profound for human thought to sit in judgment upon it. Impressed with this truth, the believer does not ask to see the reasons for God's ways, before he reverences them as perfect in wisdom and goodness. Let him be convinced that God has made known any thing as *his*, and he does not doubt that it is wisest and best. Nothing can recommend to his favorable consideration a principle or measure which God condemns, or destroy his confidence in what *he* approves. He acquiesces in the divine will—he does more, he approves of its choice. He would not have God act in any manner different from what he

actually does. Even when God most deeply afflicts him, he would not have the affliction removed, unless the Most High sees fit to do it. The dearest friend that God has ever taken from his side and turned to dust, had he the power to, he would not recall to life again, without the full consent of his heavenly Father. All his prayers are offered in submission to the will of God. He never asks but for things agreeable to his mind, and so when he pleads for mercy, it is that it may be shown according to his word. He would not, if he could, change the principles which God has established, and now observes in the exhibition of his compassion. He would have the counsel of the Lord to stand, and all his pleasure to be done, because IT IS HIS, and as such, it must be the wisest and best arrangement possible.

For the language of his soul is:

"I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will!"

This subject impresses the mind with two inferences which we will briefly notice in conclusion.

1. The infinitely glorious salvation of the believer. No mere impulsive or arbitrary compassion kept him from going down to the pit. Mercy is not shown to him as a weakness, or in disregard of the honor of God or the interests of his creatures. Justice does not oppose his admittance into heaven, but aids to throw open the golden gates, and extends a cordial welcome to the celestial city. There is not one divine perfection that does not coöperate in the work of his redemption. His own soul is brought into harmony with the heavenly world. A work of grace has been done *in* him, rivaled for excellence and power, only by the work of grace which was done *for* him. Regenerated and sanctified by the Spirit of God, and redeemed by the blood of Christ, he has a perfect title to mansions in the skies, and is as perfect in a preparation for the employments and joys and companionship of his heavenly inheritance. Oh! who would not be saved thus? Who would not be found in the train of Christ, when in the glory of his power he shall march in triumph at the head of the innumerable multitude of his ransomed followers, gathered out of every race and clime, to present them faultless before the throne of God in the presence of an as-

nbled universe, while all the skies resound with the loud "Ho-
ınas!" and the rapturous welcome of the heavenly host? Who
›uld not be saved with a salvation as infinite in blessedness and
ration to the soul, as it is approved of angels and glorious to
›d?

2. The infinitely awful destruction and despair of the lost. They
down to death, not through any defect in the Gospel or the mer-
of God. Life and death are set before them. Ten thousand
luences are exerted to lead them to make a wise choice. All
› resisted; they disregard the voice of truth, and the expostula-
n of Heaven, and the call of the Spirit, and the tears and blood
Jesus. They press on recklessly, madly, down to perdition.
ey will not have mercy on God's terms. They will not ask for
ıccording to his word. They must have it in their own way or
t at all, and they finally reach that land of dark despair where
ıever comes to any. And there is not one solitary being—oh!
ıt and wretched and overwhelming thought—there is not one
ıl in the wide universe that would even if he could, put up a
gle petition to God in their behalf! The ransomed and the
ly angels do not want God to show mercy in any other way
ın according to his own method. As *he* dooms them to destruc-
n, they would not interpose to prevent it. The profoundest con-
›tion of those souls is—God is right. The condemned must die.
.ey deserve it. They lightly esteemed the unspeakable tender-
ıs and merciful offers of their God while in the world, and scorn-
ly refused all proffered grace. Now, it is just, it is imperative,
ıt they suffer the righteous punishment of their evil deeds. So
all God's enemies be overthrown and perish, and let the abode
the glorified resound with the exultant "Alleluiah," as "the
oke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever."

Impenitent reader, be persuaded to seek the Lord while he may
found, to call upon him while he is near, and thus escape the
ful *Wrath to Come!*

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

ıs the history of the two discourses in this number is so remarkable and unusual,
l involves a principle of property right and a rule of civil law, the author desires
ppend an explanatory note.

'hese discourses were lost by the writer in June, 1859, on his way to Presbytery.
efforts to recover them were unavailing, until a year thereafter he learned they
e in the possession of Rev. J. B. Wentworth, then of Perry. On his refusal to
ver them to his agent, who made a demand for them in his name, he commenced a
for their recovery in the Supreme Court, which was referred to E. G. Lapham, Esq.,
Canandaigua, by whom the case was tried. He decided against the defendant, and,
etermine the question of costs, that, from personal examination, the sermons were
th to the writer "*at least*" fifty dollars. An appeal was taken from this decision to
General Term of the Eighth District, and at the last February Term held in Buffalo,
referee's decision was sustained.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Letter from a Pastor.

EVERY faithful pastor must feel the need of sustaining the prayer-meetings of his church. Such social prayer-meetings are its life and soul, when well conducted and made interesting. The following letter from a pastor, which we find in the *Vermont Chronicle*, is so much in point, that we place it in reach of other pastors who may find it useful to be read to their own church-members:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I have, with regret, noticed that you are habitually absent from our social meetings, except on the Sabbath evening. I conclude that you may not have fully considered the claims which these meetings have upon you as a member of the Church. I have mentioned it to you before. I wish now to ask your attention more particularly to the subject.

"Permit me to say, *conscience* should urge you to sustain the meetings appointed by the Church. You owe a debt to the Church. You are under obligations to sustain it and build it up. Conscience should tell you that if you fail to be present at its regularly appointed gatherings, your obligations are unfulfilled. You fail to discharge a debt due from you as much as though you refused to pay a sum of money justly due, and for which you had given a promissory note. Much more, you are under obligations to Christ. He has appointed you a work. You are to sustain and advocate his kingdom. You can not do this otherwise than by combining your strength and influence with that of the church of which you are a member. In consecrating yourself to Christ you pledged yourself, in consideration of the salvation which he bestows, to devote your powers *wholly* to his service. You did this, or you are not a Christian, which I hope you are. Now, can you believe that you meet this obligation to your Saviour while, with the same health and means as your brethren, you leave the work of the Church all to other hands? The Church is Christ's appointment. It must be sustained. It can not be sustained if its meetings are deserted. You have no more right to abandon them than others. Doing so, you sadly fail of the work which Christ has assigned you and which you have promised to do. You have made this promise openly, repeatedly, and with great solemnity. How often have you called God to witness in the assembly of his saints that 'you would give diligent attention to public and social worship!' If, after this solemn pledge, so often repeated, you are habitually absent from the place of social worship, must not conscience convict you of wrong? I tremble to think how almost unavoidably you must *appear* false to your covenant vows. You do not design this great sin, but are you not (be not angry if I urge this great truth) carelessly guilty?

"*Self interest* should lead you to the meeting for prayer. Your need of such a help is great. You are much employed with worldly concerns.

Your circumstances and the influences around you tend to make you worldly, to busy your thoughts about material good when your heart should be set on things above; when you should be daily becoming spiritual-minded. Is it censorious to ask whether you have not too little interest in prayer, too little love for your Redeemer, too low a standard of living in all respects? You need, then, every means of grace to assist you upward. Your growth in grace is more important than the increase of your property. And to this spiritual growth the prayer-meeting may be greatly auxiliary. Who in the Church are growing Christians? Evidently those who are found oftenest in the circle for social prayer. Their hearts are warmest. They are readiest for self-denial. They have the greatest love for truth. With them revivals begin. By them the Church is saved from decline and extinction. They, if any, are strong in the Lord. Now, this is the condition you should desire; desire above all things to be secured in time.

"The prayer-meeting is a great help to high attainments in the Christian life. Much truth is brought to attention there. Truth which might not occur to you alone; at least, truth which would not make so strong impression upon you in private study as when heard in connection with the experience of your fellow-Christians. This mutual relation of experience, this telling "what the Lord has done for our souls," is of great service in Christian growth. And for this the prayer-meeting is happily adapted. We are thus brought into sympathy and communion one with another. How is it possible that one should ever fulfill his duty, or gain a proper share of profit from church-connection, unless he is put in communication with his brethren? They who absent themselves from the place of prayer are virtually strangers to their fellow church-members. They can neither watch over and counsel others, nor can they enjoy the benefit of watch and counsel from others. They cut themselves off from the greatest of all blessings, imparting good, and from the next best thing, receiving good."

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

A SPEAKER said he wished to relate a little experience he had of late, which had done him some good, as a matter of rebuke to his lack of confidence in Jesus. I asked a sick lady if she felt *sure* that she loved Jesus.

"Why! what a strange question," she answered. "To be sure I love him. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I wanted to know," I said, "if you know that you love him as you know you love your husband."

I knew that her husband was an object of affection beyond *all* doubt.

"Just as I know I love my husband, just so I know I love the Lord Jesus. By this inward consciousness which I have, I know my love to both; only my love to Jesus far transcends all earthly love, or love for any earthly objects."

She paused a moment and then asked: "Why did you ask me such a question?"

"Because I wanted to know if your experience was like mine."

"What is your experience?"

"Sometimes I can not tell whether my experience teaches me that I love Christ or not. If asked, as I have you, I really should not dare to say."

"Dare to say what?" she rejoined.

"Dare to say that I love Jesus."

"Not dare to say as much as poor Peter did: 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love

thee.' That," she added, "is just as I supposed—plodding among the rudiments and first principles; laying the foundations again, instead of going on unto perfection. I thought the foundations were *laid* long ago, and the rudiments learned, and you were going *on* in a happy experience; and here you are, back again; so that it appears you dare not say you love Jesus. Blessed be God, I can say I know whom I have believed."

She spoke with great animation and no appearance of presumption.

A Voice from India.

A FEW days since Rev. Dr. Morrison, a veteran missionary from the Lodiana mission, in Northern India, was in the meeting. This mission is under the Old School Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. It was from the Lodiana mission that the call to prayer—the week of prayer—was sent to all parts of the Christian world, inviting all Christians to pray in concert for one week in January of each year, that God would pour out his Holy Spirit upon all flesh, and convert all the inhabitants of the earth to himself. Rev. Dr. Morrison was the prime mover to the concert week of prayer. He said he had been in many daily prayer-meetings since his return to America, and he had found that universally they had run down as to interest and numbers since 1858, and none were now as they were then. He wished to ask why is this? Is not failure to sustain the daily prayer-meetings with their original interest to be found in the fact that we have failed to pray with that large-hearted desire which is pleasing to God? Christ has given us to know what should be our desire when we pray: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." We have failed to desire this, and consequently have failed to pray, and thus failed in the benefits which we should have received. If we have a heart to pray for all the world, we shall have a heart more keenly alive to prayer for the individual cases which lie on our table to-day. The type of our meeting can be known by the wideness of our desires for the salvation of all men.

He said he had found that many daily prayer-meetings had died away entirely, and many others in spirituality had entirely declined. He did believe that this never could have been if the spirit of the prayers of the meetings had been stirred up in behalf of a world perishing in sin. We are abundantly taught in the Scriptures that we must open our mouths wide and ask great things of God. This is his command; and when we comply with it we honor him. It is because we have not complied, that God's Spirit has been grieved away. It is a great mistake when we think that our faith can never be excited only in reference to distinct and individual objects. Our hearts must be with Christ, and like his, if we would have faith; and when we can pray with burning desire for all he has commanded us to pray for, then we can pray with faith for any individual of the number. And if we would see these meetings revived, we must begin to pray for the whole world. How has it been, and how is it always? "Why," said the speaker, "I will give just one example of how it is and will be:

"A few, in a certain town, felt that when the week of prayer came round, they could not let it go by without observance. And so the different denominations agreed to hold meetings every night together. They did this with much fear as to results. But they had not proceeded far in these

union prayer-meetings before many sinners were inquiring what they should do to be saved, and were asking for prayer for themselves. If you pray that God would pour out his Spirit upon all flesh with real desire, he will begin by pouring it out upon you as he did upon this union prayer-meeting. This is the common experience.

"Now look at an opposite example. The people of God, in a certain place, refused to appoint meetings for prayer, for fear they would be failures. And so they had none. The consequence was, they were passed by, like the mountains of Gilboa, upon which no rain or dew descended."

Providential Detention.

We were much interested in the statements of Rev. Charles Stewart, Chaplain of the United States steam frigate, Niagara. Some two years ago he went almost directly from this meeting on board the Niagara, then bound for the distant empire of Japan. He had sailed in her about forty-five thousand miles, and now had returned to this meeting to tell of God's dealings with the crew of that ship. Mr. Stewart said:

"The Niagara left this port just about two years ago. He went from this meeting directly to the ship, from prayers offered here and elsewhere, and he felt that the prayers of this meeting and of other meetings had been answered. The ship had sailed over a greater number of thousand miles than any ship of war had ever done in the same length of time; had a crew, men and officers, of seven hundred and fifty; and had had only two deaths. Seventy of the men and fifteen officers had been converted, and their prayer-meetings had been maintained every night at sea, but with one or two exceptions; and they were live prayer-meetings, not dead prayer-meetings. They had a constant refreshing from the Spirit of all grace. Conversions began when they had been only three weeks at sea, and a still constant work of grace had been going on all these two years."

Mr. Stewart related what seemed to him a remarkable providence. The Niagara, in calling at a port in the East-Indies to get a supply of coal, was detained two or three days by various formalities of the authorities, much against the wishes of the commander of the ship. But during those two or three days of impatient detention, a terrible storm swept over the seas in that region, and many ships and vessels were wrecked and lost. Under providence, Mr. Stewart attributed the safety of the ship perhaps from entire destruction to this detention.

Power in Prayer.

The chaplain of the Third Wisconsin Regiment was recently in the meeting. His regiment was under Gen. Banks. His experience with soldiers in camp had impressed him with the value and necessity of prayer. Labor and effort without it is thrown away. Nothing affects the soldier like prayer. He knows how much prayer is worth as well as any one. Let me go to my regiment and find the men in wild frolic, and let me go in among them and say, "Boys, I was in the Fulton-street meeting the other day, and I heard very earnest prayers offered for you," and I know very well what I shall see. I shall see the tears springing into many eyes. You can not speak to the men about the prayers which are offered for them at home but you will find the men weeping like children; not with cowardly hearts, for never do our men feel so courageous as when they are assured that Christians are praying

for them; but because all the associations of home come up to their minds, and, quick as thought, their minds are full of the recollections of prayers which they have heard in their own homes, at the hearth-stone, in the social prayer-meeting, and perhaps in the more private recesses of a mother's, a wife's, or a sister's closet. Let me tell the men of my regiment, on the eve of battle, that Christians of all churches of the land are praying, and no other assurances will inspire them with so much courage. I tell you there is power in prayer. The more I have to do with soldiers, the more I feel the importance of it. I know how the tendencies in camp are all downward, unless God helps the pious men to be faithful. But I also know how much reason there is to bless God for answers to prayer in behalf of our soldiers. The number of men are not few who will be found, when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, to have learned in the camp and in the field to know Christ as their Saviour.

Time's Soliloquy.

Old! call you me? Ah! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born. 'Mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise, I gazed upon the young world radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the sweet dew-drops as they fell and sparkled on the boughs of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out on its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new-born melody but I! The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon these unpeopled shores, and its twin-sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine. Ah! call me old! Babylon and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes rose, flourished, and fell, and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! 'Mid all their splendor, glory, and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires—I give them their period of glory and splendor; but at their birth I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down and be humbled in the dust—their heads bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date, and a day of decline. I poise my wings over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the hill, and crumble the gray ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a Higher Power, to give life and take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant gray hair on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of the aged with wrinkles. Old! call you me? Ay, but when will my days be numbered? When will time end and eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters and the universe be rolled, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He who first bid me begin my flight

so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then—and no one can proclaim the hour—I too shall go to the place of all living.

Solemn Appeal to Christians.

Few men have lived and labored and preached the Gospel in modern times, who have had more impressive and affecting views of the realities of eternity, and of the solemn scenes which await both the Christian and the impenitent, than Dr. Payson. Hence it was that when he spoke he seemed to do it with eternity in view, and as if he already stood on the threshold of the invisible world. In concluding a sermon on the future punishment of the wicked, he says:

"I can not, must not, however, conclude, without addressing a word, my professing friends, to you. And I hope you will bear with me, if, in view of such a subject as this, I address you with apparent severity. An apostle teaches ministers, that they must sometimes rebuke professing Christians sharply; but I trust my sharpness will be the sharpness of love; and I know that I shall say nothing to you half so severe as the reproaches which I have directed against myself while preparing this discourse. We all deserve perdition a thousand times for our stupid insensibility to the situation of those who are perishing around us. We profess to believe the word of God; but can you all prove that you believe it? Do you all act as if you believed it? What, believe that many of your acquaintances, your children, are in danger of the fate which has now been described! Dare you go to God and say: Lord, I believe thy word, I believe that all thy threatenings will be fulfilled, and then turn away and coolly pursue your worldly business without uttering one agonizing cry for t exposed to these threate you go and claim re Christ, and profess to ha without which you are and then make no effo few faint efforts, to sa whom he shed not te blood? Oh! if you where are the bowels, say of a Christian, b Go, I may say to s consistent, cruel, hard- fessors; go, slumber o of immortal souls; w up in your selfish tempo and say: I have no time rescuing others from burnings. Go, wear o in acquiring property fo ren, and leave their so in the fire that never sha ed. Go, adorn their banish from them, if seeds of disease; but l bosoms that immortal will gnaw them forever. God asks, Where is th brother? thy friend? impious Cain: I know n —am I his keeper?

"But I can not proce this strain. I would ra and melt, and win you ness. Say, then, Christi believe that Christ died from the misery which perfectly described? I lieve that if he had no and given himself for th ing worm and the unqu would have been thy por Oh! then, where is th thy love? Where are which he has a right to ex thou already made him return for such inestima Has he not reason to sa some of you: "Did I die deem thee from sin, ar hell, that thou mightes

afresh by thy unkindness and unbelief? Did I watch and pray whole nights, that thou mightest neglect watchfulness and prayer? Did I purchase for thee divine grace, precious promises, and strong consolation, that thou mightest make light of them, or turn them into wantonness? And do I prolong thy forfeited life, that thou mayest live carelessly, unprofitably, or like the world around thee? No, I redeemed thee, that thou mightest be mine, wholly mine. I purchased for thee grace, that thou mightest grow. And I preserve thy life, that thou mayest live, not to thyself, but to Him who died for thee."

Passing Away.

Suppose that one of our active business men, who has been seen every day passing up and down our streets, and whose name and countenance are familiar to thousands, should be seen to turn abruptly, as he passed along the sidewalk, and to enter suddenly a door from which he should never come forth again. Suppose that no one could enter that door to bring him back, and no intelligence of him could ever return. What an event would it be for men to wonder and to shudder at! That mysterious door — crowds would gather about it and gaze at it, awe-stricken. And although precisely this does not occur, yet much in this way are men disappearing. Men who are seen in our streets and in the walks of business for years, and whom it is so natural to see that we unthinkingly expect always to see them, are all at once gone forever. The places that knew them know them no more. Suddenly, perhaps in middle life, they are missed in the places of concourse and of trade, and they come not again. Do their partners and their acquaintance never pause, mentally, and look at the mysterious door through which they passed, and wonder whither that entrance leads, and with what kind of preparation it will be safe to follow? That *semel calcanda via*, that *path trodden once, and but once*—men are every day withdrawing from our midst, to tread it alone. As they withdraw, they seem to say to those whom they leave behind: "Be ye also ready."

Christian Emotion.

The prayer-meeting is well adapted to awaken fervor of Christian emotion — an experience which has been doubtless much undervalued by many in Calvinistic connection. True Christian love should *glow* in the soul, and we should avail ourselves of every means of kindling the flame. And while each season of devotion with Christian friends should warm our hearts, it also serves to give profitable direction to the thoughts for succeeding days. It aids us to live nearer to Christ than if the current of our worldly enterprise had remained unbroken.

It is hoped that enough has been said to show that due regard to our *self-interest* would make us constant attendants upon the Church prayer-meetings. But, above all, *spontaneous love to Christ* should bring us to this place of his appointment. He has promised to meet his friends in the prayer circle more directly and definitely than in any other place. The room for social prayer is peculiarly the habitation of Jesus. There he allows his disciples sweetest communion with himself. The fulfillment of the promise, "There will I be in the midst of them," should be enough to stir every heart to desire that presence. There, too we meet the friends of the Saviour The friends of a friend are dear especially of such a Friend. There

you hear earnest, tender words spoken of him, which are ever precious to those who truly love the Redeemer. Every time a Christian goes to the house of prayer, he testifies his love for the Saviour. He gives an expression to the most cherished sentiment of his heart. He throws the power of his influence in favor of the Gospel. He exerts himself for Christ, and this is the Christian's dearest privilege. If spontaneous love to Christ does not draw us to social gatherings for prayer, it is a serious occasion for self-examination. Is the love wanting? oh! what then? But does it only need quickening? then gather with the people of God for united prayer and religious conversation. Perform your proper work, and expect the blessing.

What are the reasons which detained you? Perhaps you feel that there is an awkwardness in being present without taking any part in such meetings. Then can you not overcome your fear of men sufficiently to offer a few words of prayer or to make a declaration of interest in the cause of religion? If you feel too diffident for even this, at least make the declaration by your presence, and offer, the prayer in silent response to the audible utterances of your brethren. Thus you may do much to honor your Master, to encourage your brethren, to strengthen the heart and hands of your pastor.

Sometimes I fear you do not attend from a feeling that the meetings are dull and uninteresting. That they are too much so, there is no doubt. But your constant presence would do something to relieve that difficulty. The very smallness of the number so depresses the spirits of those who are present, that gloom pervades the prayers and conversation of the hour. How can it be otherwise? How can feelings of despondency be kept aloof when it is known that scarcely one fourth of those who ought to be present are there? What encouragement, what cheer, what animation and thanksgiving, if all were collected, if all came together habitually, and loved to come! Dullness would be driven away, hope would revive, Christian labor would be multiplied. With the natural increase of faith there could hardly fail of being a revival.

The excuse you have rendered to me, however, is this: Your business requires your attention elsewhere. I fear, my brother, that you exalt your business at the expense of your soul. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Might not all who sustain these meetings absent themselves on the same plea with as good reason as yourself? I do not learn that they are less prosperous in business than the rest of the parish. I do not discover that their business appears neglected, that they are less regular or rigorous in their habits than yourself. Not unfrequently, I judge, you spend a portion of our meeting hour at the post-office, and in perusal of the daily news. We are near by. Our service is only one hour. Can it materially affect your pecuniary affairs to spend one hour in the week in social prayer, especially when brought into the immediate vicinity? Would it not be easy so to arrange your business matters that no serious interruption should occur from this source? Suppose you do suffer a slight pecuniary loss. Suppose each one sustaining the meetings of the Church does the same. Is that a sufficient reason for having no Church prayer and business meetings during the week? Would you be willing that they should be entirely abandoned? Would you expect long to maintain the preaching of the Gospel on the Sabbath, after the prayer-meet-

ing had ceased? Would you not expect general neglect and declension of religion throughout the community in such a case? And are slight business interests to be paramount to the prevention of such an evil? Yet if it is right for *you* to be absent, it is right for all, though the consequence be utter desolation. I can not think mature, honest deliberation will approve that excuse.

I am satisfied you can find no reason for this neglect which will satisfy yourself. I ask you not to lay this letter aside and forget the subject, but to think upon it as it deserves. Think upon it as affecting your eternal future; as of consequence to the cause of Christ! God has intrusted to you talents and influence. How will you answer for their perversion in the day of judgment? If you meet your Saviour in another world, to what can you point, done by you here, to testify of love to him? Is not your whole Christian history one of NEGLECT? Oh! let it be thus no longer!

A Call to Duty.

IN a recent discourse at Rutgers' College, Prof. Wilson used the following language:

"It takes all sorts of characters to complete this world-drama, and somebody must act them. In other words, I believe that every man was made on purpose; that every man has his place in the world, and that he was made specially for that place. It is only by earnestly filling that place that he fulfills his destiny, and answers the end for which God created him. Confusion and disappointment only arise from our efforts to get into some other place than the one for which we were intended. The range of our choice is limited by the character and the faculties God has given us, and the circumstances by which he has surrounded u which have modified that cha and developed those faculties. man is created with certain pos ties which determine the directi must go and the hight to wh may rise. We need not, ther remain in doubt as to our duty path lies so plainly marked o us, that it is easy for us to find we choose. Our work is so ne that we need not seek long fo we have willing hearts and v hands to do it.

'No man is born into the world work
Is not born with him; there is work,
And tools to work withal, for tho will.'

"The same power that create and trained you for your wor brought that work to you. I go out of your way to seek for thing grand and imposing to d take up at once the simples plainest duty that lies before and you will not go wrong. not stand waiting for signs and ders to reveal to you what would have you do, but listen voices within you and aroun calling you to work. Trust voices, and have faith in h things; then God will seek yo light and strength be given t as your path opens wider and before your advancing footste believe God *calls* men to h duties as well as great ones, him all duty is equally great woe be unto him who disr that call. We are willing to nize this *call* to the ministry why not to the other pursu life? Is preaching the Gosp only duty that God recognize is because we wait for God to fest himself in the lightning a thunder, that we fail to he voice in our hearts and in th

cations of circumstances about us, and thus go astray, groping our way blindly, and stumbling on through life in darkness and doubt. No man ever accomplished much who had not this idea of a *vocation*, who did not feel that he was called of God to do that *very thing*."

The Harvest Past.

WHO are they who shall hereafter take up this sad lament? Look at the profligate man. He says: "It is no matter how I live in this world; all the punishment I have to fear I shall receive here." This idea keeps him quiet and indifferent now; but in a dying hour conscience bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder. He can not silence its compunctious visitings. He writhes upon his bed in mental agony, shrinking from the awful presence of his Judge. He goes before the judgment-seat, from the midst of his sins; and in the anguish of his despair he exclaims: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." Satan claims him as his own. Like Judas, he goes to his own place; "and the smoke of his torment forever ascendeth," as he exclaims: "I am not saved! I am not saved!"

Accompany me to the bedside of this dying youth. He has heard the pleadings of a father's prayers, and has witnessed a mother's tears for his salvation from his childhood. He has been affectionate in feeling and amiable in life. He has always resolved that he would, at some future period, attend to the subject of religion. The Spirit has striven with him, and he has said: "Go thy way for this time." To the urgency of his pious friends he has replied: "Wait for a more convenient season." But look at him now. He is pale and emaciated with sickness. He is dying.

"His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and slow."

Hark! he faintly speaks! What does he say? Listen! "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He speaks again; it is in the sad moaning of delirium. He raves of hell and demons and endless woe. Look at his distracted mother. Look at his broken-hearted father. Their son is lost, and they are weeping that he ever was born. He would not heed their prayers; he would not attend to their counsels.

Whose history is this that I am writing? Yours, my young friend. It is this young lady who is danger of thus dying—it is this young man who is hastening to this appalling death-bed. Oh! the madness, the inconceivable madness of sin!

Do you see this man who looks so solemn and humble? His countenance is dejected and depressed. He walks as if heavy anxiety preyed upon his heart. What is the matter? He is anxious for his soul. He is an inquirer for salvation. He goes to his pastor, and says: "I feel that I am a lost sinner. I have lived without prayer—I have neglected the Saviour. Oh! what shall I do to be saved?" His heart is full. The Holy Spirit has convinced him of sin, and now urges him to surrender himself to God. He hesitates. He loves the world; and the struggle against sin is hard.

Look at him again. The Spirit is grieved away; he is as thoughtless as ever. He has forgotten all his fears, and hardly thinks of heaven or of hell.

Follow now this man to his dying hour. The minister of God sits at his bed-side. "Have you any hopes of recovery?" he asks. "No, sir," says the dying man; "the physician has told me that I can not live more than a day or two at most." "Do you feel prepared to die?" "I know

I am not a Christian, sir, but I have no feeling on the subject." "Have you never felt interested in the subject of religion?" "Yes, sir; some years ago I felt very anxious, but I had not resolution to brave the ridicule of the world, and now it is too late for me to make any efforts." "No, my friend, it is never too late to repent." "Perhaps not, but I feel no disposition to think of the subject; at any rate, I am too weak now to entertain such agitating thoughts."

A few days pass away, and look at him again. He is pallid and lifeless; a stiffened corpse. The shroud is wrapt around him. He is in his coffin. Open the lid. Look at those thin lips, the sunken eye, the emaciated cheek, the cold brow. The day of probation is gone. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and he is not saved.

"There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there."

Fellow immortal, whose history is this? Whose name might be written under this biography? Reader, may it not be yours?

The Monthly Concert.

A LITTLE more than fifty years since, a concert of prayer for the salvation of the world was conducted under most interesting and peculiar circumstances, the results of which are mighty. The circumstances are well known to those posted in the history of American missions. Only five composed the assembly. They came together to pray for the conversion of the world, and to consider the subject of devoting themselves to a self-denying yet glorious service. What a scene! angels might bend to witness it. Here were those not ashamed of Jesus. They prayed, and prayed again, and their prayers arose before the mercy-seat of God as a sweet incense. "Gracious answers of peace" have been returned. It seems as if the course of nature, during the scene, was emblematical of approaching results. Dark clouds obscured the light of heaven; and while thunder pealed, and the rain fell, the haystack was made a blessed house of prayer. But as the hour passed away, and as petitions from sincere hearts arose in faith, the fury of the storm was allayed, and bright and glorious shone the sun on reviving nature. In the moral world, darkness, intense and deadly, brooded over three mighty continents. But the fruits of that prayer-meeting, by God's blessing, have lifted the gloom of ignorance from benighted minds, and the glorious "Sun of Righteousness" illumines many dark corners of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica. Wonderful, indeed, to human view has been the transition. Earnest efforts of devoted Christians, amidst doubt, discouragement, and difficulty, set in motion agencies which have brought about the glorious work. The founders of the American Board have departed. The first missionaries rest from their labors, though the sainted Mills was not permitted to reach his chosen field, but sleeps in the bosom of old ocean. Their mantle rests on other shoulders.

From month to month we gather at the monthly concert. For what and with what spirit should we pray? For the same object, and with the same spirit that Mills, Newell, and their associates prayed.

The object is the conversion of millions of heathen, and nominal Christians who are fettered by superstition. We have every encouragement so to do. God's word is filled with encouragement. The history of the last fifty years is encouragement.—*Con. Journal.*

Activity in Heaven.

Because heaven is a place of rest, it does not follow that it is a place of idle inactivity. Like the Sabbath, which is its type, it will be a state of such rest as is *consistent with active worship*. The activity of heaven will be tireless and untiring. The highest mental and spiritual exercises of those who are admitted there will not tire; there will be neither flesh nor blood for them to tire; and emancipated from these, the soul in heaven, like the soul on earth, could it be thus set free, will exercise its highest powers, untiring and untired. Nor is this all. Heaven is a state of active beneficence. There all are employed in doing good. They who tasted beneficence as a luxury on earth, shall banquet on it in heaven forever. All shall do good; from the highest seraph that bends before the throne, to the last soul saved, as by fire. No sooner do saved spirits breathe the atmosphere of heaven, than they fly off on errands of love —"ministering angels" to all who need their ministering offices. How sublimely did Dr. Beecher discourse on this theme to his pupils! Hear him:

"Excepting freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven did I believe that its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes! Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps, useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Luther, and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven *is* a place of activity, of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, forever feast on a banquet of thought — rich, glorious thought. Young gentlemen, press on—you will never get through. An eternity of untiring activity is before you, and the universe of thought your field."

The Christian a Stranger.

A stranger is not a native of the place in which he makes his temporary residence. The Christian is not a native of this world. He is born from above. He has been renewed by the washing of regeneration. His understanding has been enlightened. His will proves what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. The sovereignty of his conscience is no longer a cold clanking despotism, but is loved as a glorious freedom. Its rules are no longer fettering, galling cords around his soul, but are now the genuine nerve and sinew of his moral purpose. The dead precept is now a living, breathing, joyous impulse. His conscience is his monitor and guide. Its most absolute despotism is the most perfect liberty of soul. It is the shadow of the Almighty. His affections have been placed upon right objects. His sorrow is a godly sorrow; his fear a filial fear; his hatred a righteous hatred; his hope a holy hope; his love a pure love. He is crucified to the world and the world to him. He walketh by faith.

A stranger is absent from his inheritance, so is the Christian. He has here no continuing city. He seeks one to come. His portion is above; he is an heir to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and unfading.

A stranger is away from his

friends, kindred and home. Home! home! What a magic in the sound of that treasured term: Home! sweet home! What an unfathomable abyss would be created in the English language should the word be lost. Home! what would the inhabitants of earth be without such a sacred place as home! To have a home, a happy home, what a privilege, what a blessing, what a joy! But to have no home, to be cast out upon the cold paid-for charities of a colder world, what a desolation, what a sorrow, what a grief! To enjoy the holy pleasures of the domestic fireside; to see loved faces lighted up with smiles, or diffused with tears of joy at the happy return of an absent member of the family circle; to be where social intercourse is free and thoughts unfettered; to be where one can pour out his tales of sorrows, make known his happy hopes and joyous expectations, inform of his failures and his fears, his comforts and his joys, lay open the secret aspirations of his soul, his desires and prospects, without fear of derision or charges of egotism, but with the surety of comfort, of advice, of encouragement of being shown his faults, and the corresponding virtue recommended, commended for his virtues, and strengthened in continuing them; to be with father and mother, and sister and brother; to be where all are of congenial mood and mold, is the very zest of human life, the sweetest earthly cup that mortals are permitted to taste. But to have a home and to be away from it is one of the saddest realities of life. To meet with brothers and sisters, and fathers and mothers, and to be reminded of absence from such dear friends, is saddening to the heart of the home-loving stranger.

The Christian has a home from which he is absent. He may enjoy the happiness of an earthly home, but infinitely superior is his prospective home in heaven. In his father's house are many mansions.

Demand of the Times on the Pulpit.

It may be better, on the whole, that the sermons delivered in our pulpits should be suited to the wants, capacities, and tastes of the greater part of moderately informed and religious people; yet are we deeply concerned that the well-educated, the skeptical, the inquisitive, the prejudiced, the heretical, and even the avowed infidel, should be addressed, each on his own grounds, by the masters of logic and of science, and that the ordinary hearers of the Gospel should be sometimes made to feel the sublimity of truths which demand the homage of the highest intellect, and electrify the core of the stoutest heart, while they nourish the faith of the humblest believer. Nor, we apprehend, would it be so difficult as some might at first sight imagine, to render such discourses popular, if they were expressed in English household words, calmly and forcibly reasoned, chastely adorned with illustrations from the spacious fields which are as open to the preacher as to the poet, and delivered with the elevation and earnestness belonging to all good preaching.

We are not now expressing a regret, or passing a judgment, so much as inviting the attention of preachers to the practical importance of one particular description of sermons. We would see a higher standard of preaching, not higher as to doctrine and spiritual wisdom and intention merely, but in the determination and the power to lay hold of the most capacious, energetic, and cultivated minds — minds, it ought not to be forgotten, which, on every subject, not excluding religion, are sure to give the tone to coming generations.

We would see our temples the resort of thoughtful men; our religion acting, in the way of restraint and guidance, on the master principles of human nature, in their strongholds; the wearied children of this world's love drawn to the feet of the Incarnate Teacher and to the shrine of the Divine Comforter; the philosophy of earth culminating in the revelations of heaven; and the choicest spirits of the age renewing their strength at the spring-head of Mind, and consecrating their genius and their knowledge in the life-giving presence of their Saviour. We are willing, for the sake of ends so noble in themselves, so intimately connected with our largest and dearest hopes of the world, to lose much of the stereotyped preaching which is to many not less sacred than the ark of the covenant was to the Hebrew worshipers. We need not change any doctrines in our creed; but we do want the doctrines which our fathers put into their creeds drawn out as fresh waters from a fountain. Truth is as old as eternity. The rudimental truths of religion have been in our world as long as there have been men. The special truths of Christianity, shrouded in the symbols of ancient prophecy and Judean worship, have been given to mankind in the lucid narratives and epistles of inspired messengers. The teachers who, through the half-hundred generations that have since passed, unfolded these truths to the Church, may be considered as to have served their times; but the time *we live in*, as it appears to us, demands a mode of presenting the truths of the Gospel — the ancient and catholic truths — which we believe to be more primitive; whether so or not, certainly more adapted to engage the active mind of the most actively thinking community that ever lived. While some of our preachers complain that scientific lectures and literature, and numerous forms of association for mutual culture, are depriving the pulpit of the exclusive influence which it once enjoyed, it may not be amiss to remind them that the *human*, the *intellectual*, and the *æsthetic* in the pulpit, must not lag behind the exercise of these same qualities into her spheres of mental labor.

Prayer.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." — John 23: 16.

While prayer has this promise, it is yet often difficult to bring men to speak to God of their affairs. The man calling himself Christian may be rebuked by the faith of the idolater who will undertake nothing without asking the help of his God. So long as men can touch bottom and feel their way along, no storm can drive them to pray for aid. It is only when the elements overpower them, that men look to the God of the elements. Men suddenly caught in the arms of a midnight fire, pray God for mercy. Men cut down in battle, burden the air with the cry, more earnest than the sounds of death-missiles, that God may have mercy on their souls. Men pray when nothing but prayer can save them. Prayer is busy when disease and death are busy. But is it not manly also to say prayers in health? Fair weather, not a storm, is most favorable to honest prayer. There is something cowardly in a man's scorning God's help all his life — to live prayerless in prosperity — and then beg mercy when sorrow smites the soul. It is false manliness that bids a man never bend his knees before God till the knees are bent by the blows of misfortune. It is manly for one to dare to be laughed at for praying. The jeers of fools

do not move a *man* to leave off talking with God — though the smiles of angels may bid him continue it. It is a brutal course that *dares* turn away from God. It is brutal if one will not turn and thank his benefactor. It is not human to refuse to speak to one's best friend. If one be, as it were, past hope in every other respect, if he continues to pray, and has manliness enough left not to *dare* to leave off praying, there is yet great hope for him; for if a man is linked to God only by the single wire of prayer, God may, as on a telegraphic line, send messages of peace to the soul. God forbid that men should find time to toil in fields or on the way, or in bargaining, or in vain talk, or in complaint, and find no time to ask God to teach them better methods of life, find no time to ask God about heaven and the way to get there. — *Christian Mirror.*

"Time Enough Yet."

"THERE is time enough!" Do you think so? Remember, if you make a mistake in your calculations, your *sincerity* in the mistake will not avert the *inevitable calamity*, any more than your mistake in car-time would prevent the cars leaving you. Do you soberly think you can afford any delay in becoming a Christian? *Look* at the matter ere you carelessly say: "Time enough." Glimpses into the future are often deceptive. A large mirror, placed at the end of an apartment, causes the room to *appear* double its *real* length; you try to walk to its extreme end, and you walk into the mirror itself. The last half is an *illusion*. Such, sometimes, nay, often, are our views of the future. It *seems* to stretch away a long, long distance before us, but, alas! we are looking at an illusion — the *real* end is but a few paces in advance.

You are not sure, therefore, how much time is before you. Is it not safest to seize the present? Now look with me past yonder guide-board, at the point where two roads separate. A blind man has, by mistake, taken the one which you know will constantly lead him away from the place he wishes to reach. You shout to him and tell him of his error, and that he must turn back and take the other road; but he carelessly exclaims: "Time enough." Do you not think him foolish as well as blind to proceed, when every step must be retraced? The sooner he makes a pause, the better, for his return will be easier. Friend, do you not hear the voices of many exclaiming, "You are in the *wrong road*," and bidding you to *turn*? Can you turn *too soon*? Do you remember in early life, when coasting, how the sled, at first starting at gentle speed, accelerated, till at length it seemed almost to fly over the ice and snow? If, just as you were starting from the brow of the hill, a friend had given warning of some danger below, how readily you could have *turned* the sled and escaped injury! Suppose you had said, "I shall have time enough to turn when I get further down;" when at length you come in sight of the danger, your sled is whizzing at a furious speed. You are liable now to turn into danger as much as out of it, for you can see nothing distinctly. You turn with difficulty, and at the risk of great injury. Friend, the broad road is slippery. It is trodden hard by thousands that have gone on before. Our evil nature passes down its slippery surface with *accelerating* swiftness. It is easier to *turn now* than even a month hence. — *Cong. Journal.*

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XVII.

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MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE AND GOD'S SUPREMACY.

"CEASE ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"—ISAIAH 2 : 22.

Two things are indispensable to undisturbed peace and tranquillity of mind: one is, humble and distrustful views of ourselves; the other, supreme and unfaltering reliance on God. So long as a man depends on his own wisdom, power, and goodness, he must be disquieted and unhappy. We can attain to substantial quiet and an abiding, satisfying peace only when we feel that our dependence is on a Being omnipotent, independent, and supreme, as well as abundant in truth and love. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on thee: because he trusteth in thee." (Isaiah 26 : 3.)

To produce in us this twofold feeling—first, a conviction of our own insufficiency; second, a conviction of the sufficiency of God—is the constant aim of the holy Scripture. In fact, it is constantly taught us in the threefold volume of nature, providence, and grace—in the last very clearly and certainly, and in the others

and ultimately to throw him upon God. The design of
ent discourse is to show how vain and empty are all h
tensions to wisdom, strength, and goodness; how really
we are on the Infinite Being above us; how necessary t
tion of this is to our solid peace here and our prospec
hereafter; and how this self-renunciation and heavenly r
indispensable to our present and eternal well-being. I
we wish to make you see and feel, that man is nothing
God is all. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in hi
for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

The grand scheme of human redemption is founde
principle here laid down. Man is sinful, ignorant, im
good, and of himself inclined only to evil, and that co
God, in his infinite mercy, wisdom, and power, hath pro
means, and the only means, by which rebellious ma
restored to holiness, to the favor of his God, and to
lasting. For this purpose he gave his only-begotten So
and die for us, and Jesus "was made unto us, of the F
dom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption."
scheme, while all the benefit is man's, all the glory
God. The terms prescribed in the Bible by which w
personally and savingly interested in Christ, are such
effectually to establish in us this conviction. We are
repent of our sins, and believe with an appropriating fa
Son of God. Now, in repentance there is no merit. It
that state of mind which is required of us in view of t
have committed. And as little merit is there in faith;
simply the recognition of the ability of another to do
which we confess our inability to do for ourselves; or
acceptance of Christ as our mediatory sacrifice and

have a tendency to produce within us a feeling of self-dependence, and lead to the ignoring of the divine power and efficiency. There is in us too often an idolatry of human agency and natural or artificial instrumentalities, an idolatry of intellect, wealth, and power, and too often these occupy in our souls the place of God. We look so much to them, and depend so much on them, that we lose our hold of God, and even banish him from our theory of living.

Let us observe more particularly, that in the order of nature causes produce their legitimate effects, so that if we can secure certain antecedents, we feel confident of corresponding results. This grows out of the original, the native intuition of the soul, that the laws of nature are uniform and invariable. Guided by this conviction, we always employ the appropriate agency to bring about a desirable end. We plow the ground and sow the grain if we would gather a harvest. We lay a solid foundation and build substantial walls if we would have a strong and durable edifice. A commander of an army calculates well his force before he ventures to meet his antagonist. If he have not an equal number with the enemy, he relies on some other advantages, such as superior weapons, a better position, greater courage and energy on the part of his men to counterbalance his numerical inferiority. To use all wisdom and discretion in the use of means is a plain duty. To do otherwise, is not only folly, but it is madness, and borders on wickedness. But the difficulty with us is, that in our reliance on secondary agencies we too often leave God out of the account. We forget that he is above all means, that he can work without them, or he can frustrate all our means and all our best-concerted plans. He can suspend the operation of nature's laws, or ride over them, or work round them, or bring results out in a way we do not anticipate. Now it seems to me that this was one of the designs of miracles. In these divine interventions God showed his power over nature, proved himself to be nature's Lord paramount, the only uncontrollable and almighty Power. Miracles served in a special manner to make manifest the invisible God; to bring him very nigh to the human soul; to connect him directly and visibly with the operations and government of the external world. When the Israelites saw the waves of the Red Sea and the waters of the Jordan part and stand on a heap, when they saw themselves fed morning by morning with mysterious and heaven-sent manna, when they saw the water gush from the smitten rock, "and they drank of that rock that followed them," when they saw "the sun stand still in Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Aijalon" at the command of Joshua, or the iron arise from the bottom and float on the surface of the Jordan at the word of the man of God, how could they fail to see the hand of God in them all? Surely there was "no nation that had God so nigh unto them" as the Israelites "for all things for which they called upon him." Now what is the religious import of all these

Their record is in the book which is now given to us tory of God's dealings with our lower world, with t family; and if any man believe not the book, the thin by Moses, the Prophets, and the Apostles, neither w persuaded if one rose from the dead or if any other m performed.

Let us again see how God has taught us not idolatrou fide in human efficiency. There is nothing that men disposed to confide in than superiority of intellect. Th tation to this is very strong. The homage paid to in influence which it generally acquires, the renown wh cures, the attention and consideration which usually acc tend greatly to lift up its possessor in his own conceit. there is a tendency to forget all moral virtues in our a of genius. Bad men of acknowledged talents, splendi nificent parts, are generally preferred to virtuous m We overlook a man's vices in consideration of his bril ers. There is an idolatry of talent which is at vari good morals and inconsistent with the recognition of G upon us. How do we wink at the faults of great men, by such mollifying terms as tend to palliate if not justify gesting ideas far below the stern demands of truth and jus standard of estimating men is not God's. We regard t he regards goodness first. We forget a man's vices in h God reverses the order, and says: "Unto that man v who is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at m "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive th the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite one

profound, it must be limited to very few things. No man can be profound in every branch.

And again, men of great capacity and uncommon attainments seldom, perhaps never, bear to be examined very closely. Every one shows some mark of inferiority in something. If one excel in one thing, he is deficient in another. Sir Isaac Newton, great as he was in science and philosophy, failed in the common affairs of life. Laplace, the greatest of modern astronomers, whose extensive range of thought took in the whole mechanism of the planetary universe, did not at all justify the high opinion formed of him by Napoleon when he, at the Emperor's invitation, undertook the business of the statesman. Many men are great in some things, few are great in many things, and no one is great in every thing.

But what, in my view, most tends to debase the pride of intellect is the fact, that men of the largest pretensions to mind have been and are still guilty of the puerile, the absurd, the degrading crime of idolatry. That men should worship visible, tangible, perishable objects, that they should themselves make a god, and then bow down to it, shows the intellect of men in a most contemptible, most pitiable light. How well does the prophet Isaiah set forth the folly of such conduct: "The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms; yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth"—while he is manufacturing a god—"he drinketh no water, and is faint." The carpenter proceeds according to his art. He cuts down his cedar, he fabricates it according to the rules of his craft; with part of the wood, the refuse, he builds a fire to warm himself or to bake his bread, and of the rest he makes a god and prays to it, and says: "Deliver me; for thou art my god." (Isaiah 44: 12–17.) And yet such things, what we call great intellects have worshiped. Such things were bowed down to and adored by such men as the golden Plato, the profound Aristotle, the mighty Socrates. The modern Hindoos, ingenious, acute, profound, with a metaphysical acumen that quite puts to shame the puny, shallow transcendentalism of modern Germany, tread in the same steps and worship similar vanities, adding to them the beasts of the field, and even trees, rocks, and rude masses of stone, while they acknowledge in all three hundred and thirty-three million divinities. Alas! for the pride of human intellect. What shall we say of our boasted intellectual power, when the strongest minds have fallen into such puerilities? Surely we see the appropriateness of the language of our text: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

There is another view tending greatly to depreciate human nature in our estimation, and that is well calculated to make man think lowly of himself. I mention it with some fear of misconstruction; but it is true; and there is no fear of telling the truth,

provided it be told in the proper way. The fact I allude to is, that there are so few specimens of unsullied character, even religious character—so few, mind—but if there were only one, it would be enough to show the possibility of it, and thus stimulate us to the pursuit of high attainments in Christian virtue. And, thank God, there are several cases of unsoiled character in the sacred history. No flaw was ever alleged against the beautiful Abel, the chaste and upright Joseph, the faithful Obadiah, with the heavenly seers, Elijah and Elisha, or against Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah; and if Moses erred, it was only that "he spake unadvisedly with his lips," and if this was set down as a sin by the divine Lawgiver, it only shows how rigid and severe is his test, especially considering how many temptations and provocations the meekest man had to contend with. But what shall we say of the Job whom God himself calls a perfect man, or of John, "the beloved disciple," or of St. Paul, against whom no flaw can be alleged? for we deny all fault or appearance of fault in him in the "sharp contention" between him and Barnabas about John Mark, who was sister's son to Barnabas, for the fault was all with Barnabas, and Paul was blameless; and he was commended by the brethren to the grace of God, while nothing of the sort is said about Barnabas. But, after all, how many of whom better things might have been expected have have been painful specimens of the frailty of human nature and its fatal tendency to sin. Beginning with our first parent, Adam, and passing over Cain, his first-born son, to Noah, and then to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to Aaron, and David, and Solomon, how do all tend to humble us, to show how frail is humanity without God? Surely, looking at such failures, one is disposed to cry out with David: "I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad." (Psalm 119 : 96.)

Again, we see in the record which God has given of his dealings with our race, a series of illustrations of man's inefficiency and God's supremacy. He has seldom used the means to accomplish an end that man would have selected or supposed. What pains has he taken to show his own independence and to "hide pride from man!" Does he save the whole kingdom of Egypt from perishing by a seven years' dreadful famine? it was by a young, falsely accused slave, wrongfully cast into prison. Does he save the proud Syrian general from his leprosy and restore him to soundness? it was by the ministration of a little Hebrew maid, and simply by washing seven times in the waters of the Jordan, "and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." (2 Kings 5 : 14.) Would the Saviour open the eyes of the man who was born blind? he simply makes clay with his spittle and anoints the eyes of the man, and bids him go wash in the pool of Siloam, and he washed and came seeing. Here was no mighty and imposing parade of circumstance; here was no trick, nor jugglery, nor putting of any awful machinery into

requisition to create illusion and captivate the sense. It was simply a word, a touch, an act of obedience prompted by faith in the power of the Commander, and the work was done.

But here I see another assertion of the divine supremacy triumphing over human agencies, and showing how God operates in these affairs. The Israelites are cruelly oppressed by the rapacious Midianites. God summons Gideon to the rescue, who, like a sagacious general, sounded the alarm of war, and summoned a large army out of Abiezer, and Manasseh, and Asher, and Zebulon, and Naphtali. But what said God unto him? "The Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me." So Gideon is commanded to proclaim, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return;" and twenty-two thousand men left him, leaving an army of ten thousand. Still they were too many; and God commanded him to bring them down to the water for another test, and every man that drank the water out of his hand was to be set by himself, and the entire number was three hundred. These were selected for the enterprise, and the others sent away. And how were three hundred men to contend against a mighty army with well-appointed officers, and all completely equipped for war? Humanly speaking, it was a forlorn hope, a desperate venture. But it was God's cause, and "if God be for us, who shall be against us?" For there is no restraint to the Lord to save, "whether by many or by few." Gideon had faith in God, and what does he do? See, he divides his little company into three bands. He adopts a simple but unlooked for device. He puts into every man's hand, each having his sword by his side, a trumpet, and in the other a lighted lamp covered by an earthen pitcher. The bands were to approach the army of the Midianites from three distinct points at midnight. At a signal from Gideon, a terrific blast from three hundred trumpets pealed from different quarters upon the ears of the astounded sleepers. Waking up in confusion from deep slumber, they ran hither and thither in uncertainty and terror, engulfed in profound darkness. Another signal from the leader, and in an instant the three hundred pitchers crash and three hundred lamps flash their light upon the dazzled eyes of the vast multitude just aroused from midnight sleep. In their bewildered astonishment there breaks from the three hundred throats in the three divisions the grand rallying-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and the work is done. A terrible fright, an awful panic seized the mighty host of the enemy, and they ran and cried and fled; and in the darkness and confusion, not distinguishing friend from foe, they "set every man's sword against his fellow throughout the host." The battle was gained, the victory was complete, for who and what can stand against a panic in an army? It is the most uncontrollable of all things, and quite fatal to those who are subjected to it.

Lift now the vail that hides the invisible from our sight, and you see exactly the same principle in operation—the same infinite Being working in the same way. What are the great battles of the world but contests between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil? True, what seems right to us does not always triumph; but this is because we only see the outside of things. Could we look to the end, could we see as God sees, we should, no doubt, discern the reason and approve the issue. But very generally we do see clearly the triumph of truth and right as we also see the hand of God. Papal Spain determines to subject Protestant England. A prodigious fleet, such as had not in that age been heard of, is prepared, and with an immense military as well as naval force threatens to overwhelm her devoted victim. Proudly, if not impiously, it is called the Invincible Armada. The navy of England seemed no match for her enemy. But see how God can order things. One of the most important of the Spanish vessels takes fire, and while the hands are busy extinguishing the flames, she is captured with a large portion of the funds of the expedition on board. Another important vessel springs her mast, and is captured too. The smaller and more manageable vessels of the English contend successfully against the larger, more unwieldy vessels of the foe. Fire-ships are sent through the hostile fleet, which create another panic. The admiral cuts his cables in alarm and stands out to sea; and finally a terrific tempest strikes the proud Armada, and more than half the vessels are destroyed, the miserable remnant reaching their native coast shattered and mangled beyond all recovery.

Take the great battles of the world. Nearly all of them turn upon some unforeseen circumstances not provided at all in the programme, which can in no way be guarded against. The great Wellington declared that he never could foresee the issue of a battle, as it depended upon so many things which he could neither foresee nor control. Bonaparte never could understand how he lost the battle of Waterloo, which by all the rules of war he ought to have gained. That General Washington gained the battle of Trenton can be explained only on the ground of a sort of fatuity that seized the mind of the British general; and that he saved his army in the city of New-York, when the enemy were encamped on Long Island, waiting to pounce down upon and seize it, was owing to a heavy fog which the Invisible Hand drew over the East River just in time to hide Washington from view and give him time to escape. Surely there is "no king saved by the multitude of a host; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength;" for "the battle is the Lord's." "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but "thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty." Why, then, will not men, in their successes, cry out with the Psalmist: "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the

:y." Remember how the good Hezekiah, when he heard of nmense host brought against him by the proud and insolent acherib, spake comfortably to his captains, (2 Chron. 32 :) "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed e king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him : iere be more with us than with him. With him is an arm sh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight attles. And they rested themselves upon the words of Heze- king of Judah." Sennacherib defied the power of God, ing the sufficiency of his force to overwhelm his foe. But ord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valor he leaders and the captains in the camp of the king of As- So he returned with shame of face to his own land. And his own sons, probably mortified and disgusted at his de- slew him with their own hands.

e need go no further in the exposition of the doctrine laid in our text. Let us now turn it to practical account, and hat influence it should have on our lives and conduct.

d first, let me remark that nothing we have said gives any enance to the neglect of the prescribed means for attaining d. Because means sometimes fail, that is no good reason we should expect the end without them. God ordinarily s by means, by certain instituted agencies, and we are bound nform to his method and plan as revealed in nature, provi- and revelation. To do otherwise is disobedience to God, as as folly in the extreme. How should a man without wisdom others wise, without intelligence make others intelligent, or ut goodness make others good? You can not expect to reap as you sow the seed, and if you want wheat you must sow t, and if you want tares you may sow tares; for "whatsoever soweth that shall he also reap." So if you would conduct a uccessfully, a war in defense of justice, truth, and right, you make all due preparation in men and munitions, in science n strategy. We might apply the same to many other depart- s, but it is not necessary. The general law requires that we ll appropriate means if we desire to secure an end.

t in the next place, we should learn not to rely on the means ing effectual in and of themselves. We are too apt to think neans must succeed. We seem to claim it as a right. We it a species of injustice if they fail. We idolize the means, his is only another way of idolizing ourselves. We compliment lves, we flatter our own wisdom, power, and goodness. And we do succeed, we claim the honor of it. We say: "My r and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth." Or past like Nebuchadnezzar, who cried, in view of his splendid l with its palace and its hanging gardens: "Is not this great lon which I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the t of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" But

the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the anger of the Lord fell upon him, and he became a lunatic. "And he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws."

But the point we would particularly enforce upon you is, that after having used all the agencies and all the discretion which wisdom and sagacity prescribe, we must still rely upon God for the issue. He alone can give success—he alone is the grand efficiency. David may have great skill and a capital sling and stone; but unless God had directed his hand Goliath would have gone unscathed. It was not Saul's armor, which did not fit him; it was not the cunning stone which he hid in his sling; it was not in his own skill that he trusted; but it was in the power and faithfulness of his God. "Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." Such be the spirit of our warriors, our armies! May we ever recognize the hand of God, and trust in him alone. Brethren, have our hearts forgotten the Lord? Have we trusted in our own power, and wealth, and resources? Have we relied on our generals and our sword and spear and shield, and left God out of the account? If so, you may see the reason of the Bull Run defeat and the Ball's Bluff disaster. God will be honored and have the glory, and unless we give it to him beforehand, I forewarn you he will allow us to be smitten until we feel our dependence on him and call upon his name. "In their affliction they will seek me early." And nations as well as men have often to be beaten with many stripes before they render obedience to God. "When he slew them then they sought him; and they returned and inquired early after God."

And pray, since when have our armies been successful in the field? Look back, and you will see that our successes began soon after the ringing address of General McClellan, that Christian warrior, to his army, in which he abjures all praise and directs the minds of his soldiers to God, the Ruler of the armies of our Israel. It was just about the same time that the Secretary of War proclaimed the same great truth, that it is God alone who gives the victory. The clarion-sound of these proclamations stirred the heart of the Christian people of the loyal States, and awakened hope by leading us to faith in God.

The same rule I apply to spiritual things. We are to use all prescribed and prudential means; we are to frequent the means of grace, to pray in public and in private, to read the word of God and devotional books, and attend all the ordinances of God's house; we are to draw reverently, devoutly around the sacred board, and receive the consecrated emblems. But, after all, these can not save us. They are only the means which bring us to God, or they are the ways by which God draws nigh to us. But they

are only means, they are not the end. God only uses the means as connecting links between himself and our souls. But all need the direct influence of the Holy Ghost to make them efficient to the saving of the soul. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." O brethren! let us magnify the Lord our God, and let him be our fear and our trust. Use them as you find occasion, but put not confidence in man nor in means. Let your faith be in God, and in God through the merits and power and intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Amen.

SERMON XVIII.

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THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN LITTLE THINGS.

"THE earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—PSALM 33: 5.

IT is one of Bishop Hall's wise remarks, that if the sun should rise but once to the earth, every man would be a Persian, and fall down and worship it; whereas now it riseth and declineth, without any regard.

This shows how ready we are to wonder at extraordinary events, and to neglect God's best works because of their frequency. Daily blessings are so numerous, and so constantly and regularly supplied, that we forget that they are daily, hourly gifts from the Lord's mercy.

This is our great misfortune. This is our sin. Our common benefits are really the great things. For these we should be most thankful. Alas! that because they are dropped down from heaven every moment, it should become an old story — a common thing — expected as a matter of course, and so awaken no sentiments of gratitude.

Let us stand reproved. Let us learn to note God's mercy in his ordinary works. And to help us, let us contemplate the goodness of God in little things.

I. Our first survey shall be in the inanimate part of God's creation.

1. And here, first of all, our eyes greet the light. And well has the wise man said: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." How kind in the

Creator to make it pleasant. Flying from the great central orb with a velocity a million and a half times greater than that of a common ball, it is a mercy that its delicate beams do so fall upon the nerve-curtains of the eye, as to render the sensation pleasant and not painful. It might have been otherwise. And the prevailing color might have been red; and then every thing had been crimson, instead of the beautiful canvas of refreshing green and soft blue, now spread out before us in earth and sky. Or, instead of possessing the three constituent colors — red, yellow, and blue — the light might have been simple white. And then, how much of existing loveliness were lost! The hues of the violet, the lily, the rose, and the emerald of the river, and the purple of the ocean, all were unknown; and the blank, pale lividness of death were seen overspreading the human countenance, instead of the now changeful flush.

Or, to make the thought of God's goodness in the light more impressive, suppose that all the little beams of sunshine were finally withdrawn. Then were our abode a cold, blank, cheerless solitude. Every plant would wither, and every animal perish. Creation's tide would cease to flow, and ancient night would again brood over the desolate earth.

It is related that the dwellers in the polar regions, as their six months' night draws to an end, often put on their richest apparel and climb to the highest mountains, and salute with acclamations of joy the first rays of returning day. Let us be thankful for the sweet light.

2. Behold the goodness of God in the atmosphere which envelops us. How wise and how good that it should surround us on all sides, and yet not obstruct our sight; that it should press upon us with a weight of fifteen pounds to the square inch, and yet we be not crushed or burdened by it; that though softer than the finest down, it should yet waft the fleets of nations; that it both warms and cools the earth; that it both draws up the vapors and throws them down; that it breathes both in the north wind's blasts and in the gales of the sunny south; and that it both receives the noxious exhalations every where emitted, and yet affords for our lungs the pure air which vivifies and warms our frames. Let us be thankful for this daily benefit.

3. Again, see the goodness of God in that very common mercy —water.

In the form of the ocean, it is at once the proud highway of nations, and the play-ground of leviathan; the storehouse of man's nourishment, and the great cooler and purifier of the dusty earth. And how good in God that he hath set its bounds so that it can not pass. In the form of clouds it tempers the force of the fiery sun, and fills the reservoirs of the skies, and drapes the heavens with curtains of gorgeous hues. And how good in God to let it down gently, as from a watering-pot, instead of pouring it down all at once, to overwhelm and destroy.

In the form of rivers and little streams it makes glad the face of nature, and circulates through the veins of the earth, as does the blood through the human body. And how good in God to preserve its density, so that it does not wholly turn to air, and leave the earth dry and sterile.

If you would appreciate this blessing, and ever after be thankful for it, take the place of one dying of thirst; and then, when your eyes are bloodshot, and your throat is black as coal, and your tongue is cleaving to the roof of your mouth, have a cup of cold water thrust into your hands.

Or witness a terrible drought; when the wells and springs are dry, and the sun crisps and scorches vegetation, and turns the soil into a dried crust, and the beasts of the field and the wood go howling abroad, crazed with inward pain and fire, and every thing seems to cry—

> "Rain for the land, O God!
> Oh! send thy pleaders rain!"

and then, as the drops begin to patter, and the crystal currents are streaming down, see how the little brook babbles over its newly-filled cup, and the humble plant lifts up its grateful head, and orchards, and gardens, and fields are breathing very incense, and all living things are uttering hymns of rejoicing, and you will be led to exclaim: "Oh! the rain-drop's worth! What a gift is water, poured out from the hollow of God's hand, and sent coursing through the earth!" And yet, have you ever thanked God for this little common blessing, as the very chickens and birds seem to do when they sip it, and then turn up their throats toward heaven?

4. To proceed: behold the goodness of God in the gift of flowers. A little child, bounding forth one early spring morning, from a country cottage, cried out: "Look, pa, God has sent us three dandelions!" Was not that a beautiful and becoming thought? "God has sent us three dandelions." How few persons recognize the goodness of God in these little floral gifts! But he who spake as never man spoke, has pointed us to them. "Consider the lilies of the field;" not, look at them, admire them, smell of them, alone, but consider them. Let them preach to you; preach of God's care, who clothes even these; and preach of his love, who causes them to spring up, even in the desolate places of the earth, so that, as Krummacher says—

> "On Alpine hights the love of God is shed;
> He paints the morning red,
> The flowerets white and blue,
> And feeds them with his dew."

Charles J. Andersson, in his account of explorations in South-Western Africa, makes a special record of coming upon a lovely air-plant, in full blossom, in a wild, sterile region, and of the effect it had upon the company. And why should not we take note of

God's goodness in every little flower that gladdens our sight? If you insist that they are common things — only flowers — then let me look upon them as a great deal more; as the smiles of God made visible to men; as breaths from the upper world; as light caught by the great Wonder-worker, and prisoned up in form; as honey for the inward taste; as "earth's innocents that climb around our bowers;" as meek, brilliant eyes, looking up sweetly upon us at every turn of life, to make us company; as

> "Volumes of truth, that speak the mighty God;
> Wise, loving, pitying, glorious, ever near,
> That bid us trust the ever great and good,
> Whose mercy wakes and ends the rolling year."

I say, blessings on the flowers! with laughing dimples on their cheeks, perfume in their hearts, filling the air with aroma; and with pulpits and bells calling us to worship.

5. And shall I forget to mention just here the grasses of the hills and meadows? The Psalmist has not forgot to do it. "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains." And by this means we have the glorious enamel that covers the earth. How different if the ground were every where dark and naked! The spires of grass are little things, and yet but for them we had not the blessed fields, with their walks in silent, scented paths, and the joy of herds and flocks, and the downy banks and knolls, and the emerald slopes that fringe the lakes and rivers, and the peaceful lawns where fall the sounds of loving voices. Let us thank the Lord that he maketh the grass to grow.

6. Behold, too, the goodness of God in the changes of the seasons. How monotonous if we had the same climate the year round! What diversity comes from these changes! I do not know which season shows most of God, and should make us most thoughtful and thankful. When it is spring, and I feel its soft air, and behold the silent waking of torpid nature into life, and when the buds are bursting, and the trees are looking "as if angels had descended and wreathed them with the roses of heaven," then I think spring is the loveliest part of the year.

And when summer comes, and the earth is redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life, and arrayed in her richest attire, then I say the summer shows most of a bounteous God. But then, when it changes into melancholy autumn, "magnificent in its decay," and the orchards are loaded with golden fruit, and the forests with their gorgeous tints are reflecting back the sweet serenity of the sky, then I say, what season like autumn? Winter with its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snows, is called gloomy. But it is the resting-time of our tired mother earth, for she needs sleep. And it is, too, her enriching time. For the snows are not merely for sleigh-rides. In falling, they bring back the escaped ammonia discharged into the atmosphere from decayed plants, and so fill the ground again with the natural

food of vegetation. A snow-bank is a fertilizer. Snow is the poor man's manure. And besides, it is a warm quilt; it keeps many of the great root family from freezing. And then beyond the utility of winter, there is much to admire in it. How many can remember to have enjoyed immensely its long intervals of clear, cold, bracing weather, and the redoubled brightness of its days, and its protracted evenings, for pleasant excursions across the fields on the snow-crust, or along the well-beaten road, beneath the intense lustre of the stars, and the limpid radiance of the moon; or the sitting down quietly around the blazing hearthstone at home. So that, beyond its usefulness, there is a charm in winter.

Each of the seasons, then, is lovely, and each is illustrative of the beneficence of the Preserver of men.

7. And the same is true of the succession of day and night. Each day we behold the rising of the sun. Aurora has never once failed, during so many ages, to announce his approach; and he knoweth his going down. Thus does he enlighten both sides of the globe, and shed his rays on all. Thus have we the day for toil — long enough to exhaust the physical energies, and call for repose; and then night comes, of sufficient length to recruit those energies. George Herbert sings of "dear night" as "the stop to busy fools," and as "care's check and curb." Think of the accelerating swiftness of care, and pleasure, and wickedness, going on without interruption. What would the mad and anxious world come to, if night did not put on the break, and fetch things to a stand-still?

God knows we want rest. And so, (to use the words of another,) "as a mother stills every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed, as she draws the curtains around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes, so God draws the curtains of darkness around us; so he makes all things to be hushed and still, that his great family may sleep in peace." And what a mercy that he gently shuts the eye of day, instead of suddenly shutting it; that he gently draws aside again the curtains of night in the morning, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth. Let us be thankful that the garish sun does not at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and then, when he is ending his course, we are not plunged in an instant into darkness; but that rather, departing day climbs softly up a ladder, as a poet fancies, setting its red sandal first on shrub, and then on tree, and then on chimney-top, and then on the tall elm, and then on church-spire, and then on hill-top, and then on cloud; thus going up from round to crimson round, into the high heavens.

8. Behold, also, the goodness of God in the endless forms of beauty which we meet. God might have made things to appear ugly and uncouth; but he hath made all things beautiful. Beautiful are the heavens above, clear and blue, and gemmed with stars, or black with awful majesty, or streaked with silver and gold. Beautiful is the morning, when the glories of night are being dis-

solved into the glories of the dawn. Beautiful is evening, when the sun shining aslant sets on fire the trees and bushes, and burnishes the fields. Beautiful is the sea; beautiful is the forest; beautiful is the meadow; beautiful are the majestic mountains; beautiful are the birds, and the flowers, and the lichens, and the mosses, and the gushing fountains, and the fields of clover opening their blushing bosoms to the bees, and the winter crystals vailing the pools, or sheeting the ground, or kissed upon the windows by the cold lips of night.

Every thing is beautiful, and every thing is made beautiful by God:

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty! Thine this univeral frame,
> Thus wondrous fair."

Let us be thankful for this!

It is said of Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, that when first seeing a splendid European plant, he fell on his knees and thanked God for thus beautifying the earth. How much beauty do we see around us every day, and yet for this how seldom are our hearts lifted in gratitude to Him who hath made all things lovely to behold.

Our survey thus far has been limited to the inanimate world. And how much does it show of the goodness of God in little things. And now let us pass to

II. The animate (but unintelligent) part of creation.

And here we are at once struck with the profusion of living creatures. The waters teem with life. There goes leviathan, that maketh the ocean to boil like a pot; and there, in almost infinite variety, are the lesser forms of life, running down to the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain. The atmosphere teems with life, and the dry land swarms with animals of every order, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. Out of our sight are living things. In the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat, in the very acids, in the toughest flint, in the pulp of mellow fruit, in the leaves and organs of plants, in the bodies of animals, ay, and in our own bodies, are puny tenants — colonies of unseen inhabitants, too minute to be detected. Every where is life. Life cradles life. Nature at every pore is bursting with life, and every death is only a new birth.

What object could God have had in creating these innumerable ranks of sensitive existence, except that they might taste his bounty, and enjoy a happiness peculiar to their state? Because dead matter was incapable of delight, and because the eternal Sovereign would exercise his superabundant goodness, therefore hath he stocked the world, and worlds upon worlds, with ten thousand times ten thousands of living creatures, that his table might be filled with millions of guests, whose mouths and whose

hearts he might every hour and every moment fill with food and gladness.

Nor has he failed of his end. How happy are all these his creatures! Enjoyment is certainly with them the rule, and suffering the rare exception. I recently looked through a microscope, upon a part of a drop of water, and there I counted some twenty or thirty animalculæ, apparently as big as a large house-fly, frisking and flirting about, as happy as they could be. And the great deep itself is but the magnificent dance-house of its gladsome inhabitants.

The winged inhabitants of the air, too, have a delightful existence. Have you never stood and admired the nimble and orderly flirtations of a pleasure-party of insects, at the rising or setting sun of a summer's day? What a striking comment upon the Divine beneficence, these myriads of happy insects on the wing; testifying by their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, and their gratuitous activity, the exultation which they feel! The birds, too, especially if it be morning, you find attesting their joy. I have somewhere seen published the following card:

"A CONCERT will be given on Tuesday, May twentieth, at half-past four A.M. Robin, Oriole, Thrush, and many other exquisite and justly celebrated musicians, will be among the performers. Price of admission, 'early rising.'"

I am very sure the attendants would come away, believing the birds to be happy, and probably themselves happier for the sight.

And if, turning the eye from life on the wing, you look upon the smiling, blooming earth around, what signs of happiness in other forms of life! How fresh and grateful the herbage to the flocks and herds! How soft the green carpet upon which, contented, they lie down! How tender and succulent the young leaves, to the crickets and grasshoppers that feed upon them, and then chirp away their pleasant hours! How sweet the honey in the clover-head and the flower to the bee, and the butterfly, and the bird! How the birds enjoy the ripe strawberries, and blackberries, and cherries! How sweet the roots and the nuts to the lithe squirrels! How happy the hen, encircled by her callow brood! And the lambkins and the kittens, with their merry pranks, how intoxicated do they seem with joy!

Oh! how much enjoyment in the animal world. Think of it: at any one time, how many myriads of creatures are eating their food, gratifying their appetites, ruminating in their holes, accomplishing their wishes, pursuing their pleasures, taking their pastimes — all so happy!

And all are supplied and made happy by God! "Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season." And what a mercy that he has relieved them from fear and anxiety, and denied them the knowledge of coming ills. Walking, one day, in New-York City, I saw a man at a street

corner, holding a pretty calf by a strap around its neck, as if waiting for some body. Said I to him: "What are you going to do with that calf?" He answered: "I am going to kill it, or sell it to the butchers." And I went on my way, thanking God that the calf did not hear that, nor know what it was coming to.

Moreover, how kind in God to care for every one of the millions upon millions of this great needy family of his; expending upon each one an equal care, so that the least insect, living but one brief hour, does not fail of his portion. And how kind to provide for all without their labor — for it is a just remark of Pierre, that there exists not a single animal but what is lodged, clothed, and fed by the hand of Providence — without care, and almost without labor. And yet, again, how kind and wise to cause each one to subserve some useful purpose to man; making even the little flies and all the winged insects to act as scavengers, by taking up and carrying off the surplus effete matter in the vegetable creation; and all the little ground-mice and earth-worms to act as nature's plowmen, or as sappers and miners boring in all directions into the stubborn soil, thus rendering it pervious to air and rain and the roots of plants!

In this survey of the unintelligent creation how much do we see of the goodness of God in little things! Here, most truly, is the earth full of his goodness.

III. But let us pass now into the intelligent world — confining our view to ourselves.

1. And here, first of all, behold our outfit, our endowments. To begin, we find ourselves possessed of a body fearfully and wonderfully made. How much in it to excite our wonder and praise. Think of the heart — a forcing-pump — striking a hundred thousand strokes in a day, and continuing it for fourscore years without getting out of order, or growing weary; and of the muscles, and the various joints, and the several classes of nerves; and of the ear, with its scientifically formed cavities and sensitive drum; and of the eye, with its refracting lenses, and its pictured retina, and its protecting lid and lashes; and of the skin, with its nine millions of little pores, ministering to the comfort and the health; and of the lungs, with their peculiar blood-vessels, and air-tubes, and wrapping-membrane, and muscles to keep them in motion—consider the complexity of this machine of the indwelling soul, and be astonished at the wisdom and goodness of God.

And then, here is the mind, with its subtle powers of consciousness, and reflection, and reasoning; and memory, and imagination — each faculty displaying the divine goodness. And the same of the several senses — of sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell.

And then, what an endowment is the gift of speech, by which we may reciprocate thought and feeling, and become acquainted one with another! Thus endowed, behold, in the next place:

2. How every thing is contrived and adjusted to secure our

comfort and good. What a mercy that many functions of the body, such as breathing, digestion, the circulation of the blood, etc., are performed involuntarily; so that they go forward without our bidding or attention! A writer tells of one who had lost the use of the two little muscles that lift the eyelids, compelling the sufferer to shove up his eyelids every moment, with his own hands. Suppose our eyes were not opened and closed except by this method. Have you ever been thankful that God works much of the wonderful machinery of the body, thus leaving you to attend to other things? And what a mercy, too, that these involuntary motions produce pleasure! An eminent physiologist suggests that the greatest enjoyments of our animal nature may be those which, from their constancy, escape our notice altogether. He maintains that the act of respiration, for example, is attended with a positively delightful sensation. And some one has written quite elaborately upon the pleasure of opening and shutting the eyes. Do not these little things show God's goodness?

And how merciful the provisions for gratifying the senses! How much enjoyment comes to us through the eye! Oh! if you were blind, and compelled to exclaim with Milton:

> "Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of eve, or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me:"

if every thing were thus to you a universal blank, and then, if God were suddenly to give you sight, how thankful would you be for it! But you ought to be more thankful now, for you have been enjoying your sight all the time.

Moreover, it is something that the hum of insects, and the gurgling of streams, and the songs of birds, and the sounds of human voices, greet the ear. Says Izaak Walton, (in *The Angler*,) upon hearing a nightingale: "O Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth!" Are you thankful, as you ought to be, for the gift of hearing? And what a mercy, that, while it is necessary that you should eat, food is agreeable instead of disagreeable, as it might have been; and that God gives such a variety of food, animal and vegetable, instead of a single kind, as he might have done! And is it not something that we may smell the aroma of plants and flowers; and that God has hung living censers as it were, smoking with incense, all over the earth — even on the boughs of the trees? and something that we are not numb and insensible to the warmth of the winter fire, and the summer breezes that fan the cheek, and the touch of objects about us, and even incapable of pain — for pain is nature's sentinel of danger; so that if the eye or any part of the body be abused, it may cry

out to us to desist before it be destroyed, (and pain is therefore a kind provision.) It is something then, I say, that we can feel.

Let us, therefore, recognize the goodness of God in his provisions for enjoyment through the senses.

And then what a mercy is sleep, "that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," and recreates us, day by day. Sleep —

> "Man's rich restorative, his balmy bath,
> That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play
> The various movements of this nice machine."

Oh! how delicious after a day's toil:

> "To stretch the tired limbs and aching head
> Upon our own delightful bed!"

Ought we not, every night and every morning, to thank God for sleep?

And another merciful provision is the social relations. Blessed be God, we are not alone in the world — doomed to isolation. We live in families, by God's ordering, and have companions and friends; and these social relations, together with the social affections, how vast the comfort and happiness they afford!

These are some of God's contrivances or arrangements for our gratification and well-being; and in all these little things how conspicuous his goodness.

3. Shall I mention, also, God's hourly deliverances as illustrative of his goodness in little things? A man, riding down a steep hill, and reaching the bottom, said to one whom he met there: "I have had a wonderful deliverance." "What is it?" he asked. "Why, my horse stumbled on that hill, and I was thrown over his head and not harmed." "Indeed," said the man, "I have had many a greater deliverance on that hill than that." "And how?" "Why, I have ridden down that hill hundreds of times, and my horse has never so much as stumbled once!" The moral is plain — but how do we forget it! Why, each day, each hour, each moment, has its deliverances.

> "Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
> Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
> The screws reversed, (a task, which, if He please,
> God in a moment executes with ease,)
> Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
> Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use."

Is not the keeping of this harp in tune a perpetual deliverance?

4. And then time would fail me to speak at length of other common mercies, as we call them.

What a blessing, the use of our bodily powers! Why, we ought to be thankful, every day, that we have feet to walk, and hands to handle, and a body in which to enjoy life. "I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once — when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy

shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot." And what a blessing, at any time, that we are not suffering painful agonizing sickness! Said a suffering child of God to me, sick for two whole years in a bed: "Oh! what a luxury would a half-hour's freedom from pain be!" Have you thanked God, every day, for that luxury?

And then what a blessing, that, amid life's tumults, God restrains our reason, and does not allow her to be driven from her throne! A gentleman was once stopped in the streets of London by a stranger, who asked him: "Did you ever thank God for your reason?" "I don't know that I ever did," the gentleman replied. "Do it quickly, then," said the stranger; "for I have lost mine." Have you ever thanked God, particularly, for your reason? And then I might go on to enumerate daily spiritual benefits. What a blessing is each precious ray of heavenly light, and each access to the throne of grace, and each smile of Jesus, and each opportunity for receiving good or of doing good, and each hour's inward peace, and each assurance of life and immortality, and each moment's spiritual joy. Oh! the goodness of God in these little things. How great their value to us! How barren of enjoyment were life without them! How kind in him to bestow them, when under no obligation to do it!

And now, the one great practical lesson from all this is, that our hearts and our mouths should always be filled with praise. A person who will not love such a God deserves, surely, eternal death. Ingratitude is enough to destroy the soul. Well is it ranked among the great sins of the heathen: "Neither were thankful!" Remember, thankless soul, that you must be forgiven the sin of ingratitude or be lost forever. Let the goodness of God lead you to repentance.

And let Christians beware of this sin. "Should a living man complain?" Should a murmur ever escape our lips? True, we have trials, especially in these times; but even these are blessings; and then, those which we call blessings are so many and so constant, that they ought to swallow up the sight of our troubles, and envelop us in a very atmosphere of gladness and thanksgiving.

Each little every day mercy is direct from the hand of God. Second causes do not alter the fact. The manna in the wilderness no more came from heaven than do our daily blessings. And shall we fail to recognize them from their commonness? Because God comes each day and each minute, with a gift in his hand, shall we for this fail to notice his coming, or cease to be thankful for it? God forbid! Surely the gratitude should be the warmer for this momentary concern.

Praise, then, is our becoming sentiment. It should be the marked feature of our lives. Every day ought to be a Thanksgiving Day.

"Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual praise."

Every little benefit ought to awaken a responsive throb. There should be something in our minds, all the while, for which we are inwardly praising God. The Lord pardon us that we ever murmur! God forgive us that our hearts are not like the eolian in the window, ever breathing forth sweet music! A poor slave was once asked why he was going to keep Thanksgiving Day. "To specially tank the great Massa up high, for his precious word, and a pine-knot to read it wid;" was his reply. And Bishop Burnet tells us of passing the open window of a cottage, one day, and hearing a poor female, upon rising from her table, giving thanks thus: "Potatoes to such an unworthy sinner as I am — and salt, too! O God! how shall I be sufficiently thankful?"

Happy the man that is in such a case. And that it may be ours, let us acquire the habit of observing God's hand in ordinary mercies — in our little, common, every day benefits. Let us often think of the goodness of God in little things.

SERMON XIX.*

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THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"BECAUSE the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—ROMANS 8: 21.

To secure the highest amount of individual freedom, compatible with the general welfare, is a first principle of the best government. It is constantly regarded in God's government of his creatures. His arrangements are so perfect as to leave to all the highest measure of personal liberty, without impairing his sovereign control over them. Pure independence can exist only in the Supreme Creator and Ruler. On him all creatures are dependent; and their absolute independence is farther limited by their various relations to each other. A state is independent when it is free to manage its own affairs without any authoritative control from foreign powers. The people of that state are independent when their individual rights are fully recognized in the construction and administration of the government. That is the truest individual liberty — not where there is no law, but where law is felt to be not simply a restraint but a protection, and secures a cordial, spontaneous obedience; as a thing not simply imposed from with-

* Preached on the Sabbath following the Fourth of Jul 1862.

out, but recognized as belonging to true manhood governing itself in the light of the highest good. Liberty, in its best sense, implies law — not freedom from law; law gladly recognized and obeyed. It is not simply the doing of each one's pleasure, regardless of all other considerations. It is each one's pursuing his own welfare, unmolested, with due regard to the claims of his associates. Tyranny compels subjection to arbitrary authority, with no choice on the part of the subject; no opportunity of dissent or of spontaneous cordial obedience; with no regard to the personal rights of the individual. Liberty is compatible with a firm government; but the citizen feels that he is himself an integral part of that government, and that the restraints to which he is subjected are self-imposed from considerations of both interest and morality. Such liberty as this has been the grand ideal after which the noble-hearted patriots of all ages have striven with an earnest devotion. It was the germ of all the ancient republics, and the vital principle in the heroic struggles in Holland and Switzerland, in the civil throes of England, and wherever men have asserted their rights and attempted to establish a free government. But no where has this grand idea been so perfectly developed in form and practical working as in our own glorious Republic. No where has a government existed whose theory so largely and completely embodied this idea of individual liberty. And we may add, with all the drawbacks of party animosity and tyranny, and of all that in the system of slavery is at variance with the highest human liberty, no where has this boon and all its attendant blessings been more largely enjoyed than by the people of this land.

It was a grand and solemn day when the American Colonies declared themselves to be free and independent States, and took their stand among the nations of the earth. It was an heroic struggle which they maintained for seven years against great forces, and amid vast difficulties and frequent reverses. And it was a magnificent victory which was gained at last, and a "glorious liberty" which they achieved and bequeathed to their descendants for all time, when they secured the acknowledgment of their independence and the respect of other nations, and a place of equality among them. The cause of human freedom has battled on through centuries against a heavy opposition, and with a progress marked by martyrdom; gaining slowly, but surely, as its history in Great Britain and other European states shows. But, says Mr. Webster, "into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached through such slow and painful steps, we sprang at once by the Declaration of Independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing, more or less, from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation, by those great men of our own country whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky." (*Works*, IV. 134.)

Well may the day that hailed the birth of such national liberty be kept as a great festival; and well may the rites of religion be invoked to grace and hallow its observance, and men be called to praise God for the precious boon, and to supplicate him to continue it to us.

The sounds of its celebration still linger in our ears, reminding us of those earnest and prophetic words of one of the noblest of American statesmen and patriots, written from his seat in Congress on the day after the Declaration was made: the event is one that "ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade — with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bon-fires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore." (John Adams. See *Webster's Works*, I. p. 150.)

This year our national anniversary has been celebrated with no less of enthusiasm and of public demonstration than in former years; but the sadly strange circumstances of our country have given a peculiar tone to its sounds of rejoicing. For more than the past long year this good land, which our fathers received from God and gave to us, has been distracted by civil war. The fabric of liberty, cemented by their costly sacrifices, has been rudely assailed and threatened with destruction by their own children. With insane folly, blinded by passion, misled by designing, self-seeking men, governed by a mistaken idea of policy and self-interest, a large portion of the citizens of this great Republic have risen up in arms against the best government on the face of the earth, under which they have enjoyed for years unparalleled prosperity and happiness. Readily can we imagine the shades of our departed heroes gazing mournfully on this sad scene, and imploring their children to cease from their madness. The nature of the present struggle — the unjustifiableness of the rebellion — the stern necessity of maintaining the national authority — the duty of every citizen to stand by the Government in its vindication of the Constitution, the nation, the Union — these are themes plain and well established, and not now to be discussed. Only this one thing may I say in connection with our text, that it is a great mistake to suppose, an unwarranted assumption to affirm, that our fellow-citizens of the South who are arrayed against the National Government are contending for liberty and the sacred rights of men. I have no doubt that many of them honestly believe that they are — but it is a gross delusion; and the principal conspirators and leaders of the rebellion know it to be such. They are battling against the very noblest bulwark and tower of human liberty ever erected on this earth, I verily believe—humanly speaking, and without forgetting that God is not dependent on any men or any nations for the accomplishment of his purposes—I verily believe that the cause of human liberty is deeply involved in the maintenance of our national existence; and one

of the saddest blows it could receive, throwing it far back in the course of time and disappointing the hopes of millions, would be the success of this insurrection and the destruction of this Union. And because I believe this, because I believe that our fathers were guided by the providence of God, and with almost superhuman wisdom, to the construction of this government, because I believe that their work was designed of God to benefit the nations and ages of the world, because God has dealt so wondrously with us all along our history, because I believe the cause in which we are engaged to be the cause of human liberty, and of law, and of righteousness, I am ready to uphold it with my voice, and my influence, and my prayers, and any sacrifices that I may be called to make; and because of all these considerations, I trust that God will give us success. I rejoice in the awakened patriotism of the North; I rejoice in our brave soldiers and our great resources. The patriotic promptness of a free nation marching forward to the maintenance of national authority — of law against license — is the grandest epic in human history. But not in all these do I put my trust. In God is my hope — in God, whose merciful regard to us may be seen in the very calamity with which he smites us. Not our chariots, not our horses, not our brave soldiers, not our swift-moving and death-dealing boats, alone constitute our strength. But it is in the grand principles involved, in the hearty trust of the people in God; and then, above all, in God himself appealed to, invoked and honored, that we are to rely.

And therefore, although we were disappointed in our hopes, and instead of rejoicing on the Fourth of July in the great decisive victory that would go far toward quelling the rebellion and finishing this dreadful strife, we were saddened by what seemed to be a reverse, and myriads of hearts were filled with sorrow or suspense by the tidings of fierce battles, in which the best blood of our country has been poured out in rivers. Notwithstanding all this, we have not abated our hope, or thought of turning back from the struggle. With tears in our eyes to the memory of those who have fallen, with earnest sympathy for those who mourn and those who suffer, and with proud gratification in the unflinching courage and persistent devotion and grand achievement of our troops, especially those of our own State, we gird ourselves for fresh toil. And the sons of liberty will flock to her standard, and wives and mothers will give their dear ones to the sacrifice, and the Church will consecrate them with her prayers, and patriotism will meet the heavy expense; and setting up our banners in the name of the Lord, we will do valiantly — through the strength of the Lord, we will do valiantly; and our enemies — alas! alas! they are our fellow-citizens, and we weep to think that we must fight against them; but they are fighting against their country and ours; and now nothing but the sword can cure the delusion or settle the dispute — they will at length yield, and we shall be preserved. Liberty, my friends, has had its mar-

tyrs in all ages. Those who die fighting for their country in a righteous cause are heroes who shall be ever honored. Only let us keep near to God; let us not be boastful or self-confident, but humble and trustful. They who forget God in the time of prosperity, and are greatly elated with success, are most depressed when reverses come. We may be mistaken; surely we have no claim on God by reason of any righteousness of ours; our skirts are by no means clean, and this war is doubtless to be regarded in the light of a judicial as well as a providential discipline. We may be mistaken in our hopes of the future, and God may see it best that we should be broken to pieces, and cease to have a place and a name among nations. Still, right here, just as our national anniversary has once more come and gone, here, amid the wailings over the beloved and honored dead; here, amid whatever there is of gloom and depression because of recent events, I can not help believing still that God is on our side, and hoping that our country shall be preserved, that peace shall come back to us an undivided nation, that future years shall show the purifying of this furnace, and that the vision of John Adams shall be fulfilled, and the Fourth of July shall be commemorated with pomp and rejoicing "from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore;" and that here, where the cross and the standard of freedom were planted together, God will be pleased to develop more and more perfectly civil liberty in a true Christian state — a blessing to our people and to the nations of the world.

But now, my friends, as the sounds of the recent celebration have died away into the sacred stillness of the Sabbath, our thoughts turn to a higher and purer liberty, of which civil liberty is but a reflection, and from which it derives its life and worth. For trace back the progress of human freedom, and you will find that it has reached its best and highest exemplification where the Christian religion has most displayed its life. And it is no mere form of speech, but the utterance of an established and important truth, when we say that civil and religious liberty go hand in hand, and the best friends of the Bible are the best friends of human freedom; and the purest Christian makes the best citizen and patriot; and a Christian state is the true and only free state; and so it is not going altogether to a different theme but passing on to higher ground, when we come to speak of the "glorious liberty" which the Gospel proclaims, and which the children of God are permitted to enjoy.

For after all, what is civil liberty worth to us as individuals, comparatively speaking, so long as we have not learned to govern ourselves, and are still the servants of sin? Is not he "the free man whom the truth makes free"? "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." A state of sin is the darkest slavery. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." Every one knows

t there is no task-master so tyrannous as our own sinful na-
e, our own passion or self-will. No conquest is so hard as self-
quest; no victory so grand as self-control. "Better is he that
eth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And "he that hath
rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and
hout walls." (Proverbs 25: 28.) Many a man loud in praise
liberty, and asserting his rights as a free and independent citi-
, is the veriest slave of lust. Nay, all of our race are by na-
e "in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity." And
at we need, most of all, is the grand deliverance by the grace
God, and the new life of piety which he imparts. This is the
rious liberty of the children of God. It is:

. Freedom from sin. The child of God is freed from condem-
ion. The sentence of the law written against him as an im-
nitent sinner is blotted out, and being justified by faith, he has
ce with God. While sin, as a tyrant, holds us as his subjects,
law holds us as prisoners and criminals. But the grace of God
ich makes us his children bring us out from prison, pardons
offenses, and delivers us from punishment. At the same time
child of God is set free from the dominion of sin. "There is,
refore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,
o walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit; for the law of
spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law
sin and death." It is characteristic of the child of God that he
lks not after the flesh, but after the spirit. He is not strictly
fect, so that he never errs. He is still imperfect, frail, in the
ly, and surrounded by temptations; and often has occasion to
urn his errors and offenses. Still he is no longer the slave of
. He has been redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled. He is
freed man of the Lord. Nay, he is the child of God, having
n adopted into God's family; having received, not the spirit of
ndage again to fear, but in place of it the spirit of adoption,
ereby he cries: Abba, Father.

. It is freedom from the fear of death. A bondage to the fear
death is a common torment of our race. Men, even without
gion, rise above it by various efforts, and under different
uences. Patriotism, anger, recklessness, skepticism, busy occu-
ion, may subdue it. But the child of God has a glorious deliv-
nce from it by being lifted above it, with the assurance of a tri-
ph over it, and the enjoyment of a grand life beyond it. He
lks by faith, seeing things invisible to mortal eyes, knowing
t the light affliction of the moment is to be followed by a far
re exceeding and eternal weight of glory. For him Death is
bed of his sting. For the "sting of death is sin, and the
ngth of sin is the law." But he can say: "Thanks be to God
o giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

. Again, this liberty of the Christian is a liberty under law.
is not pure independence. It is not mere license. It is not
ting the Christian beyond control. He is still surrounded by

the sovereignty of God and all the defenses of God's holy law. As before remarked, in all God's dealings with us there is no such thing as liberty without law. We as soon think of God's abdicating his throne as of his abolishing the law. "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law." It is one of the chief beauties and glories of Christian liberty that it is according to law; that it finds its highest delight and completest development in obedience to the law of God. that whilst the life of the Christian flows on like a stream gliding at its own sweet will, it also flows as by a holy instinct in channels and courses of God's appointing, and in accordance with laws of his establishing.

And this leads to the remark that

4. Christian liberty is a spontaneous obedience to God. It is a new life, the life of God's children. Children are bound to obey their parents; but the relation which they sustain to them must ever be nearer, and more ennobling and free than that of servants. That man has no correct idea of the worth, the meaning, the beauty of the parental relation, who treats his children simply as servants, subject to his caprices, to be used only for the furtherance of his selfish ends. God does not treat his children so, and they do not feel toward him simply as his servants, rendering a fearful, a legal, a compulsory obedience. They are his subjects, his servants, bound to obey the slightest intimations of his will. But they are more. Christ said to his disciples: "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends, for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth." But even more than friends, they are children. They are adopted into his family. But it is even a closer relationship than that. The blood of the parent flows in the veins of the child. The child receives the nature of the parent. God imparts his Spirit to his children. They become partakers of a divine nature. In their measure they love as God does; they live out the spirit that is in them; they engage spontaneously, naturally, that is, according to their renewed nature, in his service. It is their joy, the impulse of their spiritual life, to do that which pleases God. It has come into their souls as a vital principle to glorify God and enjoy him forever; and all their living is modified and controlled by this; and their happiness is found in their completest service of God. It is natural for the light to shine; for the flower to bloom in beauty and send out its fragrance; for the bird to sing its joyousness; for the meadow to smile in rich verdure beneath the summer showers and sun; and all this is according to strict, unvarying law. So the child of God spontaneously serves him, loves to worship him, loves to help forward his cause, loves to practice holiness, not simply because God requires him to do so, but because it is in his heart to do so; because his heart has been renewed, is sanctified, governed by a holy principle. This is the highest liberty, the liberty of a sanctified nature, of a will made free in holiness. This is the lib-

erty of the flower blooming in the garden, of the bird sweetly caroling in the tree, or winging its flight unrestrained through the air. But it is vastly more. It is the freedom of the holy angels who do God's will in heaven: there unbroken and complete, here imperfect because of the defilement of sin not at once eradicated, and the presence of temptation. For the child of God often sighs because he does that which he would not, and longs to be delivered from the body of this death. Yet it is his great joy that his heart is set to do God's will. And these unwilling aberrations, these repeated failures, while they serve to keep him humble and watchful, also serve to enhance the glory and gladness of the hour of full release, and entrance on the perfect service of God in the heavenly home.

5. For consider that this is a perpetual liberty never to be interrupted.

The children of God shall never again become the willing bond-slaves of sin, and shall attain to a perfect love and freedom from all sin, and complete satisfaction in the likeness of God. "For I am persuaded," says Paul, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor hight, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Preserved unto the end of this life by the grace of God, his children shall all be received into his heavenly home, and there they shall be free indeed, free from all imperfection, from all sorrow, serving God gladly forever in the untarnished beauty of holiness.

6. Finally, let it be considered, that this liberty is wrought out for us through suffering, and bestowed on us by the grace of God.

All redemption, all advance of human freedom, has been secured through suffering and sacrifice. Liberty has had its heroes and its martyrs, through whom its deliverances and triumphs have been achieved. Each onward step, each successive achievement, has been at the cost of human lives, of pains, and agonies.

In how much higher, holier sense is this true of this glorious liberty of the children of God! It comes to us as the purchase of the self-sacrifice of the Son of God. He came down from heaven and died to redeem us. Before him all the heroism of the champions of civil freedom, all martyrdoms for humanity, pale and sink into insignificance; or rather they are the far-off reflections of his glory, just as all human liberty is a faint coruscation from that resplendent redemption which he wrought out. For this grand liberty, as for all minor blessings, we are indebted to the cross of Christ, to the grace of God, which bringeth salvation. The price of this glorious liberty was the precious blood of Christ; the incarnation and suffering and death of the Son of God. Let it be added here, that as civil liberty is to be preserved only by unceasing vigilance, so does the enjoyment and preservation of this boon,

gift as it is of God's grace, and continued to us by his kindness, demand of us unceasing watchfulness, lest it degenerate into license, or we, being found off our guard, shall become again the captives of the devil.

Now, my friends, is not this a "glorious liberty," this liberty of the children of God? Natural liberty is freedom to act as one chooses without restraint, except from the laws of one's own being. Civil liberty is natural liberty controlled and guarded by right laws for the general good. Religious liberty is the right to hold religious opinions, and to worship God, according to the convictions of one's reason, and the approval of one's conscience, unrestrained by any human power. The liberty of God's children is a heart set free from sin, loving and practicing what is right, delighting to do God's will, rejoicing in his friendship, and having a sure prospect of perpetual and perfect bliss in holiness. To be delivered from the condemnation of the law, and the dominion of sin; to be made a child of God; to have the spirit of the Lord in our hearts, and to live superior to passion and to worldliness and to the fear of death; with the blissful anticipation of a perfection of holiness, in which every emotion of the heart shall be right, and a happiness like to that of God himself, shall be ours perpetually — is not that a "glorious liberty," greatly to be desired for ourselves and for others?

And if it is ours, dear friends, what thanksgivings are now welling up to God in our hearts! What "good matter" of praise are we now "inditing!" If it is ours, how should the contemplation of its beauty and excellence, and of the favor of God in bestowing it on us, lead us to watch against all sin—to purify ourselves as he is pure! How should we strive to live out the character of God's children—to live up to our high calling—to be, not worldly, but heavenly-minded; not selfish, but self-denying; not fearful, but rejoicing; "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer," comforted under all afflictions, with its sweet peace and blissful assurances! Oh! how shall God's dear children, emancipated into so "glorious liberty," be slaves to sin, or in bondage to fear?

And if this be ours, and we know something of its preciousness, will we not strive to impart it to others? to proclaim liberty to the captives? to free all we can from the bondage of sin, and introduce them into the glorious liberty of the children of God?

Say, my hearers, who of you does not desire this liberty? And will you make no effort to obtain it? Will you not accept it freely from the grace of God? Do you boast of civil liberty? Do you make great sacrifices to secure and to maintain it? Does your bosom swell with conscious greatness, as you boast yourself a citizen of a grand republic, a free man? And will you count nothing too dear, not even life itself, to be expended for the maintenance of such freedom in its integrity? Behold this higher liberty gracing, dignifying, sanctifying all else; giving an inex-

pressible charm to all that is beautiful and good in earthly living, and bestowing on you the freedom of the city of our God, which is everlasting. And will you not strive to attain to it? Are you unwilling to make any sacrifice to secure it?

Do you love your country? Who does not love it? To whose heart have not the storms and struggles of the past year made it dearer than ever? You can not better serve your country than by serving the Lord. Whatever be the position you occupy, whatever the capacity of your citizenship, the love of God in your heart, the practice of godliness in your life, will enhance your usefulness, your ability to do good to the state. Piety must be our preservation. Righteousness alone exalteth a nation in continuance; and national righteousness depends on the righteousness of individuals. The purest patriotism is enriched and strengthened by the humblest piety.

It was a glorious day, my hearers, when Moses led Israel forth from bondage, and the shores of the Red Sea and the distant rocky hills resounded with their anthem to the Lord who had triumphed gloriously, and cast the horse and his rider into the deep, and given deliverance to his people. It was a glorious day when Gideon, waving his sword, in the name of Jehovah, put to flight the army of his enemies, and ransomed Israel from her oppressors. And glorious was it when our fathers signed the Declaration of Independence, and the old bell in Philadelphia rung out the glad tidings upon the air, which wafted them up to the waves of Boston harbor, and the hills of New-Hampshire, and down across the slopes of Virginia and the plains of Georgia; tidings that proclaimed the birth of a new republic, a nation of freemen, a republic, which, please God, shall yet stand in its integrity to be the admiration and joy of unborn ages.

But that was a far surpassing glory when Jesus, the Son of God, came down from heaven to our earth proclaiming liberty to the captives, pardon to the condemned, salvation to the perishing, and leading up his redeemed in countless numbers to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy.

It is a grand thing, my friends, to be a citizen of a free republic, with all its immunities, its guards of liberty, and its untrammeled freedom. We thank God for our civil institutions; and right in the midst of the storm that is now dashing upon them and testing their seaworthiness and the firmness of their anchorage, we say hopefully: Please God, they shall be perpetuated, they shall outride the storm, and shall be dearer and purer than ever.

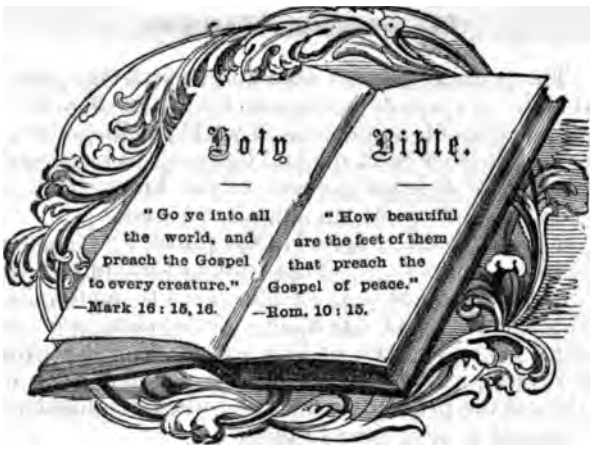
But here is the great commonwealth of God. Here is the state that guarantees equal rights to all, whose law is love, whose peace is deep-seated and perpetual, whose destiny is everlasting prosperity. Citizenship in it is the highest honor, and richest happiness. Its progress is sure; its triumph is decreed. Blessed are they who are enrolled among its citizens. Its sway shall be coextensive with the earth. Its glorious consummation shall be

in the circles of eternity; the glad service, the enlarged delights of heaven.

And who does not desire its spread over the earth? What a glad time will it be when this commonwealth shall have extended its authority and diffused its immunities every where! Then wars and fightings shall cease, and universal righteousness give universal peace. It seems as if the whole creation, the irrational as well as the rational, animate and inanimate, were looking forward to that time; were anxiously awaiting its redemption from all the evils in which sin has involved it; a joyous participation in the redemption of God's children; a restoration of the beauty and harmony and bliss of Eden, when the great Creator looked, pleased, on all his works and pronounced them very good. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. Because the creature itself shall also be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." This is the end toward which all things are tending. This is the good time, the coming glory. How far there shall be a literal renovation of the world who can tell? But that a new moral life, indwelling righteousness, shall beautify our race and make the desert blossom as the rose, we all believe. The under-current of the restless ocean of human existence is setting toward this. The convulsions that upheave society, these wars and changes that distress us, are helping forward the coming kingdom, which can not be shaken. The sufferings that nations and communities and individuals, struggling, toiling, dying, in support of human freedom and Gospel truth, endure, are the prices at which the glorious liberty is to be secured.

And then, all the earthly glory, however great, is to be unspeakably transcended in heaven. The dawn of this liberty of God's children gladdens us here; there it shall brighten into perfect day. The full "manifestation of the sons of God" will be after the great day of resurrection and judgment. But even now God's children are constantly going to their blessed redemption. Day by day, all down the years, the vast triumphant throng have been marching to the home of peace. From the fires of martyrdom, from the gory field of battle, from the lowly bed of sickness, from the tender nursing of loving friends, by the cruel stroke of bitter enemies, the children of God are set at liberty, and go to behold his face in righteousness.

God grant that as you and I, dear friends, one by one receive our summons at the hand of death, we may be ready, through the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus, to enter into the unalloyed fruition of that glorious liberty.


Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XX.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D., LL.D.,
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THE CONDITION OF GROWTH AND BLESSEDNESS.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts 20: 35.

SHOULD the traveler in the south of France chance to pass in pruning-time through the extensive vineyards spread over hillside and valley, he might think that the vine-dressers were engaged in a work of destruction. He would see the knife remorselessly applied to the luxurious growth of the former season. He would see the spreading branches which seemed to promise an abundant vintage, one after another removed, till a few stalks would be all that remained in connection with each plant. In his inexperience he might say, "All prospect of fruitage is destroyed. No purple clusters will elaborate their nectar; no crimson current will flow from the wine-press."

But should he return at the proper season, he would find that the vine-dresser had pursued a course adapted to secure the largest

vintage. The pruning process does not, at first view, seem adapted to that end. Experience shows that it is thus adapted.

There are courses of human action which, at first view, seem to be as much at variance with the end designed to be accomplished, as the removal of a large portion of the branches of the vine seems to be at variance with an abundant vintage.

Of this character is that implied in the phrase: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." These words as uttered by the Apostle had primary reference to the bestowment of material charities, but the principle involved has a far wider application. A principle underlies every precept of God's word, and the principle is always more comprehensive than the rule founded upon it.

What then is the principle which underlies the affirmation that it is more blessed to give than to receive?

The words, giving and receiving, indicate a distinction in regard to the operations of the human mind. Giving implies activity—the exercise of some degree of energy. Receiving implies passivity, or only such action as is involved in receiving. There is action in receiving. We stretch forth the hand to receive the proffered fruit. We give attention to him who would communicate to us his ideas. There is activity in these and in similar operations; but activity of a different kind from that employed in giving the fruit, in originating and communicating the ideas. Hence, no violence is done to language or to thought by referring the operations of the soul to two heads—namely, activity and passivity—giving and receiving.

Man desires happiness. He can be happy only as he is a man, as his powers are rightly developed and exercised. Whatever tends to promote the right development of his powers, to cause him to approximate to a perfect man, renders him blessed, happy. Hence the principle we are in search of may be stated thus: Man finds his fullest development and his highest happiness in benevolent activity. To illustrate this principle will be the object of the present discourse.

I remark, as preparatory to a direct consideration of our proposition, that nature is constructed in keeping with its truth; that is, nature is as we should expect her to be, this proposition being true. We find nature adapted to promote activity. She tells man to receive, but calls on him in louder tones to give. She extends to him the pendent purple clusters, and bids him receive and enjoy them. She leads him to the rustling autumnal cornfield, and bids him gather the gold-tipped ears. She spreads out before his sense of beauty the violet and the rose, bends over him the bow of promise, and "sets her diamonds on the brow of night." But this giving, this appeal to his sense of beauty, to his receptivity, is only as a means to an end. She gives him food, not as an end, but as a means of imparting vigor for exertion.

By the attractions of beauty she fixes his attention, and awakens the desire for knowledge. She then gratifies that desire. To his reverent questionings she unfolds the principles of science. In every thing around him, in the leaflet, in the rock-ribbed hills, in the ocean, in the stars, there is science, principles to be known, principles, which rightly apprehended, lead to action. Thus, nature furnishes the incitements and the materials for knowledge, and she bids man use that knowledge in giving. She makes known to him the laws of vegetation, that he may produce food for the hungry. She tells him the secrets of the stars, that he may guide the ship across the trackless deep. She commits to his direction her swiftest messenger, that he may in a moment communicate his thoughts to those who are far away. Thus, nature is perfectly adapted to promote activity in man.

A second remark preparatory to the discussion before us is, that we should expect that activity would be the law of man's being, from the fact that he was made in the image of God. "My Father worketh hitherto," says the Saviour, "and I work." The grand example of unceasing labor is thus set us by our heavenly Father. His activity is the result of his infinite perfection. That which is the result of infinite perfection may reasonably be regarded as a necessary condition of perfection in man.

God worketh hitherto. He upholdeth all things by the word of his power. He marshals the stars, causing the day-spring to know his place, binding the sweet influences of Pleiades, and loosing the bands of Orion. He is at work daily around us. Now he gives to hillside and valley their spring robe of green, and anon spreads over them the white shroud of death. God is working all around us, carrying on operations from the most stupendous to the most minute, and if we are imitators of him, we shall find our true life in working. Every stream which rushes rejoicingly on its course, every breeze which causes the cloud-shadows to flit over the ripening grain, or wakes the whispering of the pines, every star which sheds its radiance and moves with silent yet resistless energy in its appointed course, tells men to be active, to be givers, benefactors after the example of God.

I pass now to the direct consideration of our proposition, that man's fullest development and highest happiness are found in benevolent activity.

I. This is true of man's physical nature. Our physical powers do not depend for their growth so much upon receiving as upon giving. Food must, indeed, be received. It is the material of which bone and sinew and muscle are made. But the assimilating process will not take place, bone and sinew and muscle will not be formed and strengthened, unless the various parts of the physical system are brought into vigorous exercise.

Look at the man of hereditary wealth who thinks it more blessed to receive than to give. He lies upon silken couches, and the four quarters of the globe are taxed to gratify his desires. Compare his pallid countenance and listless movements with the glowing countenance and manly tread of one who, through choice or necessity, has obeyed God's law, "six days shalt thou labor," and you will see in the contrast, proof that it is more blessed to give than to receive; you will see that, even in respect to our physical nature, activity is the condition of its highest life.

It may be said, that man's inclinations do not lead him to labor; that there is a tendency in our nature to indolence rather than to exertion.

So there is a tendency in the cool waters of the rivulet that flows sparkling over the mountain-rocks, to send forth putrid exhalations when diverted from its course and shut up in stagnant pools. But let that rivulet flow onward as it was made to flow, through forest and meadow to the sea, and the swallow shall dip its swift wing in its pure waters, and the flower shall mirror itself in its quiet eddies. And so let man's nature act as God made it to act, let it follow the tendencies implanted in the soul when it was formed in the image of God, and we shall not hear of tendencies to indolence.

It may be said that there is enjoyment in rest, and that rest is the opposite of activity. True, but previous activity is a necessary condition of rest. An idle man can no more enjoy the sweetness of rest than a blind man can enjoy the beauty of colors.

II. It is true of man's mental and spiritual nature, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The various departments of man's mental or spiritual nature find their fullest development in benevolent activity, and man's highest happiness is thus attained.

1. The fullest development of the intellect depends upon its productive activity. The intellectual man is one who is capable of thinking—that is, of perceiving truth in its various forms, relations, and adaptations, of combining truth in theory, of embodying it in action so as to accomplish certain desirable results. To form such a man is the object of intellectual education.

Now, it is well known that the intellect grows not so much by what it receives as by what it gives. It is not like a vessel whose elastic sides expand as it is filled. It does not grow like the rock by accretion from without. It is rather like the tree whose increase is the result of its inner life.

It is true that it must receive somewhat as a condition of its activity. Many suppose that education consists in receiving, and that a man who possesses a certain amount of knowledge in certain departments, is an educated man, and of consequence, that a

good teacher is one who has a ready utterance and a clear method of communicating knowledge. They repeat the maxim that knowledge is power, and are content.

It is not true, as a universal proposition, that knowledge is power. Some degree of knowledge is the necessary condition of power, but power is not a necessary consequence of knowledge. Only as it prompts to activity, and gives direction to that activity, can knowledge be said to be a source of power.

A large amount of knowledge may be possessed in connection with very little mental power. Every observer knows that the mental power of men is not always in proportion to their knowledge. There have been men of many tongues who have never given an utterance of power. There have been walking encyclopædias who could perceive only what is printed in a book, and upon whose judgment you would place no more reliance than upon the judgment of a child; while in the varied walks of business, and among those whose hands and countenances have been hardened and browned by labor and exposure, men far removed from academic halls, you will find the clear apprehension and sound practical judgment which make their utterance like that of an oracle. Unaided by professional teachers, they have been led to exercise their minds and put forth that self-activity which always develops power.

No man of mere learning ever swayed an extensive influence. Those who have been "the lights and the awakening voices" of their generation have been men who gave, who acquired power by putting it forth. Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, gave, and giving was a cause as well as a consequence of their amazing power. From the creations of their own minds, from the treasures of their own genius, they gave; and in the quickening power which they have exerted on all succeeding ages, is seen the truth of the declaration that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Not only is the highest intellectual power thus developed, but there is greater enjoyment in those mental acts which come under the head of giving than in those which come under the head of receiving. No doubt there is pleasure in receiving the clearly expressed thoughts of others; but there is a higher pleasure in thinking for one's self. There is pleasure in beholding the brilliant wild flower which the botanist has carefully preserved in his collection; but there is a higher pleasure in beholding that flower in the wild gorge of its mountain-home, and when nodding in the freshness of the mountain-breeze. Truths perceived in their virgin freshness, thoughts which are one's own by right of original discovery, are the ministers of the highest intellectual enjoyment.

The action of the human mind is not confined to intellectual operations, nor are its highest intellectual operations performed for merely intellectual ends. The highest forms of intellectual

power have been developed by means of activity put forth for benevolent ends. If we refer to the past, we shall find that the men who have consecrated their energies to high moral purposes have developed the highest forms of humanity.

At first view, it may seem that the testimony of history is adverse to our assertion. It is certain that the common impressions of men are opposed to it. It is commonly supposed that there is some degree of conflict between the claims of greatness and the claims of benevolence, that it requires the cruel ambition of Cæsar, or the reckless impiety of Byron, to develop the highest forms of power.

We admit that many have attained "a bad eminence," that the ranks of so-called heroes have been filled with selfish and wicked men. But after all, I think it will appear, that in almost every department of human effort, the very highest power has been wielded by men who gave themselves to their country and their race.

Why are the names of Hampden and Washington reverenced in all enlightened lands as no other names are reverenced? What enabled the untitled Commoner to direct the counsels of England in the most critical period of her history? What enabled Washington to give his country a place among the nations of the earth? What gave him his calm wisdom, his concentration of energy, his inflexible perseverance, his controlling influence? It was his love of country, his sublime devotion to duty. He gave himself without reserve to the good of his country and of his race. It was this which rendered him peerless among warriors and statesmen, though perhaps in native endowments he may have been equaled or even surpassed by many. It was this which brought him into such intimate relations with truth and justice, that even the gifted Hamilton confessed, that whenever he had differed in judgment from his chief, experience had, in almost every instance, shown that he was in error.

The student of English history will not hesitate to place Oliver Cromwell at the head of the sovereigns of England. Even his enemies admit that he wielded a personal power greater than was ever wielded by a Plantagenet. When Cromwell held the English scepter, an Englishman was safe even under the shadows of the Vatican. Without claiming for him the sublime purity of purpose which we claim for Hampden and Washington, we may claim (and truth long crushed to earth by the falsehoods of Hume will vindicate that claim) that his grand object was to give a good government to England, and to promote the interests of the Protestant Church throughout the world. The energy which enabled him to organize battalions before whose iron hail and impetuous charge the troops of the perjured Stuart were as grass before the mower, was inspired by no selfish purpose. The letters written

in his name by his Latin secretary John Milton, who, with all his genius, felt no degradation in serving under such a chief, breathe a spirit of enlarged philanthropy and of deep regard for the Church of God, such as is found in no state papers that the world has seen. The highest military and civic energy is here seen in connection with high moral purpose.

If we turn to the records of intellectual power — if we look at greatness as it has appeared in authorship, we shall find that the grandest productions of mental power have been called forth by the stimulus of high benevolent purpose. Milton assures us, and we may well believe him, that his object in writing *Paradise Lost* was "the glory of God through the honor and instruction of his country." It was this high purpose which led to the production of an epic before which all others "pale their ineffectual fires."

To glance at another department of intellectual effort. There is no name among the moral philosophers of the race that can be placed before that of the humble New-England pastor, Jonathan Edwards. Why was he, to use the language of Sir James Mackintosh, "unsurpassed, perhaps unmatched, by any among mortals"? Was pecuniary profit or human glory the motive which led him to write those works which placed him at once in the highest rank, in the estimation of the thinkers of Europe? No; he sought to do good by defending the truth of God. All the productions of his wondrous intellect were prompted by a desire to do good and to glorify God.

So with his great compeer Bishop Butler. With less clear views of evangelic truth, yet with an honest purpose to serve his generation and the cause of righteousness, he elaborated his *Analogy*, than which no more enduring monument of thought has been erected by the power of man.

It is then more blessed to give than to receive, because the highest forms of intellectual power have resulted from the stimulus of a benevolent purpose.

III. The affections occupy a prominent place in our mental economy. They may be said to be the seat of happiness. Whatever touches them, touches the issues of life. A knowledge of the true law of their working is therefore as important to him who would be happy, as the law of gravitation to him who would erect a stable structure.

To be the object of sympathy, of affection, is one of the strongest desires of the soul. Even the outlaw, whose creed is misanthropy, and whose employment is violence, desires the affections of his kind. Expressions of compassionate interest, a tone of sympathy, has often calmed his tempestuous passions, and perhaps turned him from the evil of his ways.

There is no power like that of love. What labors and sacrifices

has it not prompted and sustained! Toils which the wealth of Ind could not purchase, are ever ready at its call. It has led the shrinking maiden to meet unappalled dangers and sufferings before which the mail-clad warrior would flee in dismay.

Those who would sway the scepter of power have often forgotten the strength of love. They have appealed to force instead of affection, and have dug the dungeon and driven the stake. Those who have been ambitious of founding extensive empires have founded them on force. The great exile of St. Helena saw clearly the truth in this matter, and contrasted the empires founded on force with that of Jesus Christ founded upon love — which had existed for more than 1800 years, and still had subjects ready to die for their king. Yes, blessed be God, the God of love, there are thousands scattered throughout the earth who, under the constraining influence of the love of Christ, would die for him to-day, did he require the sacrifice. Many a feeble woman, should the Saviour require the sacrifice of her life, would throw herself on the promise, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be," and cheerfully ascend the scaffold or embrace the stake.

God appeals to love as the strongest principle of human action. He sets before men the love which led him to give his only-begotten Son.

Now this powerful principle, like all other principles of our nature, is strengthened by exercise, and in its exercise is found the highest enjoyment of man. It is more blessed, is a greater source of happiness, to exercise affection toward worthy objects of affection, than to be ourselves the object of affection. The father, the mother, the sister, the friend, knows from experience the truth of this assertion.

The happy man is he who obeys God's all-comprehending law of love. The faithful minister who cherishes a life-long interest in the people of his charge, who loves those over whom the Holy Ghost has made him an overseer, who loves those who do not love his Master nor their own souls, who watches with prayerful solicitude for opportunities of so commending to them the love of Christ, as to awaken in their hearts a corresponding love, who, under the constraining influence of that love, practices self-denial, and goes about doing good, is a happy man. He is happy in his work, happy in his sympathy, happy in his self-denial, and happy in the results of his labors. He is happy just in proportion as he devotes himself in God's appointed way to the happiness of others.

The missionary, whom the love of Christ sends to far-distant lands, exchanging the refinements of Christian civilization for the degradation of heathenism, is a happy man. Henry Martyn might have staid at Cambridge where he had gathered academic laurels. Surrounded by admiring friends, and enjoying all the means of

mental culture and mental luxury, he might have lived for himself. But the love of Christ constrained him to devote himself to India. The reader of his journal will see how great were the sacrifices he made and the sufferings he endured, but will not conclude that he was less happy than he would have been had he continued to reside within the walls of the university. He gave himself to Christ and to the cause of benevolence, and found it more blessed to give than to receive.

We have thus glanced at some portions of our nature, which show that a life of benevolent activity contributes to the fullest development and highest happiness of man.

The religion of Christ requires us to lead such a life. It requires us to labor. It tells us, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. It tells us to love our neighbor as ourself. It tells us to do good, to communicate. It bids us give our property, our influence, our sympathies, ourselves to the work of doing good, and assures us that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

From what has been said, we see that the requirements of Christianity are in accordance with the nature of man. The self-denial and self-sacrifice required by Christianity, are no less required by the nature of man. And thus it appears that Christianity is adapted to form the highest style of man.

My hearers, you desire to be happy. It is a lawful desire. God implanted it in your nature. God himself desires your happiness. In order to be happy, you must pursue the course ordained by God, and not the course suggested by the selfishness of our fallen nature. God directs us to seek for happiness in doing good; or rather, he directs us to lead a life of benevolent activity, and makes himself responsible for our happiness. By his ordination and arrangement, the charity which seeketh not her own always secures the largest amount of happiness. You know that you have been unhappy in proportion as you have been selfish, and happy in proportion as you have been influenced by true benevolence. "Love thyself last" was a precept of one who noted the workings of human nature with an accuracy unsurpassed by man — a precept dictated by prudential considerations. We have a higher law than the law of prudence; we have a diviner wisdom than can be drawn from the pages of Shakspeare. We have the example and the wisdom of the divine Redeemer.

Let us avail ourselves of his wisdom. Let us follow his example. From this day and this hour, let us be more earnest, energetic, and persevering in efforts to do good.

SERMON XXI.*

BY REV. ROBERT DAVIDSON, D.D.

PIETY COMPATIBLE WITH THE MILITARY LIFE.

"AND the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages."—LUKE 3 : 14.

THE theme which is presented for your consideration to-night is one which, it is hoped, will need no apology, as being suitable at once to the troublous times in which we live, and to the special object which has called us together, the ordination of a chaplain for the army. Without further preface it is proposed to show that piety is not incompatible with the military life, but is, on the contrary, imperiously demanded by its peculiar exigencies.

Let me not be misunderstood or misrepresented as if I were an apologist for war, or were desirous of disguising its horrors. War is an evil. It is a calamity to be deprecated and deplored. It is never to be waged without the direst necessity. The initiative in offensive war, for conquest or revenge, should never be taken by a Christian nation. But while our prayer is, that God would "scatter the men that delight in war," we are not of the fanatical band who denounce all war, defensive as well as aggressive. We have no sympathy with the modern non-resistance, no-human-government soceities. We desire to be ranked with those who, while they do not justify offensive wars, are nevertheless far from pronouncing defensive wars equally and of necessity unjust.

I. In attempting to demonstrate that piety is compatible with the military life, it is a satisfaction to find ourselves sustained by the authority of holy Scripture.

It is, indeed, alleged, that the Gospel breathes a spirit of love; that it inculcates philanthropy; that Jesus will have none but the meek for his followers; that his kingdom is not of this world, else would his servants fight; that the triumph of the Gospel will be consummated in the spear being beaten into a plow-share, and the sword into a pruning-hook, in the breaking up of military schools, and the forgetting of the art of war.

True, the Gospel does breathe a spirit of philanthropy and love, but it is not indiscriminate. It does encourage the mild sen-

* Delivered before the Presbytery of New-York, at the ordination of Rev. Alexander Proudfit, as a Chaplain for the army, in Madison Avenue Church, New-York, September 10th, 1862. Published by request.

timents of forbearance and pity, but are these emotions to be felt only towards those who invade our dwellings with deadly weapons in their hands and slaughter in their hearts? Are we to feel no tender love, no moving pity towards our wives, our daughters, our sisters, our neighbors, our friends about to fall a prey to the ruthless assailants who insult our quiet? Do we owe nothing to the thousand social and civil ties that bind us to our country, and to that government under which we have attained prosperity and happiness without a parallel? Can the Gospel bid us look calmly on and behold the torch tossed on high and witness the ruin of every interest we have been taught to hold dear and precious, and bind our hands, so that we dare not in our conscience oppose the tempest of fire and blood? We must have strong proof before we can believe it agreeable to the will of God that we should love our enemies better than our friends, and passively expose the lovely, the innocent, the helpless, to the diabolical passions of merciless ruffians. If he that provideth not for his own household is denounced in Scripture as worse than an infidel, what maledictions must be reserved for him who neglects or refuses to protect his household?

Again; the God of nature is the God of revelation. He therefore who would entirely suppress the instincts of nature is guilty of libeling the wisdom of the Most High. Self-preservation is well styled the first law of nature: to rise in self-defense is an instinct universal and immediate. But there is an instinct even stronger than this. The most diminutive bird will face the robber of her nest, and lose all fear of self to protect her brood. What must be the force of that maternal instinct that urges the delicate woman into the jaws of danger to rescue her babe? When the steamer Golden Gate was burned the other day, a lady approached one of the passengers with an infant in her arms, and another three years old at her side, and asked him: "Can you save my child?" "I do not know," he replied, "that I shall be able even to save myself." "If my children," said she, "can be saved, I will consent to be burned in those raging flames." Nothing further is known of her, except that her children were saved while she herself perished, probably while providing heroically for them. And can we believe that the God of nature who implanted these instincts in our breasts, will issue a revelation enjoining their utter extirpation? If all self-defense is unwarrantable, why did our Creator give us that disposition to displeasure so quick to rise on the infliction of an injury? If all anger, not merely when inordinate or excessive, but in itself and essentially, be sinful, why are we charged in Scripture, "Be ye angry, and sin not;" implying that there may be instances of anger without sin? If all indignation be blameworthy, what meant the scourge of cords, and the flash of the eye, when Christ drove the profane traders out of the Temple?

Nor let us be told that the spear and the sword are to be turned into the peaceful implements of agriculture. This is a prediction, not a command; and when all the world shall be imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, then will it be fulfilled to the letter. But those times have not yet come. Till offensive war ceases, self-defense is not precluded; and the Christian soldier may gird his sword upon his thigh without a scruple, and in fighting the battles of his country, feel confident that he is not the less serving the Lord.

Let us turn to the Scriptures, and examine their positive decisions.

If we open the Old Testament, we find Jehovah continually recognized as the God of battles and the Lord of hosts. The angel-captain marched before the army of Israel. When battle was joined, many fell down, "for the war was of God." The Book of Psalms is prescribed to us by apostolic authority as our manual of devotion, and therein we meet with the following exclamation to be sung to the Lord with melody in our hearts: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight!" Many pious people seem to have thought that the martial part of the book of Psalms had become obsolete and useless to us; but the history of the world moves in cycles; it repeats itself; and the events of the present day tend to shed new light on the meaning, force, and applicability of that portion of God's word.

If we consult the New Testament, we hear John the Baptist as he stands by the sacred stream addressing his discourse to various classes of hearers, rebuking hypocrites and infidels, recommending charity to the rich, and charging the tax-gatherers to avoid extortion. The soldiers of Herod chanced to be passing by on their way from Galilee to Arabia, to prosecute the war against King Aretas, and when they demanded what they should do, he did not rail at them as legalized murderers, nor did he require them to relinquish the profession of arms. He only contented himself with directing them, in the words of our text, to refrain from insolence, oppression, false accusation, mutiny, and pillage.

We find, moreover, two centurions distinguished for their piety, neither of whom was required to resign his office.

Our Lord, at the close of the last paschal supper, warned his disciples to be prepared for an approaching change in their circumstances. He was now to be taken from them, and they would encounter many dangers, against which they should manfully provide. "He that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise his scrip;" of course the purse and the scrip were to be used in their appropriate way; "and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." It is equally obvious that the sword was to be used in the only

appropriate way in which a sword could be used. When one of the two swords among them, was shortly after drawn to smite a familiar of the high-priest in the garden, Christ simply said, "Put up thy sword into thy sheath; how shall the Scripture be fulfilled," that is, if successful resistance should be made? As he had resolved to yield himself a prisoner, it was unnecessary to contend. Neither would Christ countenance resistance to a lawful magistrate. But he neither rebuked Peter for wearing a sword in his presence, nor even for drawing it, nor did he order him to fling it away, but simply to sheathe it. What else he added was predictive or declaratory in its character, not minatory.

Nor is this all. The Scriptures no where recognize the tame and servile doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience, broached by the flippant Sacheverell in the time of Queen Anne, and lately revived by some fanatics in the United States, who made up in venom what they lacked in violence, and compensated themselves for abstaining from arms by a sharper war of words and increased acrimony of temper. On the contrary, the Scriptures distinctly lay it down as a fundamental principle, that government is ordained of God for the benefit of the governed, and they unequivocally sanction a firm and manly vindication of personal and civil rights. Thrice did Paul avail himself of this sanction; at Philippi, before the high-priest, and before Festus. Our Saviour also complained of the officer who struck him, as guilty of injustice, and challenged him and his other accusers rather to convict him by fair proof, of the offenses alleged against him. Herein he himself furnishes an interpretation of his celebrated maxim: "If they smite thee on one cheek, turn the other also." Rather than seek private revenge we should submit to a double wrong, and bear repeated injuries patiently, in preference to redressing a single grievance with a vindictive temper, by taking the law into our own hands. But his example proves that he never meant to interdict us from any lawful endeavors to protect our persons or our property, or from a respectful appeal to the constituted authorities of the land. It is not from the Scriptures, therefore, they derive support, who deny us the privilege of maintaining our civil and political rights, if need be, to the last extremity.

It may not be unworthy of notice, moreover, that it is from the camp the Scriptures borrow some of their most stirring imagery. Is it credible that this most inspiriting and graphic analogy would be exhibited by the sacred writers so often and so earnestly had the military life been an abomination to God, utterly wicked and unjustifiable, of unmixed evil, and every way to be discouraged? Would the serene and tranquil duties of the Christian life be so fondly and fitly symbolized by emblems that were indelibly odious and profane?

We have now examined the testimony of Scripture, and find it, as we think, conclusive in our favor. Having thus driven our antagonists from the post in which they had fortified themselves, and leaving no enemy behind our steps, we may advance to a second argument showing directly the compatibility of piety with the military life.

II. There is nothing in the nature of the military life which forbids, but on the contrary, much that requires the exercise of piety.

This may be made to appear from a consideration of the dangers of the camp, the vices of the camp, the rules of war, and the duty of patriotism.

1. The dangers of the camp.

It is hardly necessary to dilate on the perils of a campaign; not merely the hair-breadth escapes of the battle-field, but the more insidious and equally fatal perils arising from exposure, unwholesome food, malaria, fevers, etc. Soldiers are more than any other men exposed to continual danger. Other men may use precautions against danger, or may fly from death; it is a point of honor with the soldier to meet it. Who, then, needs the constant influence of religion more than he? who more needs habitual preparation for death? who more needs the presence of a faithful minister of Christ to point out the way of salvation, and speak consolation in the last extremity? It is not true that such considerations would unman him, and must therefore be kept out of view. They who feel best prepared to meet death, are not likely to be the most timorous; rather they will be the most courageous, because their consciences are at peace.

2. The vices of the camp.

The atmosphere of the camp is too often unfriendly to strict virtue. But grant all this; it only shows the greater need of piety and its ministers, to purify and reform: as the invisible Deity walked nightly through the camp of Israel, and shed a hallowed influence over the spot.

3. The rules of war.

The time was, when barbarous and vindictive atrocities stained the annals of warfare. But a more humane code has succeeded. International law is better understood. Quarter is given to a yielding foe. Every thing that can mitigate the horrors of war is encouraged, and a prisoner of war is set at liberty on his parole of honor. According to the humane and honorable rules of modern warfare, there is no reason why the precincts of a camp may not be as moral as the streets of a city, or even more so; for martial discipline is far more vigilant and efficient than the civil police.

4. The Christian duty of patriotism furnishes another argument pertinent to our purpose.

Every good Christian is bound to be a good patriot, and to defend his country whenever that country calls. There is no clashing of duties here. The Christian may be a soldier, and the soldier should be a Christian.

Patriotism is a Christian duty. The Christian is enjoined to seek the prosperity of the city and country wherein he dwells, and to pray for all that are in authority. He is directed to honor and obey magistrates, and to contribute to the expenses of the commonwealth; to obey the laws; to exhibit loyalty, and to be guiltless of sedition. If he knows any that are exposed to danger, he is charged to exert himself for their rescue. He is to regard the magistrate as bearing the sword not in vain, to execute wrath upon evil-doers; and he is to be subject for conscience' sake. But we need not enlarge on this topic, when we have so shining an instance in the Christian's Lord and Master, Jesus of Nazareth, of whom the poet has said, with equal truth and beauty:

"*He was himself a Patriot.* To the earth,
To all mankind, a Saviour was he sent,
And all he loved with a Redeemer's love.
Yet still his warmest love, his tenderest care,
His life, his heart, his blessings, and his mournings,
His smiles, his tears, he gave, Jerusalem,
To thee, his country! Though, with prophet's eye,
He saw the future sorrows of the world;
And all the miseries of the human race,
From age to age, rehearsed their parts before him;
Yet still, o'er Zion's walls alone he hung,
Thought of no trench but that round Zion cast,
Beheld no widows mourn but Israel's daughters,
Beheld no slaughter but of Israel's sons;
On them alone the tears of heaven he dropped,
Dwelt on the horrors of their fate, and sighed."

The true patriot, the true Christian must be willing to confer benefits, and to sacrifice himself to do so, like the lamp which is consumed in serving others, though no mortal tongue shall ever repeat his name, no glory-chaplet ever deck his brow. He must consent to plunge into the gulf, though the earth that closes over him bury alike in hopeless oblivion his person and his fame. He must consent to the sacrifice of his reputation even, if the cause of his country or of his God demands it. "His record is on high," and his character may not always lie under an eclipse. The name of Sergeant Champe, of Lee's legion, will descend with honor to posterity, wherever the history of the American Revolution shall be studied, or Cooper's charming fiction of Harvey Birch be admired.

Say not that we unnerve the hero's arm, by taking away ambition or the love of glory, as the chief incentive that should stimulate his exertions. Were we to take it away, it would only be to substitute a higher motive. But, in truth, we do not wholly re-

move it; we only moderate and regulate it, and render it more efficient by making it more pure.

Thus have we seen, from a review of the dangers of the camp, of the vices of the camp, the humanity of the rules of war, and the Christian duty of patriotism, that so far from piety being properly expelled from the camp, there is in fact no field where her influence is more needed, or where she may gather greener laurels.

III. But we may be told, that this is plausible enough in theory, but can never be reduced to practice. This renders a third line of argument necessary to sustain the proposition before us. We have many illustrious examples of the actual compatibility of piety and martial valor.

True piety abates nothing from true courage. Never were there bolder or more successful leaders than Joshua, David, Nehemiah, and the Maccabees. Two Roman centurions are held up as saints in the New Testament; to one of whom our Lord himself testified as of surpassing faith, while an angel bore witness of the other, that his prayers and alms had gone up as a memorial to heaven. And perhaps I might not go amiss, if I were to allude to a third centurion, who, when scribes and priests were crucifying their Lord, spoke out at the foot of the cross he was set to guard, and declared his conviction, that truly this was the Son of God. I might refer to the Thundering Legion and the Theban Legion, famed in history at once for bravery and piety. I might point to that interesting moment when Bruce's army knelt at Bannockburn. "They yield," cried the impetuous Edward; "see, they kneel for mercy!" "They do," replied Umfraville, "but not for ours. On that field those men will conquer or die."

The briefest reference only can be here made to the religious wars of the Swedes, the Netherlanders, and the Scottish Covenanters. Those wars abound with brilliant proofs of the combination of courage and devotion.

In the Parliamentary army, with Baxter for a chaplain, vicious practices were unknown, and prayers were observed night and morning in all the tents. Cromwell, whose sincerity, after two centuries of tory aspersion, is now at last beginning to be admitted, adopted for his motto, that "to cope with men of honor, they must have men of religion." So he formed his invincible Ironsides, "whose faces were like the faces of lions, and who were swift as the roes upon the mountains."

It is only necessary to mention the names of Col. Gardiner, of Capt. Blackadder, of Capt. Hedley Vicars, of General Havelock and his Saints, no less men of mark than Cromwell's Ironsides, and for the same reason. Admiral Duncan was an elder in the Scottish Kirk; and after the victory of Camperdown (1797) had prayers and thanksgiving on deck.

In the American armies, we point with laudable pride to Washington, who was a communicant and a man of prayer; and to other officers of the Revolution; to Col. Warner, who prayed at the battle of Bennington at the head of his regiment, and then called out, "Now, boys, for work!" to Capt. Dodge, of New-Hampshire, a godly man, who said he never saw such prayer-meetings as in the Revolutionary army; to a multitude of brave officers who were ruling elders in the Church—Gen. Morgan, Gen. Pickens, Col. Campbell, Col. James Williams, who fell at King's Mountain, Col. Cleaveland, Col. Shelby, Col. Sevier, Col. Bratton, Major Dickson, and Major Samuel Morrow.

And there were many godly ministers who served as chaplains during that momentous war. Dr. John Rodgers of New-York, Mr. Greer of Pennsylvania, Dr. Spring of Newburyport, Dr. John Mason of New-York, Dr. McWhorter, Mr. James Armstrong and the martyr, Mr. Caldwell, of New-Jersey, with Rev John Woodhull, then of Leacock, afterwards of Freehold, who wrote home August 11th, 1776: "We have prayers at seven o'clock, morning and evening, when the whole battalion attends, and behaves with much propriety."

There were other divines who bore arms, as Dr. James Hall, of North-Carolina; Professor William Graham, of Virginia, who was elected captain of a company; Dr. Ashbel Green, who acted as one of the minute-men. At the battle of White Plains, Mr. Allen rushed forward as a volunteer. Mr. Turnbull fought on foot among the men with whom he had just been praying. Mr. Gano, a Baptist clergymen, deserves special mention. He was an army chaplain, and his sermons were remembered by the soldiers for forty years afterward. Being of small stature, he was called "Christ's light-infantry man;" but his soul must not be measured by his stature, for in the battle of White Plains, he stood in front of his regiment, exposed to the hottest fire. He did this for the avowed purpose of inspiriting and encouraging his troops.

Nor was the war of 1814 without its examples of piety, both in the army and the navy. Commodore Perry, upon entering Lake Erie, sent on shore for a clergyman, to hold religious services on shipboard. He attributed his subsequent preservation to the influence of prayer. Commodore McDonough was a pious man, and always read prayers himself at the burial of a seaman. He read prayers just before engaging in battle at Plattsburgh, on the deck of the Saranac. That battle was fought on Sunday, against the remonstrances of the British general's chaplain, who predicted nothing but defeat; "for," said he, "you are going to fight on the Lord's day against a man who fears the Lord."

General Andrew Jackson, although at that time far from possessing the religious character he bore at his death, told his pastor, the late Dr. Allan D. Campbell, that he knew he should beat the ene-

my at New-Orleans; "for," said he, "we had more than two thousand praying men among the volunteers."

The battle of New-Orleans was also fought on Sunday, and it is a coïncidence worthy of note, as already published to the world through the press, and not out of place to be mentioned here in passing, that a number of unsuccessful battles have been fought on Sunday, and that in all these battles the party attacking was the one defeated. These battles are, besides the ancient one of the Maccabees, the modern ones of Quebec, Plattsburgh, Monmouth, New-Orleans, Waterloo, Big Bethel, Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Somerset, Winchester, Pittsburgh Landing, and Fair Oaks. It may savor of presumption to interpret dogmatically the judgments of divine Providence, or to pronounce who are favorites of Heaven, or who are the reverse, but the historical facts just adverted to are certainly in harmony with the jealous care with which God has always guarded the institution of the Sabbath; and it is here relevant to our subject to add, that we may infer the value of faithful chaplains, who know how to stand up for God and his holy day.

Fit to be ranked alongside of the pious chieftains already enumerated, I should name Colonel Alexander R. Thomson, who fell in the Florida war at O-kee-cho-bee. This gallant officer had a furlough in his pocket, granted on account of his shattered health, but disdained to avail himself of it on the eve of an engagement. The evening before he fell, he had a meeting for social prayer in his tent. He received his fatal wound as he was leading on his regiment, with the words: "Men, remember to what regiment you belong!"

While we record former instances of pious valor, it is gratifying to be able to say that there is no deterioration in our own day. During the present unhappy contest, prayer has abounded. Chaplains have not been backward to offer their services, and whether with or without chaplains, the men have been known to meet to pray by dozens and by scores, and sometimes even by hundreds, in the tent, the hospital, and down in the orlop-deck. It has been thought that the number of conversions during the last eighteen months among the army and navy, has been greater than would probably have occurred among the same men had they remained at their homes, for they had had the Gospel and its precious truths brought nigh to their consciences with peculiar and unwonted freedom and force. Many of our officers and privates are men who have known the power of religion in their own souls; and Mitchel and Foote are as well qualified to lead a prayer-meeting or to deliver an exhortation, as to maneuver a division, or command a flotilla of gunboats.

It is stated of the late Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, that he asked Governor Buckingham for an evan-

gelical chaplain, to make, as he said himself, his soldiers the best of troops. He was not a Christian himself — quite the reverse; but he had noticed that the bravest and most reliable men in danger, were the religious ones. The Governor cheerfully accorded his request, kindly adding, that one who felt so anxious about his men becoming Christians, ought to feel some concern for himself. The admonition was not lost. The Colonel sought, from a brother officer, how he might save his soul, and gave his heart to the Lord. He fell soon after at Roanoke, leading on his men to victory.

And I may be pardoned for mentioning, that just before the brilliant circle-sailing at Port Royal, one of the seamen on board the Seminole, a man who was converted in a signal manner only a short time ago, obtained permission to retire to a convenient place with his praying companions, and for a few minutes they commended themselves and their cause to God; and it will not be deemed superstitious by the present audience, if it is added, that in apparent answer to their prayers, not one of that crew was wounded in the engagement.

An inviting field opens before us, of incident and anecdote, and it requires an effort to abstain from occupying it. Indeed, our topic has been so extensive and so fruitful, that it is hard to bring it within ordinary limits, and the chief difficulty has been that of selection and condensation. But in view of the remaining duties of the occasion, and of your patience, much has been and must be left unsaid.

Our subject teaches us—

1st. That since just wars are lawful, and have the sanction of the Almighty, we are authorized and encouraged to pray for the divine blessing on our arms.

2d. Christians are not out of the line of duty in taking up arms at their country's call, to repel invasion, to repress insurrection, or to maintain the Constitution and the laws.

3d. Ministers have an interesting field of usefulness before them, which they should not be slow to enter, as chaplains in the army and navy, in camps and hospitals.

4th. It is an object worth the labors and efforts of Christian people, to introduce a healthy, religious influence into our ships, forts, and camps, through the regular preaching of the Gospel, the distribution of religious and moral books, the promotion of Sabbath observance, and the discountenancing of profanity, intemperance, gambling, and lewdness.

5th. Military men, instead of ignoring or being ashamed of the Christian character, should be faithful soldiers of Christ; and while they are personally brave and without reproach, should give every facility to faithful chaplains in the exercise of their peculiar functions.

Time forbids us to expand these few hints. What has been

said must suffice. We have plucked a leaf from the Olive of Gethsemane to twine with the ambitious Laurel, not because they are kindred plants, but with the hope that the bitterness of the one may be tempered by the sweetness of the other.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

PASTORAL LETTER.

THE following letter, written on the last Sabbath in August, 1862, in mid-ocean, by a pastor to his flock, has been sent for publication in the "Prayer-Meeting." The same pen has already enriched the pages of the NATIONAL PREACHER this year. The name is omitted by request.

"TO THE BELOVED PRAYING ONES AT HOME:

"ON this last Sabbath and day of summer, I take my pen, within a week's sail of the coast of Europe, to speak a few words to you out of the fullness of my heart.

"Why is it, do you suppose, that, whether at home or abroad, on the land or the ocean, a pastor's heart turns with special and peculiar interest and affection to those of his charge who sustain the weekly prayer-meeting? Why do they seem most dear to him whose voices are habitually heard in prayer and exhortation, and in the sweet songs of Zion, when God's people assemble for the social worship of their heavenly Father? Is it not because prayer is the power of the Church, and they who most abound in the spiritual exercise of that power are fairly to be regarded as the strong pillars in God's earthly temple? Is it not because our attachment to each other, as fellow-citizens of the heavenly kingdom, naturally ripens into warmer love in common, friendly, unrestrained intercourse together at the mercy-seat; and we grow more like-minded as we constantly meet to seek together new supplies of that heavenly grace we so much need to press us on to God? These, I take it, are some of the reasons for the fact. The fact itself is undeniable.

"You will be glad to hear, as I am to be able to write, that our gracious Master has been with me on the ocean, and I have had seasons of great enjoyment of his presence, especially in storm and sickness. Then he has been nearest to me, and I have realized most of his infinite goodness and matchless grace. A week ago, to-day, the weather was very rough, and I was too sick to be out of my berth, but as I lay there, all alone, my soul was filled to overflowing with a deep and unspeakable peace and joy, while I thought of my God and Saviour; especially in view of the infinite worthiness of God and the boundless grace of the Redeemer. I had a very clear view of the excellence of the Most High; of the fitness of his glory being the supreme and constant end to be kept in view

by his people, his angels, and himself. Nothing appeared to have any value detached from God, made independent of him, pursued without direct reference to him. His will seemed so infinitely right, that I wanted every thing to bend to it, to exalt and honor it; every thing, both in myself and others. I desired him to do with me, for time and for eternity, in connection with my voyage and travels and in all the affairs of daily life, just what he would prefer; what would be most to him, rather than to me. And so I asked for all most dear to me, that they might honor God, as being better, worth more, measured by eternal righteousness, than their own personal happiness and welfare. And then my heart swelled with gratitude and joy, till my eyes overflowed with tears, as I thought that God asks no sacrifice from us to honor him, that our interests are not injured that his may be promoted, but he has blended the two in absolute and perfect harmony, so that what is best for us is most glorious to him! O matchless love! O wisdom vast and immeasurable! What heart can be so cold and ungenerous as not to appreciate them sufficiently, to make the will of God before all things else, in his estimation and life? Very frequently have the beautiful lines of Faber been in my mind and on my lips:

'Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.'

"I speak of these things, beloved, because I know you will rejoice to hear of them, and because I want you to share them with me. I want you, too, to rise above and out of self, to ascend into that clearer and purer atmosphere where God is seen to be, at once, "the only great, the only good," until the soul, blending submission with exultation, exclaims: "The Lord be glorified, his will alone be done." It is worth all it will cost to reach that hight. It is above the region of clouds and storms; these are at the base of the mountain, while "eternal sunshine settles on its head." He who habitually dwells here has uninterrupted peace and gladness. I do not affirm this from experience, but from the necessity of the case. How can that soul be disturbed and agitated and unhappy who sees in all the incidents of its life the directing and controlling hand of God, and who appreciates the wisdom and the goodness that guide that hand; that both wants God to govern and actually recognizes his rule? He must dwell in peace.

"And now, my dear people, let this be our common desire and effort, to reach the attainment indicated; let us make all of God that he is in himself; let us come down from an overestimate of ourselves. Creatures of yesterday, what do we know unless God enlighten our darkness, and convey to us knowledge? How can we, in our blindness, assume to take the direction of the Infinite, to tell him what he may do and what he must not; to pronounce upon his works and ways as though we comprehended the least of them; to affix conditions to our obedience and submission to his most holy will? Away with all this, and be ours the spirit of the ancient prophet, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;' be ours the prayer of our divine Redeemer: 'Thy will be done.'

"Applicable to all, this exhortation is, especially in point, to all who are in affliction, and some among you may be weeping bitter tears, of which I know not, though it is my daily prayer that God will shelter you all under his outspread wings during my absence. The actual trials of

life are of divine appointment. Our heavenly Father determines the peculiar conditions of the probationary existence of each one of us. Not a disappointment distresses us; not one sorrow makes the heart heavy and sad, but it comes from him. It is part of his great plan concerning us from the very beginning. No accidents mar the fulfillment of this plan. No contingent, uncontrollable influences arise in life to disarrange it.

"Brethren, sisters, shall we not, one and all, accept it as prepared for us? If it makes ours, in any respects, a hard lot, and comparatively this may be the case, it may conduct to a brighter and more glorious reward in the endless future. If it diminishes our joys here, it may highten them hereafter. If it makes poverty and sickness and unkindness, from false friends and cruel enemies, to fill up our days and nights with sighing and tears, it may conduct us to hights of blessedness in the bright world to which we go we had otherwise never reached. Let us, then, accept the Father's will concerning us. If it drives us from our homes, in search of health across a stormy ocean, to become, for a season, strangers in a strange land; or if it bereaves us of those who 'are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;' or if it multiplies around us the cares and ills and hardships of life, let us look up to our Father, on his throne of grace and wisdom, of love and power, and smiling through our tears, 'put a cheerful courage on,' to bear sorrow with fortitude, and to endure hardness as good soldiers, and to obey with diligence and alacrity, cheered and strengthened and sustained by the promise, that in due season, if we faint not, we shall reach a glorious clime, where all tears are wiped away from all eyes forever; 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

THE fifth anniversary of this world-renowned prayer-meeting was observed on Tuesday, September 23d, by a large and attentive audience, in the Dutch Church. The Rev. Dr. Vermilye presided, and gave interesting direction to the religious services. Numerous clergymen of the city, of different denominations, were present.

The services were begun at twelve o'clock by Dr. Vermilye, who read the 46th Psalm. He added: "On this fifth anniversary of the opening of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, it is fitting that we should make some special and heartfelt recognition of thanks for the institution which has been of such signal usefulness during the period of its existence. What blessings have come down during this five years upon individual souls and upon the Church, to bless our country with the exhibitions of God's grace! What thankfulness should fill our hearts, that God has given so many and such signal answers to prayer. It seems to have been raised up as an instrumentality to show the power of prayer, and to hasten the time when the Spirit of God shall be poured out upon all the earth.

"The sustaining of the Church, and the sustaining of the government to be a blessing to this and all lands, depends on the people of God and the power of prayer in prevailing at his throne. It devolves upon us to look to him, that he may bless us, and continue to grant us his presence, until the glorious light of the millennial morning shall beam upon the world."

After singing a hymn, "Blest be the tie," etc., Dr. Asa D. Smith said: "It is the glory of our blessed religion that it suits all the conditions of our complicated being. We

live in the future and in the past; and it is well for us, as Christians and as individuals, that we can look back and review the experiences, the mercies, and the privileges of the past, as well as anticipate the promises of the future. So it is well that we can look back to-day on the anniversary of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, and review the history and rejoice over the blessings that have flowed from this sacred fountain.

"The power of prayer has been wonderfully illustrated by the Fulton-street prayer-meeting. I believe this meeting has had the effect to commend this great and genuine power of the Church of God. It is prayer that energizes the preacher, moves all obstacles out of the way, and enables us to rejoice over all our foes.

"This meeting illustrates the value of specific prayer. I think that we are apt to make our prayers too general. We want specific prayer. We are reminded of this by the Apostle: 'In every thing give thanks.' It is good to be here to-day, to see these crowded seats and this large assembly, as a witness of the power of prayer in drawing us together; but there are unseen witnesses who are not with us here to-day — souls that have been saved, in answer to the prayers of this meeting, who are now walking in spotless robes in the New Jerusalem, and singing the praises of redeeming love around the throne."

Rev. Dr. Rodgers, of New-Jersey, said: "When I look at this meeting to-day, I look back to the twenty-third of September, five years ago, when five or six gathered for prayer, and I am reminded of the exclamation of the sacred writer: 'How great a matter a little fire kindleth!' In a little room, in the upper part of the adjoining building, sat one anxiously waiting to see the result of the invitation to prayer. Six gentlemen came together, and the burden of their prayer was: 'Thy kingdom come.' On that day a small coal was placed upon the altar, and it has kindled and blazed, and shines brighter and brighter, till its influence is felt around the world. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Who would have thought on that day, that thousands would come together tocelebrate the fifth anniversary of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting? And then, sir, when we look at the results from this small beginning, we exclaim: 'It is the Lord's doings; it is marvelous in our eyes.' We are not to look only at the results in our churches and families, but we may draw aside the vail, and look at the company around the throne, and see them to-day, as they sing the praises of the Redeemer. We may truly feel that God has set his seal to this instrumentality.

"'Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give.'"

Rev. Dr. Hutton addressed the throne of grace, and the Rev. Dr. Cookman, of the Methodist Church, arose and said, that perhaps he could not offer any thing more appropriate to the occasion than to mention one or two facts illustrating the influence of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting. Several years ago, he was pastor of a church in Philadelphia, and while there, a young man who had enjoyed the Fulton-street meetings resolved to establish a similar meeting in that city. The speaker passed by the door of the lecture-room on several occasions, and looked in, when he ought to have gone in, and saw three or four assembled in prayer. Though few, God heard and answered their prayers. The numbers increased, and it was removed to Jayne's Hall; and before the work

closed, that spacious room, capable of holding four thousand person, was crowded. When he saw such results from such a small beginning, he asked himself what might not be expected and hoped for from the continued and persevering prayer of the Fulton-street meeting. He believed that when the great crisis of the country is passed, and our war ended, here will be such a revival of the spirit of prayer, and we may look for the answer to our prayers, that not only four thousand, but millions will be brought in, and the Spirit will breathe upon the slain, that they may live.

Mr. Cookman mentioned the case of one of his brothers who, he was assured, had been brought to a knowledge of Christ, in answer to the prayers of the meeting in Philadelphia, where he had made a personal request on his behalf. He gave it as a proof of the power of prayer, and the willingness of God to hear.

"Some time since, two gentlemen met in a car in the city of Boston, in a train going to an inland town. In conversation, it appeared that they were going to the same place, and further, they found that they were of the same name, and were both going to see an elder brother whom they had not seen for many years. An explanation followed, in which it appeared that they were brothers, who had long been separated, and were on the same errand to the home of their brother. So, while sitting here, I have felt that we had one destination. My name is Alfred Cookman. I am a Methodist. But I have a higher name. It is that of 'Christian.' Here I meet you, bearing the same name, and all in the same train —brothers and sisters—going home to heaven, to rest in the presence of God.

"I thank God that the points in which we agree are found in the Bible; those in which we disagree are found in catechisms, creeds, and liturgies. The points in which we agree are fundamentals; those in which we disagree are non-essentials."

Mr. Cookman closed with an apt illustration of the alabaster box of ointment, which, being broken into pieces, sent its odor not only over the house, but through all ages, and to-day, and will to the end of time. So the Church, in different fragments, may send up to the throne the odor and offering of a sanctified and united service.

Rev. Dr. Rufus Clark, of Brooklyn, alluding to the history and results of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, said: "Eternity alone can reveal what has been accomplished by this prayer-meeting. I have been asking myself: 'What are the principles that make up the power of this meeting?' And the first principle, I think, is in the spirit of unity. We meet as the followers of Christ, and in this gathering of different names, we see the dawning of the millennial light, when differences will be little accounted of. Another principle is the earnestness with which prayer is offered daily for the different objects brought before the meeting. Another principle is faith—confident, trusting faith in the fullness of God's promises, and in the presentation of the cases daily brought before the assembly."

Dr. Clark urged the importance of prayer for the nation, for the widow and the orphan, for the hero on the battle-field, and for our rulers. He read a letter from an officer of the army, written to his wife on the evening preceding the battle in which he fell for his country, in which he seemed to have had a full premonition that his end was near. Bidding her farewell, and commending her and his two young boys to God, he

sent this last message to her hands. The letter was peculiarly beautiful, and awakened the deepest emotions in the audience, many of whom urged its publication.

The hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," was sung, and then Dr. Butler, of New-York, spoke of the four great periods when the Spirit had been poured out, commencing with the day of Pentecost, and referred to the great persecutions and commotions that followed these revivals.

Rev. J. H. Morrison, of the Lodiana Mission, Punjaub, India, appealed for a deeper interest in behalf of foreign missions, both for its own sake and the reflex influence upon the churches at home, in deepening a spirit of prayer and piety in the hearts of the professed followers of Christ.

After another hymn had been sung, and prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Krebbs, the assembly was dismissed by singing the Doxology, and the Benediction, by Dr. Vermilye. Thus another year of the prayer-meeting blessings have gone on record in the history of this blessed meeting, to be preserved forever in the annals of eternity. Would that Fulton-street prayer-meetings were established in all our large cities, to bless our land and the world.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Highest Honor.

It has been accounted a high object of ambition to win a name and place among the great and titled of this world. A coronet, a patent of nobility, an admission to the aristocracy of a nation, has kindled the zeal and enterprise of tens of thousands. The great naval hero of England, Lord Nelson, is said to have exclaimed, on the eve of a memorable battle, "A peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey!" and this might be taken as the motto of his life, and not of his only, but of thousands more.

But what is the aristocracy of wealth or rank to the aristocracy of faith? What is the record of a name in the peerage of England, to the record of a name in the Book of Life? What is the favor of a king or president to the covenant love of the King of kings? What is the boast of noble descent to the assurance of the humblest believer who is warranted to say, "My Father, God"? What are the privileges of rank and titles to those which pertain to such as are made "kings and priests unto God"? How the mere external splendor of all worldly greatness pales amid the twilight of calamity, or the shadows of the dark valley! and yet it is then that the believer's hope shines forth with a peculiar radiance, and the mists of earth disperse to reveal the triumphant glory of One that shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

The story of mere worldly greatness, whatever it be, serves only to point a moral. Like the meteor of the night, it gleams for a moment, and then vanishes away. Its memory and its fame soon die out in doubtful traditions, unread biographies, and crumbling epitaphs. But the course of him whom God shall own as the peer of angels, is like the rising light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. To him belong the blessings of adoption, the covenant of grace, the great and precious promises of the divine word — not the patent of earthly nobility, but the charter of salvation. His treasure is in heaven, and his record is on high.

Yet this is the birthright of the redeemed. It is bestowed by an infinitely gracious Sovereign on all

that repent and believe. It is not dependent on the chances of natural descent. It belongs to all that are born of God. The humblest may aspire to it, and the greatest may well feel that it outvies all his honors.

Why, then, above all else, does it not kindle the ambition of the soul? Why do any despise it? Why do they insult by cold neglect the grace that offers it? No one will say that it is unneeded. Human guilt, want, and wretchedness, demand nothing so much. Is it, then, inaccessible? No; it is freely offered. It is even urged upon human acceptance. The exclusiveness of a worldly aristocracy is unknown in the domain of grace. You might, unless inheriting it by the accident of birth, have to toil long to win admission to the circles of the great and titled of this world. But through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, you are freely invited to the communion of his redeemed. You are called to obtain, through the merits of another, what could never be yours in your own right. You are called and urged to lay hold upon eternal life, to receive the inheritance of the promises and the blessings of the covenant, to be numbered among God's children, to be "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." You know that the blessedness which you are thus invited to share has no earthly parallel. You know that the inheritance offered is one that beggars the princeliest domain. You know that the honor extended for your acceptance is one which might warrant you in looking down with contempt on all terrestrial distinctions. You know that the privileges you are urged to accept are such as no king could confer by royal patent. You know that though you might gain the whole world, yet if still without these, you would be a poor, miserable, guilty creature, beneath envy, beneath all but infinite compassion.

Why, then, will you seek the less and reject the greater? Why seize the fleeting sand that cheats your grasping fingers, and let the costliest treasure, the crown of life, with all its jewels, go? Why choose the gilded vapors of the morning, that soon vanish, and scorn the inviting loveliness of the paradise of God?

The Curious Mirror.

It is said that among the curiosities displayed at the late Exhibition in Paris, and promised for the one now held in England, was a large concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to the mirror and looking into it, it presents nothing but a monstrously magnificent exhibition of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed — the head downward. But retire still further, and you see yourself — not a reflection, it does not strike you as a reflection, but your veritable self — standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view.

It is said that the artist who first succeeded in finishing a mirror of this description, brought it to the French King, placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The King did so, but seeing the point of a sword directed at his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. He was frightened by his own image.

But is not time, when opportunity is given for reflection, and the eye

of conscience is directed at one's own image, just such a mirror as this? You look at yourself, as you are at the passing moment, and your self-importance and self-sufficiency are wondrously magnified. You are a colossal man. You are magnified to the measure of your own conceit. Before you is the gigantic exhibition of self, by the side of which all other interests, and the well-being of your fellows, shrink into insignificance.

But you draw back a little. You let a few yesterdays pass by. And now you look for the same image, but it is gone. Another has taken its place. But what is it? A man, somewhat less colossal, but standing on his head. You see the visions of hope, and the features of other days reversed. The self-importance and the selfishness that were all in all, have become fairly ludicrous. You are ashamed of your ambitious greatness. You see your head resting on the earth, and fastened there, or your feet rise so that you stand upon the air, and a world upon your head is crushing you.

Is not this with thousands and tens of thousands a real experience? Does there not often come a period when the golden visions of early days end in somber clouds and deep shadows, and when the prospect that was once a delight has been completely reversed? Defeated plans seem to stand on their head, or vainly essay to walk, with feet reversed, the thin and yielding air.

But this is not the end. Let the yesterdays become years. Let a longer interval separate you from the image of what you were. Stand in that point where, with time before and only eternity behind, your own life comes out before you with a new and startling distinctness. It is no longer an image you behold, but your real self. And what an exhibition! You lift the finger of memory, and a finger is pointed at you. You open your lips to excuse or confess, and there too are lips that move, though they utter not a sound. You draw the sword to chase away that unwelcome visitor, the animate statue of your former self, the living, startling apparition of your guilty heart, and a sword is drawn that threatens to pierce you. You start back in terror, confronted by what you dread above all else to meet, trembling to face in its true features the look and bearing of your own soul.

Terse Sentences from Jeremy Taylor.

Taylor's tendency to diffuseness and excessive verbiage is sometimes checked, and he repeatedly throws off sentences terse and striking enough for the pen of a satirist. Sometimes in a word he paints a picture or condenses the emphasis of a whole paragraph. Urging perseverance in prayer, he says: "Fall upon your knees, and grow there." Absalom's sin, committed by the advice of Achitophel, was "to secure him in the possession of hell." By offering tempting allurements to sin, a man "kills his neighbor like a gentleman." In such a case our civilities are direct treasons to the soul. "That you may be kind to your guest, you step aside and lay away the Christian. Your love can not be expressed, unless you do him an ill turn, and civilly invite him to a fever." The folly of sinners is depicted by showing them to be "as greedy of the world as children of raw fruit." Counterfeiting sickness, he speaks of "a trap-door to fall into it," as in the case of Cœlius, who pretending to the gout, found that "his arts of dissimulation were so witty, that they put life and motion into the very image of the

disease," so that the very picture itself was made to "sigh and groan."

Not a few sentences we meet with, in which a sound philosophy or a striking thought takes the form of a proverb. Here are a few specimens: "A sacrifice without a heart, was a sad and ominous presage in the superstitions of the Roman augurs; and so it is in the service of God." "Although a little wound upon the finger is very curable, yet the smallest prick upon the heart is mortal; so is a design and purpose of the smallest disobedience, in its formality as malicious and destructive, as in its matter it was pardonable and excusable." "High speculations are as barren as the tops of cedars, but the fundamentals of Christianity are as fruitful as the valleys or the creeping vine." Vice, grown into a bad habit, is a tyrant; but Taylor illustrates the truth by saying: "He that feeds a lion, must obey him, unless he make his den to be his prison." Setting forth the spirit of the law, he says: "There is a homicide in the tongue as well as in the heart; and he that kills a man's reputation by calumnies or slander or open reviling, hath broken this commandment." "Felicity," he tells us, "is not a jewel that can be locked up in one man's cabinet." Again: "All our trouble is within us. . . . No men sleep so soundly as they that lay their head upon nature's lap." "He that despiseth his preacher, is a hearer of arts and learning, not of the word of God." "God hath opened no gate to heaven but the narrow gate, of which the cross was the key." "A prosperous iniquity is the most unprosperous condition in the world." "Fame or honor is a nice thing, tender as a woman's chastity, or like the face of the purest mirror, which a foul breath, or an unwholesome air, or a watery eye can sully, and the beauty is lost, though it be not dashed in pieces." "He that, without any end of charity or institution, shall tell lies, only to become ridiculous in himself, or to mock another, hath set something on his doom's-day-book, which must be taken off by water or by fire—that is, by repentance or a judgment." — *Presb. Quarterly.*

The Salvation to be Prayed for.

NOTHING more true than if man really wills the thing he prays for, and if the thing be agreeable to the will of God, he will certainly obtain it. Now, God, on the one hand, willeth all men to be saved; and if any one of these men, on the other, will for his salvation, every barrier appears to be done away, and the sinner is on the eve of a great and glorious enlargement. But be sure that you understand what this will for salvation means. It is not merely that the hand of vengeance shall be lifted off from you. It is also that the spirit of glory and of virtue shall rest upon you. It is not merely that you shall obtain a personal exemption from that lake of living agony into which are thrown the outcasts of condemnation. It is also that you shall obtain a spiritual exemption from the vice and the voluptuousness and all the worldly affections which animate the passions and pursuits of the unregenerate upon earth. It is not alone for some vague and indefinite blessedness in future. It is for a renovation of taste and of character at present. The man, in fact, who desires aright and prays aright for the object of his salvation, is not merely on the eve of a great revolution in his prospects for eternity; he is on the eve of a great moral revolution in his heart and in his history at this moment. His prayer to be saved embraces, it

is true, the transference of his person on the other side of death, from the torments of hell to the transports of paradise; but without a transference of character on this side of death, the thing is impossible, and so there is enveloped in the prayer this cry of aspiring earnestness: "O God! create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me."—Dr. Chalmers.

Never Distrust God.

Above all, I would say to the Christian, never distrust the kindness, the love, the wisdom and faithfulness of your Saviour; but confide in him who has promised that all things shall work together for your good. Though you may not now know what he is doing, you shall know hereafter. You will see the reason of all the trials and temptations, the dark and comfortless hours, the distressing doubts and fears, the long and tedious conflicts with which you are now exercised, and you will be convinced that not a sigh, not a tear, not a single uneasy thought was allotted you without some wise and gracious design. Say not, then, like Jacob of old, All these things are against me; say not like David, I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul; for all these things are for your good, and you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of Christ's hand. Why should you, who are sons of the King of heaven, be lean and discontented from day to day? Remember that if you are in the path of the just, you are the heir of God and joint heir with Christ, of an inheritance incorruptible, eternal, and that fadeth not away. Be not discouraged at the small progress you appear to make, or the difficulties you may meet with. Why should the infant be discouraged because he has not the strength of manhood, or the wisdom of age? Wait on the Lord in the diligent use of his appointed means, and he will strengthen your hearts, so that you shall mount up as on eagle's wings; you shall run and not be weary; you shall walk and not faint.—*Payson's Thoughts.*

The True Test of Piety.

If we would wish to discover whether there were any particles of steel in a large quantity of rubbish, it would not be the wisest way to search for them, and especially in the dark, but to hold a large and efficacious magnet over it. And this, if it be there, is the way to discover true religion in our souls. The truths and promises of God are to a principle of religion in the mind, that which the magnet is to the steel. If there be any in us, the proper exhibition of the Gospel will ordinarily draw it forth.

If it be a matter of doubt with you whether you be truly converted, far be it from me to endeavor to persuade you that you are so. Your doubts may be well-founded for aught I can tell, and supposing they should be so, the door of mercy is still open. If you leave obtained mercy, the same way is open for your obtaining it again; and if not, there is no reason why you should not obtain it now. The Gospel supper is provided; all things are ready, and the King's servants are commissioned to persuade and, as it were, compel them to come in. If you accept this invitation, all are yours. I ask not whether you be willing to be saved in God's way, in order to determine your right to accept spiritual blessings—the message sent you in the Gospel determines this—but in order to ascertain your interest in them. If you cordially believe the Gospel, you have the promise of

eternal life. If its blessings suit your desires, they are all your own. If, for example, it does not offend you, but accords with your very heart to sue for mercy as the chief of sinners; if you be willing to occupy that place which the Gospel assigns you, which is *the dust*, and to ascribe to Jesus that which God has assigned to him, "power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing;" if you can unreluctantly give up all claim to life on the footing of your own worthiness, and desire nothing so much as to be found in Christ, not having your own righteousness; if the salvation you seek be a deliverance from the dominion of sin, as well as from its damning power; finally, if the heaven you desire be that which the Scriptures reveal, a state of pure and holy enjoyment, there can be no just cause to doubt your interest in these things.—Rev. Andrew Fuller.

Not the Sinner, but Satan.

It is a notable passage in Anselm, who compares the heretic and persecutor to the horse, and the devil to the rider. "Now," saith he, "in battle, when the enemy comes riding up, the valiant soldier is not angry with the horse, but horseman. He labors to kill the man that he may possess the horse for his use." Thus we do with the wicked. We are not to bend our wrath against them, but Satan, that rides them and spurs them on; laboring by prayer for them, as Christ did on the cross, to dismount the devil, that so these miserable souls, hackneyed by him, may be delivered from him. It is more honor to take one soul alive out of the devil's clutches, than to leave many slain upon the field.—*Gurnall's Christian Armor.*

"Awake, thou that Sleepest!"

William Wilberforce wrote, some time after his conversion, to a former friend, a collegiate acquaintance. Years had passed since they met—years of gayety and fashionable amusement to the young statesman—but now, reviewing them with a Christian scrutiny, he declared that they seemed to him like a dream, from which he had but just awaked to the realities of actual existence.

Is not this necessarily the character of a life "without God in the world"? Is it not a dream of fancy, the bewilderment of existence? And is it not from this that the Gospel seeks to arouse men, crying out, "Awake, thou that sleepest"? Again and again in the lifetime of the sinner the call is made. Every time, if he resists it, the call is more unwelcome, until at last he is either given over to fatal repose, or death itself shakes his now frighted soul to a startling consciousness of its hastening doom?

A sea-captain was once wrecked, and for eighty days, with his companions, was tossed in a little boat upon the waves. Before they were rescued they had nearly perished with famine. Their hunger became intense, and as drowsiness crept over them each dreamed of an ample table richly spread with luxurious and tempting food. Again and again was this experience repeated, and at each awakening the disappointment and the horror were more intense. Is it not thus with the sinner's awakenings, while he puts from him the bread of life offered in the Gospel? His life is a series of dreams, each setting before him its table of promise, and every time that he is disturbed by the admonitions of conscience or the appeals of truth, the agony of his awakening, the sting of conscious misery, is the more in

tense, until resorting to the opiates of worldly indulgence and vain delight, he dooms his soul to the slumbers of the second death.

Who would indulge in dreams that must end in disappointment? or, to escape the sting of conscious misery, will rush upon the guilty means to prolong his repose? Dreams may spread before you an ideal bliss, but their unrealized hopes must finally mock your agony. For the time of waking must come. It may be put off—sometimes long—by the arts of sin, but at last the vision will fade, the bubble will burst, the soul will awake to the realities of its condition. When shall that waking be? In time or eternity? What shall produce it? The still small voice of mercy now, speaking in tones of love, or the thunders of the final judgment?

"Not with Enticing Words."

"Not with enticing words of man's wisdom:" this was the negative characteristic of the preaching of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. How often is this forgotten by many who presume to deal with the heart and conscience of the sinner? It is not the pomp of words, nor profuseness of illustration that can accomplish the work which the preacher has in view. It is not "the feather that wings the dart" that does the execution, but its barbed point. Truth may be overloaded with imagery. Even an exquisite picture may be hung in so gaudy a frame that attention shall be diverted from it to that which is merely secondary. The solemn weight and importance of the message should never be obscured by tawdry ornaments. Forcibly and pertinently does a quaint old writer say: "The word of God is too sacred a thing, and preaching too solemn a work, to be toyed and played with, as is the usage of some who make a sermon but matter of wit and fine oratory. Their sermon is like a child's doll, from which if you take its dress, the rest is worth nothing; unpin the story, take off the gaudy phrases, and nothing is left in the discourse. If we mean to do good, we must come, not only in word, but with power. Satan moves not for a thousand such squibs and wit-cracks. Draw, therefore, the sword out of thy scabbard, and strike with its naked edge: this you will find the only way to pierce your people's consciences, and draw blood of their sins."

Youth given to the World.

Those generous and noble youth, whose loveliest distinction is their sensibility to virtue, and to a Saviour's compassion, who engage us so by their confidence, their warm and unsettled affections, their inexperience of sorrow and the dangers of deception, all beautiful as they are, we see them giving their hearts to the world; we cry, but can not make them hear; we look on and see them as trees already in "yellow leaf;" the angel that was in them has disappeared, gone in all but his visage; a blight has fallen on the religious delicacy of the mind, and

> "Like the crushed flower, no time, no art,
> Can make it bloom again."

We see them yet; their hearts beat only for worldly pleasure and admiration; none of their associates feel surprise, or attempt to turn them to better things; their simple feelings are acquiring the vigor and hardiness of a worldly maturity, and they are moving on—a wonder to all but those who are going the same way, yet no wonder to themselves—

numbers falling into the grave, numbers wasting with disease, numbers bowed down with anguish and disappointment, numbers consuming with envy and pride, numbers finding pleasure ceasing to please, numbers acknowledging that "all is vanity," with no heart to seek for substance, and numbers looking back on a life gone through, and a world tried and emptied, and forward to an eternity just at hand, yet having no heart, no resolution to prepare for it; we see them no more, but the world is going on as before; their places are filling up, and ceasing to know them, none the better that they have lived, nor the sadder that they are done.—Rev. Herman Hooker.

Where is Paradise?

1. Paradise is where the tree of life is; for the tree of life is in the midst of the paradise of God. (Rev. 2: 7.)

2. The tree of life is where the river of the water of life is; for the tree of life is on either side of that river. (Rev. 22: 2.)

3. The river of the water of life is where the throne of God and the Lamb is; for that river proceeds out of it. (Rev. 22: 2.)

4. The throne of God and the Lamb is in the city, where shall be no more curse, no night, no need of candles, of moon or sun to shine in it; where there is no temple, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. (Rev. 21: 22, 23, and 22: 3, 5.)

5. This city is heaven. Heaven is my throne. (Isa. 66: 1; Matt. 5: 34.)

The conclusion is that where heaven is, there is paradise.

To this conclusion conforms the language of the Apostle, in 2 Cor. 12, declaring, in the second verse, he knew a man caught up to the third heaven, and, in the fourth, into paradise. The assumption that the Apostle intends different places, seems entirely gratuitous.

The Apostle was caught up. The creed says, Jesus descended. The *termini ad quem* are manifestly different. Not that Jesus did not go to paradise, as he promised the penitent thief; but the paradise to which he went was the presence of "Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A Perverted Conscience.

Remember, too, that your conscience is not a sure guide. It is liable to be perverted by bad company. Conscience with the malign passions is devilish. Conscience with selfishness and pride is infernal. And if your conscience is to be to you a benefactor and a guide, it must keep company with the Christian emotions and sentiments; it must daily stand in the light of God's countenance. Do not think, then, that because you are conscientious you are of course right. You may conscientiously believe in that which is not true. You may conscientiously believe that a course is safe which ends in death. The only true way is to follow a conscience that is governed by the law of love and charity. I beseech of you, look well to your conscience, and see not only that it is instructed and intelligent, but that it acts coincidently with the will of God.—Rev. H. W. Beecher.

Holy Bible.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16: 15, 16.
"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."
—Rom. 10: 15.

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SERMON XXII.

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RADICALISM AND THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

"AND now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire."—MATT. 3: 10.

To place the axe at the root of the tree is a figure to denote that the tree is to be cut down at the roots; not simply trimmed, but actually destroyed. The reason is found in the fact that it does not bring forth good fruit.

By the use of this figure John the Baptist meant to say to the Jews that, as a people, they had fallen upon searching times. The great Teacher and Reformer was about to come, establishing a kingdom of justice and truth. It would no longer do for them to say: "We have Abraham to our father." Principles and conduct were to be examined to their very foundations. Judaism was to be sifted; and whatever, in the notions or practice of the people, could not stand the test of truth, was to be discarded. In the person of Jesus a *radical* dispensation—a ministry of truth that goes down

to the very *roots* of things — was about to commence its reformatory career. Such we take to be the meaning of the text in its application to the Jewish people.

There are many people in whose minds the terms *radical* and *radicalism*, are about equivalent to the terms *fanatic* and *fanaticism*. To their understanding these words mean *evil*, and only evil, and that continually. Hence they are convenient terms with which to excite the prejudices of men, and awaken popular odium. Sometimes they are used as a substitute for ideas, and quite often as the *slang* phrases of those who have some interest in promoting error, or practicing iniquity. I have no desire to make a plea for extremists and fools; yet there is a grand and glorious meaning connected with these much-abused terms, which I wish, if possible, to rescue from all misapprehensions and evil associations. I very much doubt whether it is best to be frightened simply because somebody cries out *radical;* and I am equally clear that the term *conservative* has no natural right to monopolize the claim to either purity or wisdom. The so-called conservatives are sometimes the weakest and most selfish of men. The Pope of Rome has always been a conservative; and so were the Pharisees in the days of Jesus.

Prosecuting the object I have just indicated, let me then,

IN THE FIRST PLACE, GIVE YOU A BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THE WORDS IN QUESTION. The true meaning of the term *radical*—the one which its etymology authorizes—is furnished by the figure of the text. It simply means to lay the axe at the *root* of the tree; and this means to go down to the bottom of things, and keep going down till you strike what may be properly designated as the *hard-pan* of fundamental truth. This is what John the Baptist did, what Jesus did, what the apostles did, what Luther did, and what all agency that is effectually curative of evil must always do.

The specific *design* of this process is to find the truth touching the matter involved, and then set it forth in contrast with, and contradistinction from, the error or the vice which it is the province of truth to expose and rebuke. Hence the great inquiry is not, what do the Pharisees think, or what does Cæsar think, but rather what is truth,—truth in science, truth in practical life, truth in morals, and truth in religion? Such in all ages has been the professed aim of the radical spirit. I am well aware that the history of this spirit has not always been equal to its profession. Sometimes it has been rash, impetuous, impatient, intolerant, dictatorial; sometimes, also, it has torn up the very foundations of society, being so vehement and lawless as utterly to fail of its own end; and yet it is equally true that this spirit proposes to realize one of the grandest theories that ever inspired the breast of humanity. Fixing its eye on truth, it designs to assert it fearlessly and boldly, launching its sharp and oft-repeated thunders against sin and error. Not infrequently, yea, perhaps, generally, it makes a

commotion in the world. It stirs human society, and sets men to thinking. It is itself a very thinking spirit.

In relation to *humanity*—its facts, its conditions, its wants, its duties, and its destiny,—this spirit is the bone and sinew, the life and impulse of all real *progress*, alike in the Church and the State. The truth is, since the fall of Adam this world has never been just right; it is not so now; and it will not be for some time to come. There is a vast accumulation of error among men, and also a vast accumulation of iniquity in various forms pervading human society. Human nature wants improvement. Society wants it. Hence the practical question is this:—Shall we leave things as they *are*, because they *are?* or shall we attempt to make them better, rooting out the error and the wrong, and introducing the truth and the right? This is the question with which we have to deal; and to it the radical spirit always returns but one answer. It clamors for correction, improvement, and progress. It is, indeed, the spirit of progress. The enlightened radical is the man of progress. The fact that things *are*, is not, in his judgment, conclusive proof that they *ought* to be. He takes the liberty of inquiring into their nature, and when he has reached a conclusion, he frankly and firmly tells the world of it. Galileo, for example, was an astronomical radical; he saw that, contrary to the notions of the age, the earth moved around the sun, and not the sun around the earth. By a perfectly radical investigation of the facts, he caught this truth; and although it subverted the cycles and epicycles of the old theory, although the Pope took the alarm and tried to keep him still, Galileo held fast to his conviction, and, so far as he could, made it known to others. He was the man of progress, and the world now recognizes him as such. Those who would exorcise the Galileos in science, morals, and religion, are practically the enemies of all progress. They may not always intend this; yet this is the legitimate effect of their theory.

Such, in a word, is my analysis of the radical spirit, taken,—first, in its elementary meaning,—secondly, in its direct and specific aim,—thirdly, in its relation to the progress and development of man from an imperfect to a more perfect form of life. This is what I mean by the phrase. This I hold to be the true and proper import of the phrase. I come, then,—

IN THE SECOND PLACE, TO INQUIRE INTO THE ACTUAL HISTORY OF THIS SPIRIT IN ITS BEARING UPON THE INTELLECTUAL, SOCIAL, POLITICAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS FORTUNES OF THE WORLD. This, as you see, is a question of vast dimensions. The answer that I propose for your acceptance, with its reasons, is the following:—That while this spirit has sometimes by misapprehension, and sometimes by excess, been productive of evil, its *general* history is one of untold blessings to mankind.

If you turn your thoughts to the field of purely *scientific* re-

search, you will find that the men who have distinguished themselves on this field, and contributed most largely to the advancement of human knowledge, are not the men who have trodden the beaten track of their fathers, governed by the precedents of opinion, and content to retail old ideas, but the bold, the fearless, the original, the radical investigators of truth. These are the men who have made their mark on the thinking of the world. Lord Bacon, in laying down the fundamental principles which should govern all investigation, and by those principles exposing the sophistries practiced by the schoolmen of the dark ages;—Sir Isaac Newton, in that profound inquiry after truth by which he at length discovered the great law that gives regularity and harmony to the motion of the heavenly bodies;—Dr. Franklin, in catching the lightnings of heaven with a key, and resolving their phenomena into an electrical agency;—our own illustrious Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, in conceiving both the idea and the mechanism by which he could give a tongue to this agency;—John Locke, in his deep exploration of the origin of knowledge, correcting many of the cherished errors of former times:—these, and men of like stamp, were intellectual radicalists, going to the bottom of things, advancing beyond the ideas which had preceded them, and cutting for themselves and for the world *new* channels in the great domain of thought. Plato did this in his age, and Aristotle in his age. Such men refuse to bow to the authority of mere precedents. Assuming that ideas must at last rule the world, they not only drive the plowshare of truth into the errors of the past, but also greatly enlarge the kingdom of human ideas. True, they may sometimes go astray; they may delude themselves and mislead others; yet to this class of men the world is mainly indebted for those sciences that have conferred such exalted honors on our nature, as well as those arts and inventions which have done so much to improve the condition of mankind. But for their life and mental activity, the intellectual status of earth would be stationary, perhaps retrogressive.

Passing out of the circle of pure science into the sphere of *reformatory* movements, we find that the progress of the world is largely due to the same style of agency. A reform supposes an evil existing in human society, intrenched in some fundamental error of thought, or fortified by some vicious feeling, or,—what is generally the fact,—supported by both of these causes in combination. Now, in the very nature of things, a reformer must attack this evil; he must make an exhibition of its nature; he must reason about it; he must try it by some standard of truth; he must make an appeal to the conscience of men; and in doing this, he must of necessity lay the axe at the root of the tree. He proposes a fundamental change in the notions and practice of men; and this can be gained only by truth as fundamental as the

change itself. The truth must be as deep as the error — deep enough, at least, to go to the bottom of the error. Take an example:

The immortal Wilberforce, being impressed with the horrible iniquities of the slave-trade, as tolerated and fostered under the prestige and patronage of the British government, exposed it and denounced it in the English Parliament and before the British public, till the moral sense of the nation awoke to the enormity of the system, and sternly demanded that it should come to an end. The merchants of Liverpool and the merchants of London, the men who were interested in this infamous traffic, denounced Wilberforce as a radical, a fanatic, an agitator; like the men of Ephesus, when their craft was in danger, they cried out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Even Pitt, contrary to his personal pledges, had not the moral courage to breast the storm and do his duty; yet Wilberforce, the radical, the man whom all honest men now delight to honor, held steadily to his purpose till he carried his point. He kept the ear of England tingling with the terrible wickedness of the slave-trade, till England's conscience could no longer bear the sound. England now makes that piracy punishable with death, on which she once bestowed her sanction. It was the radical spirit of Wilberforce that brought about this result.

So, all the reformatory movements which have marked the history of England, or that of this country, and I may add that of the world, have sprung from the same spirit, and been conducted by the same class of men. Who are the men that have resisted the assumptions of despotic power,—curtailed the prerogatives of kings, —made the monarchies of Europe far more liberal and just than they were a century ago,—contended for the doctrine of popular rights, — sympathized with the suffering, the oppressed, and the down-trodden of our species,—contributed to the emancipation and dignity of labor,—enlarged the right of suffrage,—pleaded most earnestly for the education of the masses,—poured forth their blood like water upon the altars of freedom;—yes, who are the men that have done these things? Who projected the American Revolution? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence, than which a more radical document never met the eye of earth or heaven? Who supported it with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor? To whom are we indebted for the political and civil system under which we have so long, and until lately, so happily lived? The plain and honest voice of history will tell you, that these achievements are mainly due to those men who have acted on the principle of laying the axe at the root of the tree, and then cutting down every tree that did not bring forth good fruit. Sometimes called Roundheads, sometimes Puritans, sometimes disorganizers, sometimes agitators, sometimes radicals, sometimes fanatics, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, they have neverthe-

less been the most prominent actors in promoting the advancement of humanity, correcting its abuses, and in all respects improving the social and political condition of our world. For a rule, they are earnest and honest men, having strong convictions and deep feelings, not, indeed, always right in their ideas, or prudent in their measures; yet men of vast power, men whose absence from earth would make a chasm which nothing else could fill. They have done too much for the good of the world to be branded with opprobrious epithets.

Rising now to a still higher plane of thought, and observing the *spiritual* and *religious* history of mankind, we meet the same class of facts springing from essentially the same source. When the Man of Sin had for ages spread the pall of moral death over all Europe, corrupting the very fountains of society, and prostituting the pure religion of Jesus to the vilest purposes, who was it that lifted his voice in thunder-tones against this enormous and wide-spread iniquity? Who laid the axe at the root of the tree? Luther —the bold, the honest, the earnest, the godly, the radical Luther, going to the bottom of things, and bringing doctrines and morals to the test of God's word,—is the man who, under God, did this work. Who, during the long night of the dark ages, refused to bow the knee to the Pope, and in their humble way maintained the pure worship of God amid their mountain-homes, persecuted but not destroyed? The radical Albigenses and Waldenses are the men on whom history has placed this mark of honor. Who were the martyrs in the early ages of the Church, boldly meeting the storm of Pagan persecution, and cheerfully dying in the cause of their Master? They were the men whose religious convictions neither earth nor hell could suppress or conquer. Who first planted Christianity among men, turning the world upside down, and laying the axe at the very roots of Pagan Rome and a corrupt Judaism? Who made such a stir in Judea and in various parts of the Roman Empire some eighteen centuries ago? This was the work of Jesus and his apostles, than whom, considered in reference to the existing status of the age, greater radicalists the world never furnished. Who, when he mounted the throne of Judea, cut down the idolatrous groves, and purified the temple and worship of the living God? This was the work of Josiah, a young and pious prince, who meant to make the remedy as deep and broad as the disease.

Coming nearer to our own times, who, let me ask, were the Dissenters and Puritans in England? Who fled from the old world and came to this, for the purpose of enjoying their religious rights? Who are the men that floated in the Mayflower, and in the depths of winter landed at Plymouth Rock? Who planted the Church, and the School-house, and the State on these western shores? The same men, as to their spirit and temper, that in the

armies of Oliver Cromwell sung psalms and made prayers, and then fought for God and liberty as no other men ever did. They were radicalists, hated by the English aristocracy, persecuted for their faith, yet fulfilling a mission in the history of the world which one must be blind not to see. Their power consisted in the thoroughness and depth of their principles. They belong to the class whom kings and politicians sometimes disdain, and as often fear. They are the men who have a gospel, and they believe it. Their brains are not too narrow to comprehend fundamental principles.

Who stirred up all New-England, some century ago, purifying its theological atmosphere, and showing the unscriptural character of what has been styled the "Half-way Covenant," in respect to the question of Church-membership, reasoning with the people of his special charge, and reasoning with the ministry, and choosing to forfeit the good esteem of his people rather than sacrifice the truth? The man who faced opposition, and, under God, accomplished this task, is Jonathan Edwards,—that illustrious prince in theology, that profoundest of thinkers, as well as that most beautiful exhibition of the Christian virtues; and he did the work by laying the axe at the root of the tree. Who, by deep and earnest discussion, struck such heavy blows against the Unitarian heresy, so prevalent and so popular in New-England some half a century ago? Moses Stuart and the venerable Dr. Woods,—both of whom, I trust, are now reaping the heavenly reward of their labors,—buckled on the armor of God, and contended earnestly for the faith. They, too, laid the axe at the root of the tree.

You thus see, without further recital, that the radical spirit in science, in the reformatory movements of earth, and the religious developments of man, so far from being justly obnoxious to our suspicion or censure, is really worthy of all praise. It is one of the elements in human character by which the mighty God makes his power felt on earth. It is one of the chosen instruments of Providence to bless and save this fallen world. The most effective men of our race have been actuated by this spirit. Such men do quite as much thinking as other men, and vastly more than some. Very often they win victories, over which, being won, the conservatives are ready to shout in terms of the highest laudation. Doubtless, there are many who glorify Luther to-day, who, if living in the sixteenth century, would have passed him by as a radical. Some people are very bold in killing *dead* lions; but no motive can persuade them to touch a living question till all doubt about the issue is removed. Then their courage comes up to the mark. You can never find them when you want them; and when you do *not* want them, they are quite ready to help on the good cause. They are too conservative to peril any thing. Their consciences are too elastic to have much force.

I really wonder what those newspapers, and those orators, and

those office-seekers can be thinking about who denounce the radical spirit as if it were the quintessence of all evil. Are they playing with words? Are they trying to deceive the people? Do they understand what they so freely denounce? Are they honest? Have they read history? I take the liberty of saying to them that the facts do not justify the opprobrium they design. The word *radical*, analytically and historically expounded, is a *royal* term. In reference to the momentous questions of the Revolutionary age, George Washington was a radical, Thomas Jefferson another, John Hancock another, and John Adams another. They lived in a radical age, and were as radical as the age. They were the men of the future, while the Tories in this country and George III. in England were the conservatives, the men of the present.

I come now, my brethren, to what I had in view in the commencement of this sermon, and what the preceding remarks must have suggested.

IN THE THIRD PLACE, TO MAKE AN APPLICATION OF THESE THOUGHTS TO THE AFFAIRS OF OUR OWN COUNTRY AT THE PRESENT MOMENT. I am not here to preach *politics* in the low, party sense of this term. I never did this in the pulpit, and I think I never shall. Nor am I here to make any apology for my utterances. I have but one rule in preaching, and that is, to speak what I think, leaving the people to judge for themselves.

The times, in my judgment, imperatively demand that the Christian pulpit should have a distinct and clear ring. It is no hour for God's servants to hide themselves, and practice ambiguities for the sake of being unintelligible. The tremendous and appalling drama of events which divine Providence is now enacting in this land, should bring every man to the altar of prayer, and then carry him from that altar to discharge the duties he owes to God, his country, to posterity, and the world. What is now the great *American* question, has sent its thrill over all Europe. It will, either for weal or woe, cast its shadows on the path of coming centuries. With a single exception, it is more radical and more fundamental, and involves larger interests, than any other upon which mortals or immortals ever fixed the gaze of thought. God, I believe, is in this question. "There is a divine *reason* in it. There is a divine *justice* in it;" and we may be sure that there is a divine *purpose* to be answered by it. Providence is in the crisis of the hour.

As I survey the matter, there are three *radical* principles crowded by the God of Providence upon this nation, and demanding our solution. The first is one of *national life;* the second is one of *moral justice;* and the third is one of an enlarged and generous *Christian philanthropy.* On each of these points I wish to say a word, beginning,

First, with the question of national life. It would be folly either

to underrate or misunderstand our foe. He means to destroy t
noble Union of States. His plan, if successful, is perfectly fa
Secession is the theory, but destruction is the end. Rebellion a
fighting, robbery and pillage, are the means of this gigantic cri
against the Constitution and peace of our common country.

What have we to do in such premises? Shall we talk ab
peace-measures and compromise-measures in the presence of
armed rebellion? Shall we call those our political brethren w
are our public enemies, who are traitors to the Constitution, and w
are putting the knife to the very throat of our national existenc
Shall we chatter about the constitutional rights of traitors? Sh
we, by party strife, and for party purposes, seek to foment disc
in our own ranks? No—*never*—NEVER. Our duty is to
down this rebellion, to crush it absolutely, using all the me
which God and nature have placed in our hands for this purp
Our duty is to blast and brand with eternal infamy the theory
secession, and prove to the world that this Union "is a *governm*
in the highest sense of the term, the enforcement of whose laws
whatever cost, is a fundamental article of its creed—just as fun
mental as liberty itself." This we must do, or die as a nation.
hence regard this war for the Union as an imperative necessity.
regard it as a *holy* war. The sword was never drawn in a m
sacred cause, and should never be returned to its scabbard till
end is gained. What shall be done with the rebels when th
are conquered, is an *after*-question. Let us first conquer the
Let us beat them on the battle-field, as we can do, and I beli
we will do, dispersing their armies and bringing them to absol
submission. This, I know, is a very radical measure. The la
groans under the tread of contending legions; blood flows, a
families weep; yet, in the circumstances of our position, no otl
measure meets the case. No other measure will give the dea
blow to the wicked theory of secession. No other measure v
preserve the integrity, the dignity, and glory of this Governme
No other measure will prove that we are what we claim to be-
NATION. No other measure will settle this controversy upo
lasting basis. We must conquer the rebels, or be conquered
them. We must lay the military axe at the root of the tree w
an earnestness and decision that leave no doubt as to our purp

The second point is one of moral justice. We have practice
great iniquity in this land. We have continued to practice it y
after year, and generation after generation. In the bosom of
freest government on which the sun ever shone, we have the in
tution of human slavery. We have tolerated it, fostered it, le
lated for it, bought territory for its extension, till it has grown
its present fearful and appalling dimensions. Not a few in t
country have gone so far as to call it *right*. And not a few w
think it *wrong*, have desired to say but little about it. The Sou

ern people, by one of the most extraordinary apostasies in morals to be found in the history of man, and contrary to the faith of their fathers, have canonized the institution of slavery.

Moreover, that slavery is the cause of this rebellion, the great root and ground of our present troubles, is as plain as the sun in the heavens. The chief watchwords of the rebellion have been the *sanctity* and *perpetuity* of slavery. The leaders have hung out the flag of slavery. They have declared it to be the chief corner-stone of a political edifice, that is to be built on the eternal wretchedness of an oppressed and subjugated race. When they discovered by the census of 1860, as well as by the last Presidential election, that the political power of this country was passing into the hands of freemen, and out of the hands of slaveholders, and that they were to be no longer the ruling power in the National Government, then, according to the programme of Mr. Calhoun, of more than thirty years' standing, they rent the contract by which they had hitherto been bound. The whole meaning of this civil war, so far as the South is concerned, is the preponderance of slavery, and of the oligarchy which is founded upon this institution. Slavery, for its own dire purposes, has decreed that the nation shall die. There is no use in blinking this point, or misunderstanding it. Public opinion, the common-sense of men, and the philosophy of the facts, as well as the confessions of the rebels themselves, are not, and can not be in error on this point. Back of all other causes lies the slave-power as the chief cause of this rebellion. And but for it, no such diabolical scheme would have ever been conceived, or if conceived, attempted.

What, then, we inquire, are the signs of the times, as written upon the sky of God's providence? We have all been hoping, and even predicting, that this rebellion would prove the death-knell of slavery,—just *how* and *when* we have not been able to see. Had the rebellion been less persistent and formidable, had it been conquered with but little fighting, had the armies of the Union been far more successful, had slavery proved, as many supposed, an element of weakness, and not, as the facts show, an element of very great strength,—had this been the order of Providential events, to all human seeming, this war would have ended without reaching the slavery question in any very essential and radical form. Such, however, has not been the order of Providence. We have had serious disasters and delays. We have had time to collect our thoughts and reflect upon what is right. We have had a severe discipline. Providence has thrown several thousands of slaves upon our hands. We have found it necessary to use them, and make some provision for them. While we have vacillated in our policy, sometimes looking in one direction, and sometimes in another, sometimes seeming to have no policy, the government scarcely knowing what to do, Providence, by the stern force of

events, has been slowly but steadily crowding the slavery question upon public attention. The effort to ignore it has been constantly bringing it to the surface. We have not been able to get rid of it. In whatever way the President looked, this question met him. It has floated on every breeze, and drifted in every current. In the outset of the struggle, I confessed myself to have been rather cautious in my thoughts; I scarcely knew what I did think; I have had no desire that the President should be hasty or hurried in his final policy on this subject; I thought I saw that he needed time to think, and also that the public mind needed discipline and training by the course of events:—yet now, in the existing circumstances, looking at the past, taking into view the character of the struggle, and, above all, studying the principles which govern the righteous providence of God, permit me to say very frankly, that I have reached my conclusion. I am in favor of employing the whole military strength of this nation, to carry into practical execution the purposes expressed by the President in his recent Proclamation. The measure, I know, is radical; yet there are times, and we have fallen upon them, when radical measures are the wisest.

As a *war*-measure, as the means of reaching a constitutional end, which is the only aspect of the case presented in the President's Proclamation, I do not see how any reasonable man can doubt his right to adopt it. He has a right, as the "Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy," to do any thing justified by the usages of civilized warfare, which, in his judgment, may be necessary to the conquest of the rebellion. This is involved in the very nature of the war-power; and surely it is constitutional to use the whole strength of this power to maintain the government of these United States. I am not able to see what there is in slavery so sacred, that it should be exempted from the ordinary incidents of war, especially a war provoked by itself. Let it take the consequences of its own acts. Slavery is giving great aid and comfort to this rebellion; the slave population furnishes the producing force which feeds the army in the field; a portion of it accompanies the army in the character of servants and diggers of trenches; the rebels themselves are using this power to great advantage; and surely if we may do any thing to weaken and destroy them, if we may take away their property, and, if necessary, bombard their cities, then, in the state of war, we may strike down that institution for whose ascendency they are fighting, and on which they rely as one element of strength. If they want to escape the blow, let them lay down their arms, and the President's Proclamation will not touch them. They are now simply warned by the Proclamation, "*that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof*

shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then thenceforward and forever FREE, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their *actual* freedom." Let the rebels lay down their arms before the first day of January, and this Proclamation will not disturb the institution of slavery. It becomes effective only in the event of their persistence in the war. It offers them a day of grace.

If it be objected that this Proclamation may take effect in emancipating the slaves of those who are loyal citizens in the rebellious States, then I answer; first, that the number of these persons must be exceedingly small as compared with the whole people; secondly, that a measure demanded by a great public necessity for the suppression of the rebellion, is not to be balked in its course for the sake of this small minority of persons who are not in active rebellion; thirdly, that the theory of the President is, that these persons should receive compensation from the Federal Government for the loss of their slaves. I confess that I do not see any force in the objection. The loyal people of the free States are suffering most severely in consequence of this war; and why should not the loyal people, if any there be, in the rebellious States, be willing to accept a measure, not primarily aimed at them, but designed to crush this accursed treason, even though they may be sufferers in its practical execution by reason of their connection with traitors? Is slavery so dear to them, that they can not give it up, even to save the Union? If truly loyal, they will welcome the blow, and trust to the Government to do them justice afterwards.

Those who are very sensitive about the Constitution at this time, who want the war prosecuted, as they say, according to the Constitution, and doubt the constitutionality of this measure, seem to forget that this very Constitution bestows upon the Government the *war*-power, of which the President is the executive agent. In discharging the trusts committed to him, the Constitution makes it his duty to conquer the foe, and use all the means in his power for this purpose. Traitors against the Constitution have no rights under it, except to be conquered and hung. They surely are not the men to plead the Constitution in their own behalf.

Will not the measure exasperate the rebels, and make them more persistent than they otherwise would be? I think the experience of the last eighteen months supplies an ample answer to this question. These men are not to be exasperated. They are already as determined as they can be. They are not to be conciliated by any emollient system of treatment. They mean to fight, and to keep fighting; and fight they undoubtedly will until they are conquered, as perhaps no other people were ever conquered in

the history of human warfare. It is high time to relinquish the false idea of coaxing this rebellion into good nature. We have already lost much by *playing* war; and now if we mean to win in this struggle, we must make the rebels *feel* the war in its utmost severity. This is the shortest, surest, and most merciful way to the end.

As to the question of *expediency*, the President, having taken this ground, and after long delay and much consideration, issued his Proclamation, the measure becomes expedient, even if it were not so before. As I read events, the Proclamation is not ahead of Providence, nor is it in advance of a rapidly increasing drift of public sentiment; and the way now to solve the problem of expediency, is to put on the armor, and make the destruction of slavery as the *means*, and the preservation of the Union as the *end*, the grand watchwords of the struggle. Let us carry freedom and victory in the same hand. The power that can gain the latter, can also gain the former. If we *can* conquer this rebellion, we can also kill slavery while doing it. We now have the *opportunity*, as we should not have in times of peace. We can now rid the land of that which has so long been its curse and its shame. The hour for doing this work, and the only hour possible since the Revolutionary age, has come; and my prayer to God is, that we may see our opportunity. He does not mean, if I read his providence correctly, to let us off with any half-way work on this subject. We must now lay the axe at the root of the tree, and put an end to slavery. I have no denunciations for those who dissent from these opinions. They are my opinions; and I utter them in the fear of God.

In respect to the *equity* and *moral justice* of the result accruing from this measure, I have no doubt. I hold, as I ever have held, that the system of human slavery is wrong — a sin against God and the dearest rights of our nature. For this wrong we are now suffering as a people. God is angry with us, and punishing us for this sin, and punishing those most severely who have sinned most grievously. The best way to please God and secure his favor, is to put away the evil from the land, to do *right*, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free. If with the opportunity we now have, and the discipline through which we have passed, and are still passing, we come short of this point,—if we undertake to cheat eternal justice,— then my belief is, that a night of deeper shades than this dark hour, awaits us in the future. You may depend upon it, that it is safe to do right; and the American people can commit no mistake so great as in this hour to fail in executing that sentence of death against slavery, for which Providence calls, and which God's justice must approve. The ways and the methods I leave with those whose is the official task, pledging to them my support and my prayers, and beseeching

Almighty God to give them alike the nerve and the wisdom to compass the end. "I frankly confess to you, gentlemen," said a distinguished politician, addressing an assembly not long since, "I frankly confess to you that, for myself, I take no interest in the negro; but, gentlemen, I am at a loss to conceive how any man can review the history of this rebellion without a clear conviction that *Almighty Providence* does!" Just so, my hearers. God does take an interest in some four millions of slaves; he is showing that interest at this hour; and the time has fully come for us, the creatures of his power and the ministers of his providence, to inquire for the path of duty on this subject, and then walk in it. My greatest concern about the nation lies at this very point.

The third question growing out of the times, is one of enlarged and generous Christian philanthropy. It is sometimes called the *negro* question in distinction from that of slavery. If we put away slavery, as I pray God that we may, then we must not butcher the black man to get rid of him, but treat him in the sequel of his history according to the law of love. As the superior race, we have injured him quite long enough. Let us now try to do him good. As an inferior, ignorant, degraded, comparatively helpless race, subject to enormous disadvantages, he appeals to our philanthropy. We owe to him the duties of philanthropy. If he can constitute, either in part or in whole, the laboring population of the Southern States, being rewarded for the toil of his hands, and duly protected in his rights as a man—if this be the best arrangement for him, and also for the white race—then so be it. I have no objections. For one, I do not wish to drive him from this land, *nolens volens*, whether he will or not, and whether this is best or not. The idea that, being free, he will emigrate to the North, and here make a jar in our system of labor, which is the fear of some, seems to me not well founded. The climate is against it. The proclivities and affinities of the black man are for Southern latitudes. Left to himself, he will instinctively choose the sunny South. It is now his home. Remove slavery, and the tendency of the blacks who are now at the North, will be to go to the Southern States, where they can find a people of their own race in much larger numbers than they can find them here.

If, on the other hand, the black man can not here, in immediate contact with the white race, realize his true and proper destiny, as I am inclined to think will prove the fact, though in this I may be mistaken, then the dictate of philanthropy is that we should find him a *home*, and furnish him with all the facilities in our power for reaching it. He must live *somewhere;* and if it be a settled fact that he can not live here to his own advantage or ours, then let us look about the world and see what we can do for him. Men of our race brought him here, and we their descendants have a duty to perform in giving him a home somewhere. If we can

not send him back to Africa, as I think we can not in sufficient numbers to solve the problem, then we must seek for him a home nearer by, at some place more convenient of access, where this Government could extend over him its fostering and protecting care. It would not be wonderful if in the sequel of Providence the State of Florida, and perhaps portions of Alabama, or the states of Central America, should finally become the resting-place and residence of this outcast and unhappy race. We are in the mere dawn of this problem; we can not see very far into it at present; and the dictate of philanthropy is, that we should make ourselves attentive students of the facts as they may be developed by Providence, and then act accordingly. The President, I perceive, is strongly inclined to the theory, that as we remove the system of slavery, the black race must be separated from the whites, and settled elsewhere. Perhaps he is right in this opinion, and perhaps the facts will show that he is not right. It is high time that the best minds in the nation should be thinking upon the subject. We have the question on hand, or judging from the indications of Providence, we soon shall have in a very practical form; and we ought to be making up our minds as to what is just, and wise, and humane, and Christian. The question as to what we shall do *with* the black man, and what we shall do *for* him, if released from the bondage of slavery, let me tell you, is one of the great questions of the age. In its solution he is for the most part dependent upon the friendship, the kind regards, and Christian philanthropy of the white race. He has no power to solve it himself. As he merges into freedom, he must receive his destiny from those at whose hands he receives that freedom. They will fix his position and his home rather than himself. He can not conquer his own destiny. His intelligence, powers of combination, and resources of action, are not equal to the task. He appeals to us to think for him; and think we must, and act we must, as wise and good men, thinking and acting in the fear of God, endeavoring to carry out towards the black man the principles of a sound, impartial, Christian philanthropy.

It is quite possible, moreover, that we are seriously underrating the capacities of the black man to help himself. Perhaps what he most wants from the white race, is that we should *let him alone*, and give him a chance to work out his own destiny. This we have not hitherto done. We have subjected him to great disadvantages in the free States, and in the slave States oppressed him by one of the most cruel despotisms that human nature ever felt. We have not been content to let the black man alone, and let him take his chances with other men on the field of life. If now we would practice this species of justice towards him, both North and South, perhaps the providence of God, at least in the course of a few generations, would show that we are making more of

the negro-question than really belongs to it. At any rate, a good beginning towards the end will be to *let the black man alone* in the sense of ceasing to do him harm, in the sense of putting away slavery, and discontinuing his oppressions; and whatever remains to be done after this to assist him in the recuperative struggle for a higher life, will thereby be greatly simplified.

I have thus, my brethren, given you my thoughts upon some of the radical questions of this most radical age. I have not spoken to you as the politician or the partisan, but as the minister of Christ. I have spoken honestly and frankly, surely not wishing to offend even the most unimportant ear in this house, yet desirous of being thoroughly understood. I have practiced no ambiguity of words, and held back no utterances which I deemed germane to the subject. I have thus spoken from a sense of duty to you, to my country, and my God. You will hold me responsible for the utterance. You may do so. I am perfectly willing that you should. What I have said is but a just expression of my sentiments, not hastily formed or uttered in wrath. If these views are not in your opinion correct, you have as much right to think your own thoughts as I have to think mine. All that I claim is to do my own thinking, whether I stand in this place or elsewhere. I have always exercised this privilege, and I expect to do so as long as I live. If ever I felt solemn and serious, far more anxious to speak the truth than to please the hearer, this is that moment.

I can not conclude without a word of exhortation. I exhort you, in the first place, to stand by the Government, and that, too, whether you approve of all its measures or not. Remember that the Government does not consist in a piece of paper, but in living men, who in the providence of God are intrusted with the administration of our national affairs. These men are now the Government. Remember also, that unless you propose to have a revolution, this war must be conducted through the agency of our present Chief Magistrate, at least until the period when his term of office shall expire. That the President is earnestly and honestly laboring for the preservation of this Union, I think no man can doubt. He ought, therefore, to be supported by the people, by the *whole* people. His mistakes, if there be any, should be regarded with great leniency. No man ever had a more difficult task to perform. This is no time for a factious opposition, or for a division in the ranks of loyalty. The South, in the commencement of this rebellion, based their hope of success on three grounds. The first is cotton, which has failed them; the second is foreign intervention, which has also failed them; and the third is a *divided* North, which has hitherto failed them, as I pray God that it may continue to do. If we divide our strength, our cause is lost. We can not conquer this rebellion unless we are thoroughly united in

the purpose to do so; and if we are thus united, nothing can be more certain than our ultimate triumph.

I exhort you, in the second place, to give your support—moral, social, and political—to those men of whatever name or party, and to those men *only*, whose devotion to the Government in its present struggle is above all question. You now want true men—*war* men—men about whose position there is no ambiguity—men who mean to carry this nation through to final victory. No other men are fit to represent the people in such a crisis. Sympathizers with rebellion,—cold and lukewarm patriots,—demagogues, more anxious for office than to save their country,—those who are eloquent in denouncing the Government, while they have very little to say against the treason that now threatens the life of the nation:—these, in my judgment, are not the men whom a loyal and honest people can safely trust with official power. If there ever was a time in the history of the world when a man's principles should be above all question, this seems to me that time. His record should be as clear as light. I make these remarks with no reference to any political organizations, whether Republican, Democratic, or mixed. With such organizations I have nothing to do in this place. My object is simply to lay down a principle, whose application must be the work of your own judgment. I extend the right hand of fellowship to any man and every man, who is entirely sincere, honest, and earnest in prosecuting this war till every vestige of treason against the Federal Government shall be completely subjugated. I do not ask him to adopt all my reasons for this position. What I ask is, that he adopt the position itself.

I exhort you, in the third place, patiently, cheerfully, and hopefully, to bear the burdens of this struggle. I know they are great, and they may become very much greater. Some of you have given your sons and kindred to the war; and some of you mourn the loss of those who have poured their honored blood upon the altars of their country. We have all felt, and are still feeling, and shall long continue to feel, the sad consequences of this unhappy strife. And yet, unless I am utterly at fault in my apprehension of the case, the cause is worthy of the sacrifice. The character and capacities of the American people never shone more brightly than during the last eighteen months of their history. The bravery of our soldiers, their patient and long endurance, their heroic achievements on the field of deadly conflict,—the voluntary enlistment of nearly a million of men,—the creation, almost in a day, of a vast navy,—the ample supply of the sinews of war,—the organization of committees and associations to provide for the physical, moral, and spiritual good of the army,—the services rendered by the women,—the coöperation of the Christian ministry,—the voice of prayer in almost every sanctuary, and in almost every assemblage of the saints,—the oft-repeated judg-

ment of ecclesiastical bodies:—these, and the like facts, declare that the American people cherish their national Government with an undying devotion, and that they are as energetic and invincible in war as they are prosperous in the arts of peace. Though not hitherto bred to fighting, they *can* fight. Fighting is their strange work; and yet when it comes to this, they have shown themselves equal to the hour. Let us then go on in just this line of action, and keep going on, patiently, cheerfully, and hopefully doing all things, daring all things, bearing all things, meeting all emergencies, yielding to no discouragement, superior to temporary disaster, swearing upon the altars of our country that we will never lay down the sword till the last armed rebel against the Constitution and the Union is either subjugated or dead. This was our motto in the outset, and I hope it will be to the end. I of course wish that this end might soon come; yet be it distant or near, in my lifetime or after I shall have gone the way of all the earth, I do not want this war to cease till the twenty millions of freemen who have embarked in it, have either gained the object, or proved its utter impossibility. Then, and not till then, I am for peace. As I read the book of God, that wisdom which is from above, is first PURE, then peaceable.

I exhort you, finally, to be men of prayer. Pray for the President. Pray for the members of his Cabinet. Pray for the soldier, and pray for his commanders. Pray for the sick and the wounded. Pray for those who are appointed unto death, and who will never again see their homes. Pray for the desolate families that weep in secret places. Pray for our public enemies, beseeching God to give them repentance and better minds. Pray for the poor slave, asking the God of justice and mercy to open the door of freedom from his long night of bondage. Pray for the whole country, imploring High Heaven to cut short this war, and give us a peace that, being founded in the principles of eternal righteousness, shall be strong as the solid mountains, broad and deep as the ocean, and lasting as time. Let us now, by the good providence of God, settle the question of our national life, and settle it in harmony with justice; then let the energies of this great and growing nation be directed towards the peaceful industries of society; and we shall not only repair the damages accruing from the war, but far transcend all our previous history as a member in the great family of nations. In view of these objects in which you, and I, and our children after us, yea, all the world, have so deep an interest, let us most fervently beseech the God of providence to accompany the national army, and make it victorious on every field.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Alchemy of Grace.

Of Midas it is fabled that the gift he craved was granted him — that whatever he touched might be turned into gold. But the alchemy of grace is mightier, and more wonderful; and the simple reality of a true Christian experience outvies the very fancies of fable. The touch of a holy faith, consecrating every thing to God's glory, transmutes the gold of earth into the gold of heaven; changes dross and sordid wealth into riches, which moth can not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; stamps upon the image and superscription of earthly coin an image and superscription which make it divine; recoining it indeed in the mint of charity, and making it current as the pledge of sympathy and pity for God's suffering children.

Wealth is dross till piety consecrates it to a hallowed service. Then it expresses no longer a mere marked value, but a worth recognized in the exchequer of heaven. It is transformed, by consecrated use, into treasures of everlasting and inestimable value, and as the benefaction of kindness, the minted coin of charity, the gift of love, it is beyond price. The alabaster-box of ointment was precious before, but when love had devoted it, its value, its real worth in the sight of heaven, was increased a thousandfold. It wants but the touch of real goodness to transform all its earthly possessions into heavenly treasures, wings of ministering angels, and golden reservoirs of pity and compassion.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Have you Glorified God?

One of the most sublime and thrilling reproofs ever uttered was that by Daniel, when he stood before the guilty and affrighted Belshazzar. And yet what is there in it that will not apply with even greater force to thousands upon thousands in a Christian land? "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified." The creature of God, made to declare his praise and glory, you have perverted the end of your creation. The child of God, bound by your very relationship to filial trust and loving obedience, you have proved a prodigal, squandering on selfish schemes your allotted portion, and repaying goodness with ingratitude. The subject of the King of kings and the Lord of lords, you have rebelled and revolted against his authority, and set up your own disordered will or perverted fancies as your highest law. The works of God, enchanting in beauty, surprising in skill, or magnificent in grandeur, may have extorted praise, but it was not praise that rose above the workmanship, or recognized the glory of the Maker. You have walked beneath this starry dome, or guided your steps by the light of the sun, or sat down to the enjoyment of abundant harvests, but your thoughts have not soared to the Fountain of good, or the "Father of lights." Your own faculties, your means, opportunities, privileges, blessings, are all his gift, and yet perhaps you never asked, How may I employ them to show forth the

praise, or to win the favor and the approving smile of Him by whom they were bestowed?

And how—if you have never yet accepted the terms of the Gospel, and embraced Christ as your Saviour—can you have glorified God as the Author of redemption? His works of power are magnificent; the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork; but the wonders of his grace are transcendent. How can you praise while you reject them? How can you honor them, or glorify their Author, while you treat them with contempt? He who lit up the stars, and stretched abroad the firmament, has bid the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon a darkened world, yet its brightness and glory are lost upon your self-blinded vision. You reject as a worthless thing the price of your redemption. You tread under foot the Son of God. Thus have you dishonored the mercy that would save you. The God who made, preserved, redeemed you, you have not glorified. You have practically accounted the blood wherewith you are sanctified an unhallowed thing, and you have done despite to the spirit of grace.

And how can you ever hope to sing that song of the redeemed in heaven — the new song, with its angelic chorus of glory to God in the highest—while you know practically nothing of the grace and love of our Lord Jesus Christ? while you have no experience of the power of atoning blood? while you feel nothing of the joy which thrills the hearts of those whose feet are planted upon the rock of ages, and who in the rapture of their deliverance exclaim: He hath put a new song into my mouth—even praise to our God?

And what must be the doom of those on whom sentence is pronounced, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified"? Must it not be exclusion from the ranks of those whose life on earth, and whose employment in heaven, is to glorify God? Must it not be a condemnation that will crush the soul under the sense of guilt? Must it not be "destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power"?

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Child of God Secure.

How wondrously does every thing pay tribute to the good man's faith, and how does the whole order of nature and providence bow to God's designs respecting him! "Affliction is the good man's shining scene." Trial purges out his dross. Sufferings are the chastenings of a loving Father; and how often, like harvests under the blazing sun, does the heat of sore dispensations ripen him as a golden sheaf for the garner of heaven! The Red Seas and deserts of his pilgrim way teach him the sublimest lessons of truth in his great Deliverer; and where he apprehended famine, he is strangely fed on heavenly manna. "All things work together for good" to him. If the stars, in their courses, fought against Sisera, the light and darkness, the sunshine and storms of life are but the evolutions of that providence that surrounds the child of God with its guardian legions. He is never deserted. He is never alone. He may be cast down, but he is not overwhelmed; he may be perplexed, but he is not in despair. In the furnace of affliction, one like unto the Son of Man is at his side, and tempers the heat to his endurance. His strength, or rather the strength of God, made perfect in his weakness, is proportioned to his day. With Job he can exclaim under the

blows which seem repeated to strike him to the earth, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and though constrained with the Psalmist to exclaim, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," yet with him also he takes courage, and adds with grateful confidence: "Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

For The Prayer-Meeting.

God's Right in us Acknowledged.

If the time shall ever come—foretold in prophecy—when *holiness to the Lord* shall be written on the bells of the horses, how much more shall this inscription of holy consecration be traced on the faculties and possessions of a living man! How much more shall it be written not only over the portals of God's living temple—the consecrated soul—but on all the vessels of the Lord's house! Then shall we glorify God in our bodies and our spirits, which are God's. Reason shall bow to faith, and conscience shall pay supreme homage to the law of God. The affections shall be kindled, like the fire on the altar, with the glow of holy love and warm devotion. Every desire shall be hallowed as a prayer, every imagination shall be sanctified, every thought that has wandered abroad, to gather up the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God, shall haste, as on the wing of seraphim, to lay its willing tribute at the foot of the throne.

And the body shall be the willing instrument of the heart's devotion. The hand shall be like His who "openeth his hand, and satisfieth the wants of every living thing." The foot shall be as the foot of the dusty traveler, "beautiful on the mountains," because the bearer of glad tidings. The voice, in each utterance, shall speak as the oracles of God, in tones of prayer or praise, or the accents of love. The eye shall beam with a holy compassion, and the ear shall list to the cry of the needy, or catch the music of the heavenly host. No element of the whole being shall give forth a discord. Every fiber of the frame, every faculty of the spirit, shall join the chorus of praise and grateful service, and swell the tribute of glory to Him to whom all glory belongs.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Terrors of Guilt.

The guilty man may have a seeming truce; a true peace he can not have. Look upon the face of the guilty heart, and thou shalt see it pale and ghastly; the smiles and laughters faint and heartless; the speeches doubtful, and full of abrupt stops and unseasonable turnings; the purposes and motions unsteady, and savoring of much distraction; arguing plainly that sin is not so smooth at her first motions as turbulent afterwards. Hence are these vain wearyings of places and companies, together with ourselves, that the galled soul doth, after the wont of sick patients, seek refreshing in variety, and after many tossed and turned sides, complains of remediless and unabated torment. Nero, after so much innocent blood, may change his bed-chamber, but his fiends ever attend him, ever are within him, and are as parts of himself. Alas! what avails it to seek outward reliefs, when thou hast thine executioner within thee? If thou couldst shift from thyself, thou mightst have some hope of ease; now thou shalt never want

furies so long as thou hast thyself. Thy soul may fly from thy body; thy conscience will not fly from thy soul, nor thy sin from thy conscience. Some men, indeed, in the bitterness of these pangs of sin—like unto those fondly impatient fishes that leap out of the pan into the flame—have leaped out of that private hell that is in themselves, into the common pit; choosing to adventure upon the future pains that they have feared, rather than to endure the present horrors they have felt; wherein what have they gained, but to that hell which was within them, a second hell without? The conscience leaves not where the fiends begin, but both join together in torture.—Bishop Hall.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Living to Die.

The seasons have their time of coming and going, and we know when they will come and go; the passenger-birds have their appointed time, and we know when they will come, and when they will depart; the leaf has its time to flourish, and its time to fade, and we know when it will flourish, and when it will fade. It is otherwise with death—"man knoweth not his time." Amid this uncertainty, however, one thing is certain—death itself. What is our life, indeed, but a constant dying—a death in life? The moment we begin to live, that moment we begin to die. I am dying while I now speak, and you are dying while you hear; every breath we take to lengthen life, shortens it; and the more we live the less we have to live; thus do we fade as a leaf.

Yet though day unto day utters speech, and night unto night teaches man knowledge; though in every new-made grave that meets our eye; though in every newspaper that we read; though in every funeral procession we are summoned to attend, or that we see dragging its slow and sable length along our streets; though in every funeral-bell that tolls the departure of another and another to the tomb; though all nature enters, as it were, for our sake, once every year into a state of death; though at this moment every sound that meets the ear, and every sight that meets the eye, is eloquent of death; though in all these we have solemn utterance and stern assurances of our approaching dissolution, yet how few of us realize this approach, so as to consider and provide against its issues! Every species of arithmetic we will learn but that of counting our days; every species of economy we will study but that of setting our house in order, seeing we must die and not live.

My brethren, are we in our senses? Will our blindness to danger diminish or prevent danger? Will we not die, because we never think of dying? Surely we can not think thus; you can not but know that death is advancing, and that every effort you make to exclude it from your thoughts, does in effect but bring it the nearer. Let the *forewarnings* of nature, then, be your *forearmings;* let not this season pass by unimproved. Listen to the voice of nature; the voice of nature is the voice of God. God speaks to us from the dust as well as from the pulpit; and if hitherto you have lived as men who were *not* to die, live henceforth as men who *are* to die—in the full knowledge of the fact, live under its full influence; and that the knowledge of death's certainty and death's solemnity may issue in life's sanctity, so may you seek and find, and so help you God.—Rev. John Anderson.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Only Cordial.

Is it possible that the sole and sovereign antidote sent from heaven by God himself against the sting and venom of all heart-grief and horror, the Sacred Sun of saving truth, should become the cause of discomfort and dissettlement of the soul? No, no! There is such a quickening, healing and mighty efficacy and vigor shed into it from the Father of light, and shining in it from the face of Christ, that by the help of the blessed Spirit it can turn darkness into light, death into life, hell into heaven, the deepest horror into the hight of joy.

Tell me of any misery upon the body, soul, outward state, or good name, any calamity felt or feared in this life, or the life to come; and if thou wilt be converted and counseled, I can send thee to some, both promise and precedent in this book of God, which may, upon good ground, fill thine heart as full with sound comfort as the sun is of light and the sea of waters. Nay, give me a wounded spirit, with all its inexplicable terrors and bitterness, which is the greatest misery and extremest affliction of which an understanding soul is capable in this life; and first let all the physicians in the world lay all their heads, skill, and experience together for the cure; let all the highest monarchs upon earth shine upon it with their imperial favors for comfort; let the depth of all human wisdom, and the hight of the most excellent oratory be improved to persuade it to peace; let all the creatures in heaven and earth contribute their several abilities and utmost skill to still its rage; and when all these have done, I will fetch a cordial out of God's own book, which shall mollify the anguish, expel the venom, and bind it up with everlasting peace which passeth all understanding; that the broken bones may rejoice, and the poor soul, groaning most grievously under the guilty horror of many foul abominations, and ready to sink in the gulf of despair, be sweetly bathed and refreshed in the fountain opened by the hand of mercy for sin and for uncleanness, Christ's dearest blood, the glorious well-spring of all lightsomeness and joy.—Robert Bolton.

Make You a New Heart.

It is true, man's change of heart is the greatest miracle that God works in the world; but yet he works it in an ordinary way, by our own endeavors, as well as by his own irresistible and victorious grace, and therefore God calls upon us: "Make you a new heart and a new spirit, for why will you die?" Do not, therefore, cheat your souls into eternal perdition by such lazy conceits of your own weakness and impotency. Do not content yourselves with a few yawning, drowsy wishes, expecting till divine grace doth of its own self drop down out of heaven, and of its own accord change your hearts. Possibly before that time you yourselves may drop irrevocably into hell. Will you lose your souls forever only out of a wretched sloth? Doth one end of them lie burning as a brand in hell-fire, and will you not stretch out your hand to pluck it thence? Believe it, so long as you continue in a sinful state, you are wrapped about with ten thousand curses; the wrath of God is continually making its approaches unto you; and there is only a thin mud wall of flesh to fence it out, which is still moldering and falling away, and whether it will be able to hold out one day longer you know not. You hang over the bottomless pit only the weak thread of a frail life, which is ready to be snapped asunder every moment; and if some consuming sickness should

fret this thread, or some unforeseen casualty should break it off suddenly; if death work a change upon you before grace works a change in you, of all God's creation you are the most miserable. Better that you had been the most loathsome creature that crawls upon God's earth—yea, better that you had never been—than that you should forget and neglect this great work of renovation one moment too long. Therefore use no delay; every moment that is not this present is too long a delay; while you are dreaming of repentance and conversion, some months, or possibly some years hence, God may snatch you away before the next sand is run in time's glass; and where are you then?—Bishop Hopkins.

The Watchword.

In one of the great rock-galleries of Gibraltar, two British soldiers had mounted guard; one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ!" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" strange but blessed watchword; never to be forgotten. For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Look at the Preacher.

Yes, look at him while he is preaching.

1. Because he is speaking to *you*. He speaks to all that are present. You do not drop your head or avert your face when a friend or any man speaks to you in the house or on the street. Acknowledge by looking that you feel that you are spoken to.

2. Because looking at him is a proper return, so far as it goes, for his pains to interest you. He puts himself into communication with you, and your attentive gaze at him is obedience to his virtual solicitation that you be in communication with him. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude and ill-mannered who should avert his face when you attempted to speak to him. Politeness in the social circle should go with you into the sanctuary.

4. It is kindness too. You can do the preacher service—perhaps a very great service. He is anxious to instruct or profit you in some way. It will gratify him to notice your fixed gaze. It will cheer him. Perhaps he is troubled at his own conscious deficiencies, or at the inattention of others. Your kind look is "cold water to a thirsty soul."

5. Would not you, if the preacher,

like the same treatment now sought for him? Would not that hearer's attentive gaze at you do good? Can you refuse to do as you would be done by?

6. Look at the preacher, because there is power in your example. It will rebuke the unkindness and impoliteness of others, whose averted faces and wandering eyes show that the laws of kindness and courtesy have lost dominion in their hearts.

7. Look at him, because it will help you fix your attention more seriously and firmly upon the all-important truths he is trying to impress upon our heart.

Here are seven good reasons for doing what will cost you but little effort, and which is certain to be profitable and honorable to yourself, polite, kind and cheering to the preacher, and greatly useful to others.—*N. O. Observer.*

Serious Questions to the Unconverted.

1. Is *the responsibility of a man* of his own making or of God's? Does your responsibility depend upon your being or not being a professor of religion?

2. Did you ever seriously reflect on the fact that God *offers salvation in its fullness to you as a sinner repenting*?

3. Are you ignorant of *the goodness* of God, that he is kind to you, and that it will not be *his fault* if you are finally lost?

4. Do you not know that *you must accept* the offered salvation — *you* must do it, and that cordially and gratefully by faith in the Gospel; or necessarily, in the very nature of things, perish, as a rejector of Christ, the only Saviour, and that there is NO DECREE OF GOD IN THE UNIVERSE contrary to this?

5. Are you sure that there is any happiness, any safety, any goodness, worthy of the name, apart from the favor of God in Christ Jesus, and the pardon of sin through his blood?

6. For what are you waiting? a miracle? It is not promised—it will never be wrought; and what command of God do you obey by it? what authority have you for postponement? If you can not now turn to God, WHEN can you?

7. If you did not love sin, and mean to continue in it, and this most offensively before God, what could hinder your obedience to the LAMB?

8. Are you not in danger of purchasing this world — a little of it — for one moment — that uncertain — at TOO DEAR a rate? How much ought your fraction of it to be worth, to warrant the price you are in peril of paying for it? Its pleasures, its fame, its wealth—which do you prefer, to the salvation of your soul in Jesus Christ?

9. Do you not choose to *think* of death, futurity, or your account at the judgment-seat of Christ? Why? Are you not sane, or will you absent yourself from that tribunal, or dispute its jurisdiction? Madness! How can you live at this rate, and call yourself no moral lunatic, or endure your own recklessness, refusing to prepare for eternity, when you KNOW it is coming so fast — will soon be here — may arrive any moment? If there is any truth in religion, is it not A DESPERATE GAME that you are proudly playing?

10. Are you afraid of others, of what they will say, if *you* become a Christian? If so, do you know any slave of terror equal to yourself? a bondage execrable and ruinous! your task-masters the most wanton and willful tyrants in the world! Is it you that call it bondage to be the servant of Christ? Where then shall we go for freedom? Why do

you not believe that heaven is a place of misery?

11. Is there any comfort for you, continuing as you are, for which you are not *surprisingly indebted* to ignorance, stupidity, error, presumption, or forgetfulness? Is there any better solution of the wonder that a man has comfort who is "condemned already," and upon whom "the wrath of God abideth"? and is this the comfort you prefer to that of a Christian—to that which cherished Paul in duty, and Jerome at the stake?

12. Are you sure that a life of piety is not the best every way—temporally, as well as eternally? If not, is a life and *death* of impiety the best?

13. If you were truly converted, would it not be a great thing, especially in its relations? If your conversion is infinitely desirable, is not that also of every other sinner? And hence exertions to save souls are infinitely desirable. Will you then oppose them any more? Devils will do enough of this. Why will not you then repent and believe in the Gospel, and "save yourself from this untoward generation"? DECIDE NOW FOR ETERNITY!

"There is but One Book."

IT is told of Sir Walter Scott, that in the feebleness of his last days, when the pen had dropped from his nerveless fingers, and his mind had felt the shock of exhausting labors, he called upon his son-in law, Lockhart, to read to him. "What shall I read?" said Lockhart. "Why do you ask? There is but one book," was the reply.

What language from the lips of one whose writings had charmed and fascinated tens of thousands, and whose authorship had multiplied his volumes till they counted by scores! The time had come when these were worthless. His own ingenious and enchanting fictions offered him no solace then. He wanted the book that could tell him of realities, which took hold on eternity. He wanted the book which could be a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path, amid the shadows of the dark valley. He wanted to lay hold on promises which should be the rod and staff of God to his fainting spirit.

Ah! it is not genius, it is not the gift of imagination, or the fruits of culture, which can suffice for us, when our feet stumble on the dark mountains. Then our thoughts turn instinctively to the light that comes down to us from the throne of God. We want the words of the everlasting covenant. We want the words of the Lord Jesus. We crave the aid, the grace, the sympathy, and consolation of Him who spake as never man spake. Then, with a music sweeter than the breath of song, more precious than childhood's cradle-hymn, falls upon our ears, the invitation: "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yet these are the words that invite you now. You can not say how long you will be permitted to hear them. Will you turn away, and give them no heed? Will you resort to volumes of fiction, to the pages of human wisdom and learning, to the exclusion of that volume of which the greatest novelist of the century said, "There is but one book"? Will you so affront that volume, which from your earliest years should be "the man of your counsel"? Will you leave the fountain for broken cisterns? Will you seek vain knowledge with insatiable eagerness, and neglect the privilege offered here of knowing Him whom to know aright is life eternal?

Oh! press this volume to your

heart! Inscribe its truths upon your memory! Whatever else you seek or neglect, neglect not the Bible. It is the word of life; it is the oracles of God. It is a mine which profoundest thought may explore, but can not exhaust. It is the star that shines with undimmed light on the voyager's track, when all the rush-lights of human wisdom are swallowed up in the darkness. Make this book your guide. Drink from its fountains of wisdom. Satisfy your hunger from its bread of life.

Death Ministering to Life.

HAVE you never walked among the trees of the forest, shooting their lofty summits up into the clear sunshine, and noticed upon them, far over your head, the dead limbs that are crumbling away, to leave the straight, majestic trunk more perfect in its symmetry? Once these limbs were the topmost branches, loaded with foliage, and vigorous with their green, young life. But they have perished now. They have died to give up their strength to the parent stock that will send it aloft to perfect its own wonderful development.

Is it not thus that the believer will view the defeat of his once-cherished plans? The tree of his life should leave the symmetry of perfect obedience. His enterprise may branch forth in various directions, but when these branches do not accord with the great aim of a consecrated life, or when they have contributed all they have to give to the common end, they are allowed to perish. Who will not recognize in this the lesson of all-wise Providence, teaching to look beyond the present to future attainment, and to say, as it sees its own plans and projects sacrificed to promote a higher end: "Not my will, but thine be done"?

One Faith—One Baptism.

A WRITER in the *Christian Chronicle*, (Philadelphia,) speaking of the arrival of a considerable number of "contrabands" at the Union Saloon, at the foot of Washington street, in that city, relates the following interesting incident:

"Entering into conversation with them, I inquired if there were any Christians among them.

"'Yes.'

"'Any Baptists?'

"'Yes, massa, I'se one,' said a stout man; and we shook hands cordially.

"I asked an old woman looking more like an Egyptian mummy than any thing else, if she loved the Saviour."

"'I does.'

"'Do you belong to any church?'

"'I does.'

"'What kind?'

"'Baptist, massa.'

"I told her I was a Baptist minister.

"'O Lor bless ye! gib me your hand 'gin,' and rising half-way up, with such a shake, look and grin, with eyes and mouth open, she said, 'Lor bless ye, Lor bless ye. I'se so glad to see a dear minister once more,' tears running down her withered cheeks.

"I said, 'How old are you?'

"'I don't know; massa was plowing when Cornwallis was taken; saw soldiers running and women crying; was baptized by Mr. Baker, at Berryville, Va.; am a rail Virginny nigger; have had two husbands and twenty-one children; my youngest son, by my side, has a wife and four children in bondage.'"

This woman, who seems to be a specimen of that mummy-like longevity found nowhere but among negroes, is farther stated to be one hundred and four years old. She was,

consequently, eighteen years of age when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The youngest son, above mentioned, is said to be a fine-looking negro, and very tender of his mother.

"In parting," adds the narrator, "I said, 'I shall meet you in heaven.'"

"'Oh! yes, bless de Lor. All ob God's dear children born ob the Spirit. We'll meet in hebben, dat's sartin.'"

This she said with so much feeling that many around wept.

It is pleasant to be able to add that this interesting group all found employment, and that there is room for more.

A Praying-Wheel.

We went over the monastery, which was just the church of Gorooguntal over again, on a large scale. Among other things, we were shown with great pride a monster praying-wheel; the cylinder was at least ten feet in hight, and five or six feet in diameter, and it was hard work for two priests to turn it. These praying-cylinders were the great feature of the place, and were of all sizes; the smallest were about the size of a humming-top, and resembled that toy in shape. They are called *chos-khor*, and are carried in the lama's right hand—the handle being the axis on which they revolve. They turn at the slightest movement; and as each revolution counts as one prayer, it is easy to carry on an animated conversation, and get through any amount of prayers to Boodh at the same time. Others, a little longer, were placed in shelves along the walls, about the hight of a man's waist. The pious, in passing, always gave those a twirl. But the most perfect specimen of this business-like way of getting over their spiritual duties, practiced by the Boodhists of Ladak, was a little water-mill, which we noticed a short time after, near a village. The stream turned the mill-wheel, which was nothing more or less than a praying-cylinder, and revolved unceasingly; as long as the stream flowed on, so long would its devotions last. Unlike a "friar of orders gray," apt to fall asleep over his beads, and to shirk the number of *aves* which have been bargained for, this charming little mechanical contrivance never stopped to take breath, never slept, never left off for meals, but prayed continuously, and all "free gratis for nothing." He was certainly no fool, whatever else he may have been, who invented the praying-wheel.—*Travels in Ladak, Tartary and Kasomair, by Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens.*

Small Sins.

Remember, there is a deadly poison in the very nature of sin, as there is in a serpent, be he never so small. The least sin is worse than the greatest pain that ever man felt; and would you choose and say, it is little? The least sin is odious to God, and had a hand in the death of Christ, and will damn you if it be not pardoned; and should such a thing be made light of? And many sins, counted small, may have great aggravations, such as the knowing, deliberate, willful committing of them is. To love a small sin is a great sin; especially to love it so well, that the remembrance of God's will and love, of Christ and heaven and hell, will not suffice to resolve you against it. Besides, a small sin is the common way to greater. The horrid sins of David and Peter had small beginnings. Mortal sicknesses seem little matters at the first.—Richard Baxter.

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

VERY interesting statements are frequently made here, and incidents related in regard to religion and religious influences upon soldiers in the army. The facts should encourage to more earnest prayer and greater efforts in behalf of those who are exposed daily to the solemn dangers of death on the battle-field.

A father, who has lately had two sons, but has one of them now laid up in heaven, read to the Fulton-street meeting a letter from the surviving son, who is now in Fort Pulaski, Georgia. He writes that their prayer-meetings in the regiment are now held three times a week, and that they are numerously attended, with much of the appearance of a revival spirit pervading them. The pious soldiers of the regiment are Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed, but they have become so united, heart and hand, that they will labor and pray that they may win souls to the Lord Jesus. The Lord seems to be moving them, by the power of his Spirit, to this great and glorious work, and already they see some fruit of their labors. Their meetings for prayer are melting and animated, and some of the impenitent among the soldiers are turning from sin to holiness, and from the service of Satan to the service of Christ. A great change is taking place in the regiment. It has some pious officers and a chaplain, but in the communication they are not spoken of as taking any interest in this religious movement.

A gentleman said that he had good news to give from another part of the army. In two regiments which he named there are now existing what would be termed revivals of religion, if the same state of prayer among Christians, and religious anxiety among the unconverted existed in any of our congregations. These men of the regiments do not call this state of things a revival, yet every day men are found coming out on the Lord's side. The praying men of these regiments know very well that all this movement is to be ascribed to the power and grace of God. We have great encouragement to pray. We ought to have confidence that the Lord is on our side, when we find that his Spirit is so manifestly abroad among the men of our armies.

LETTER FROM A CHAPLAIN.

A gentleman said he had in his hand a letter from a chaplain. He is a ripe scholar, an able minister of the New Testament, an earnest Christian, a zealous worker, and has always been successful in his work of preaching the Gospel. He is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, Old School, and his name is a tower of strength.

From his experience in the army, he gives it as his opinion that no field, now open to the minister of the Gospel, affords such encouragement to labor as the army. All a man has to do to be successful, is to convince the men that he really cares for their souls. Never had he found such an appreciation of this care for souls as in the army and army hospitals. The soldier will feel the deepest interest in those who are interested in him. He readily yields to be guided and instructed by such a chaplain, and feels an unbounded gratitude to him for the interest which he feels. Speaking of his own case, he says that he made efforts to establish his own heart in a deep concern for the salvation of his men. He prayed for it; he labored for it; he openly professed it, and he really gained it, so that it

became an all-absorbing desire with him to see all his men Christians. The men did not fail to discover this, and the effect on them was wonderful. He did not dream that he ever could so win the affections of the men as he has done. He did not believe there was a man in the regiment who would not cheerfully lay down his life in his defense. Not a wish could be manifest, but a thousand hearts responded to it. He has seen many a man turning to the Lord. And all along God gives him souls for his hire. It is easy to labor, and labor has a rich reward. All that a chaplain has to do is to show that he has a soul, and that his *heart* is in his *work* and not in his *compensation* or the paymaster's pocket.

Let a man do as Paul did — magnify his office, lay honor in his *work*, not in his position, and the men of a regiment would honor him with their confidence and love. And there was no higher honor, which men could bestow, than the honor which a thousand men would thus bestow upon a chaplain. In many respects the field is unthankful and uninviting, but in other respects no other field is so full of hope and promise. Had we all such chaplains, how blessed would be the lot of our soldiers, and how cheerfully could we send our sons to the war!

INFLUENCE OF A SOLDIER.

A soldier spoke. He said he had now been for some time in the army. Almost any soldier can be approached on the subject of religion, if it is only done in the right way. Let a pious soldier walk softly. Let him watch and be sober — be consistent. Let him be prayerful and earnest, and he will soon find his way to the hearts of his fellow-soldiers. The soldiers of a regiment are good readers of character. A man must not expect to be read off as a good Christian who was a hypocrite. The men would see his hypocrisy and could not respect it. But a humble, earnest, every-day Christian they could not scorn. Him they would sooner come to respect, and when respect was once established, it could be easily maintained. He had seen many soldiers turning to the Lord. God had been giving him an earnest longing for their salvation. Oh! pray more for the salvation of the soldiers. It is true there is a great amount of wickedness among the soldiers. And where will you go and not find wickedness among impenitent and wicked men? If they are wicked, so much more do they need to be saved.

Among the Stars.

FROM THE GERMAN.

At the time when our Saviour was a child, the Father sent angels down from heaven in the form of boys, to play with the child Jesus and the other pious children of Jerusalem. One night it chanced that the little John, who afterwards became the Lord's best-beloved disciple, had wandered with one of his heavenly play-fellows into a beautiful flower-garden. Then said the angel to John: "I must now go away to sleep." "But where is thy bed, dear stranger?" asked John. "Up there, among the stars," replied the angel. "Ah! one must sleep sweetly there," sighed the little John; "if I might only go up with thee!" "Thy bed is already made there; but thou must be content to lie wearily awhile longer down here, poor child!"

The boy looked wonderingly into the angel's face, then plucked a bunch of roses and lilies, and gave them to

his sweet companion as a remembrance till the next morning. "There is a nosegay for thee," said he, "and forget not to bring me one from above when thou comest again early to-morrow, for the flowers up there must be far prettier and larger than ours." "They are indeed," said the angel; "but I can not bring them down to thee. Seest thou the stars shining in heaven? These are our flowers, but they are so large and bright that thy poor, weak little eyes could not look into them, if I should bring them as near to thee as thy roses and lilies. They are not planted in the ground, but in the blue ether, and they drink their life not from the sunshine, but from the light of God's countenance. But this I will do: I will bring thee a seed from one of these flowers to-morrow, and we will plant it in thy earth, and see what will come of it." And the angel kissed the boy and vanished.

The next morning he came again, as he had promised, and in his palm lay a glittering seed. And the two little ones buried it in the earth, and every morning and every evening the angel watered it with water brought in the hollow of his little hand. And the little John told all the good children in Jerusalem that he had a star sown in his garden; and the children came every day to see whether it had yet come up. And lo! in the autumn there bloomed a lovely flower, round in form, with a circlet of many slender petals, like the rays of a star. And so it received the name of Aster, which in English means star. And when I stand in a clear night by a bed of asters and watch the stars shining down over them and me, it is as if they whispered to each other of their old relationship, and the stars look downward and the asters look upward, as if they would fain exchange a kiss of love.

Religion in the Army.

It is one of the wonder-working providences of God that he should so arrange the means of grace and the instrumentalities for the conversion of men as to make this great and terrible war the occasion for the salvation of souls. A revival in the army! Who would choose the camp — the theatre of war — the clangor of arms — the tremendous hazards of the battle-field — as the place and time when men should become serious and prayerful, and give their hearts to the Son of God? And yet to show that God is not straitened in his means, facts warrant the belief that many souls will be converted and saved in connection with our great army movement who otherwise, had they remained at home, would, humanly speaking, never have become Christians. A gentleman stated to us, in the office of the National Preacher, a few days since, that in many parts of the army the prayer-meetings were well attended, and not a few anxious for their souls, and some had given their hearts to the Saviour while just marching into the deadly breach, when the thunders of battle were sounding in their ears.

He related the following incident: A few moments before the attack on the enemy, a subordinate officer said to his captain: I wish to offer prayer in behalf of us all, before we begin the fight. He at once kneeled down with many others, and offered a fervent prayer to the God of battles. Soon after the company or regiment were in the midst of the deadly conflict. After the battle, when the roll was called, not one man was missing or wounded. Officers and soldiers were so struck with the protecting providence, that the same officer begged to return thanks to God. He kneeled down and gave

thanks, and was followed by his captain and some others, in devout thanksgiving.

A soldier from Roxbury, Massachusetts, on leaving home for the army, received a pocket-Bible from his sister. In a battle that followed, a bullet entered the Bible, which was in his side-pocket, and saved his life. He felt the shock, and was bruised, but not otherwise injured. The Bible was sent home to his sister, in Roxbury, and we believe another put in its place. It is gratifying to know, or believe, that no army in the history of the world was ever before provided with so much religious reading and other means of grace.

The Endless Rest.

THERE are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in his Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from conflict; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus enjoys himself. We shall not only rest with him; we shall rest like him. How many of the earth's weary ones are resting in his glorious presence now! It will be undisturbed rest. Here the rest of the body is disturbed by dreams and sometimes by alarms; but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while, and thou shalt enter into rest.

A Coming Eternity.

AND Paradise, Paradise lost, is awaiting you, and stands before you with unfolded gates; and time hasteneth past, and eternity prepareth itself to roll on forever; and the body loseth its strength for labor, and its relish for sensual things, and both haste to an end; and rest cometh, and refreshment in the presence of God; and every blessing of our first parents, with every superadded blessing which arises from the sense of dangers past, from the glorious knowledge of redeeming love, and from the certainty of salvation, and deliverance, and eternal security.—IRVING.

Bridging the Stream.

WHEN engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

WHERE IS YOUR HEART?—A real Christian, while on earth, has his affections much in heaven; but were it possible for an unconverted man to be in heaven, his affections would still be set on earth.

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SERMON XXIII.

A sermon preached before the Synod of New Jersey, at the opening of the sessions at Rahway, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st, 1862. Published by request of the Synod.

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LIFE BY FAITH.

"The just shall live by his faith."—HABAKKUK 2: 4.

THIS was a favorite text with the most gifted and successful preacher that Jesus Christ ever commissioned—Paul the Apostle. Three of his comments upon it have been recognized as the word of God itself, being recorded by the pen of his Spirit: one to the Romans, another to the Galatians, a third to the Hebrews. To the Romans he preaches it, when the prospect of shame and persecution among them for the Cross of Christ calls forth a declaration of Christian courage; "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, the just shall live by faith." To the Galatians he preaches it as part of his conclusive argument for the doctrine of justification by faith: "But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident; for the just shall live by faith." To the Hebrews he preaches it when he exhorts them to patience and continuance through a great fight of afflictions: "For yet a little while, and he that will come, shall come and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Thus you see, how wide a scope we are warranted to take with this text, by the example of divine interpretation itself.

In the connection before us, the original place of its occurrence in Scripture, we discern a shade of meaning still different *from any instance* of its quotation in the Bible; and that is, in

view of approaching trials of an extraordinary kind, we should live, in a peculiar and eminent degree, by the exercise of faith. A frightful vision of national calamity, an impending invasion of the Chaldeans, with all its desolating horrors, filled the imagination of the prophet; and, like every considerate and godly man, he is concerned to know what are his own sins, and his own responsibilities; what may be his own duty, then and now, in the midst of that trouble, and in the prospect of it: verse 1st: "I will stand upon my watch, to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." In answer from the Lord, he is directed, first, to make a faithful record for the benefit of others. "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." Next to have patience with the developments of Providence, concerning the trouble and the deliverance—"though it tarry, wait for it, etc.," (verse 3.) Then it is declared that humility is the only upright attitude of soul, in such circumstances; and contrasted with the proud impatience which can not wait for God, in his appointed time, is the meek reliance of the just man—"but the just shall live by his faith." Faith, as the Apostle Paul would gloss it, which embraces the true Messiah and his righteousness, as the ark of safety through all extremities of trial and danger—faith, which holds with invulnerable hand the promises of Almighty God, that are all yea and amen in him—is the secret of a just man's perseverance through all calamities, and triumph over all catastrophes.

However diversified the uses of the text, there is always one subject—life by faith: and all the varieties of its application may be grouped with sufficient unity in this two-fold aspect of the subject: Life by faith in ordinary circumstances, and life by faith in circumstances of extraordinary trial.

I. Ordinarily, the just man lives by faith. First. As it is the first act of that new spiritual life which the Holy Ghost produces in the soul. It is that coming to Christ which the Scriptures make anterior to every other gift or exercice of grace. Repentance, in the widest acceptation, turning unto God, includes faith as one essential element. But repentance, in the restricted sense, of sorrow for sin, resolution and amendment, follows the eye, the step, the hand of faith. "They shall look on me whom they have pierced, and mourn." The repentance which precedes true faith is but legal, but the agitations of enmity in bonds, throes, and convulsions, which, but for the preventing grace of God, would naturally cry out, at length, "Torment me not, thou son of David." God is pleased with true repentance, as the whole tenor of his word evinces. But "without faith it is impossible to please him." Therefore, if either of these graces may be said to precede the other in the order of nature, and the one is simply indispensable, and the other instantly pleasing, the former is foremost in the movement of renovated life. We persuade the sinner to repentance by the word of God, as it contains the law and the

Gospel; enlightening his darkness, alarming his fears, exciting his soul with alternate threatening and promise, to adventure on the mercy and truth of Jesus. But all this implies, of course, that he believes the word. And thus, from many a point of view, it appears that the first living act of a determination to be saved is that of believing.

Second. We live by faith, as it apprehends the plea by which the condemnation of death is set aside, or as it is a justifying instrument. We are said to live by that instrumentality which delivers us and shields us from the operation of death. "If by one man's offense death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace, and the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ." The hand, therefore which receives this gift of righteousness that comes on us for justification unto life is the implement by which a just man lives. And hence the best reason for his denomination "just" —one whom God has justified on account of the righteousness of Christ, imputed and made just by the cleansing efficacy of atoning blood, sprinkled on his conscience by the Holy Ghost, with that abundance of grace communicated, which is comprehended in the phrase "eternal life." Along with the ground of justification, is all the grace of sanctification received by the same hand of faith, in both of which we are said to live by faith, and not upon it. This, in the economy of spiritual life, would be absurd, as for the body, in natural life, to be subsisted on the hand, instead of the aliment appropriated by that member as an instrument.

Third. We live by faith, as it unites the soul in mystical union with the Head, in whom there is all the fullness of life —"Christ, who is our life." The articulated member of a glorious body, the engrafted branch of a living olive or vine, the cemented stone of a building, fitly framed and well compacted —under many a similitude of striking analogy, and yet inadequate expression, the just man is identified with the Source of all life by the faith which apprehends a justifying righteousness. No matter where we place the mystery of this incorporation as to the order of time, there is conscious vitality and true manifestation only in the actual exercise of faith.

Fourth. We live by faith, as it is in the range of its appropriation the highest and best condition of life. It furnishes the soul with all that makes life valuable and happy. The promises on which it feeds are a continual feast. There is a substance given by it to every thing we hope for. There is a realization in its credit as it looks to the veracity, and faithfulness, and wisdom, and power of God, which makes any one, in any circumstances, that the world would think no life at all, exclaim with the Apostle: "I am full—I have all and abound." Life is never stagnant, never destitute, when we have a future to live for. Even the days of our vanity in youth are counted the happiest days of lifetime, because they are both dependent and expectant; depending, without corrosive care, on a father's provision,

and expecting a greater compass of joy in the years of manly fruition. So, and much more, faith makes life a perpetual youth of joyous recumbency on a Father's care of us, and plans for us, and buoyant forecast of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, which passeth not away, reserved in heaven for us."

Fifth. We live by faith, as it is a principle essentially indicative of life, active, operative, and fruitful. It works. "Faith, without works, is dead." Apprehending for its own, such a robe as the imputed righteousness of Christ, it will ever appear "exalted" in it, and adorned with it, "even as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels." It must combine in the tissue of its own life all the vitalities and activities to which the Scriptures any where attribute our salvation. Sometimes this will be ascribed to benevolence: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, for I was an hungered and ye gave me, etc." Sometimes to hope: "We are saved by hope." And sometimes to believing: "He that believeth shall be saved." Now, to which of these three does our salvation really belong —love, or hope, or faith? It is evident, not to one of them alone, but to all of them together. Faith is first, indeed, but it is the train which fills the temple—the fruits of the Spirit in blended beauty, which make us "all glorious within, and accepted in the Beloved." We must ever try ourselves by this touchstone of genuine life. There is far less danger in that one-sided piety, which works for salvation with fear and trembling, than that other one-sided piety which would believe it out, with barrenness of speculation in the soul; attempting eternal life at our ease, by the magic of resorting with sound but heartless thought to the grace of a living Saviour. How many perish behind the batteries they build, to level human merit in the dust! How many, on the credit of their faith, indulge once more in sin—a little one—extenuated by every circumstance, and atoned for at any rate by the secret salvo, that they have a ready recourse at any time to the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, thus magnifying the virtue of his cross, and the riches of his grace, only to make the precious fountain of the Saviour's blood a laver of convenience for the filthy washing of lust and sloth! Show us your faith by your works, or you are dead and perishing.

II. Such being the constitution and economy of a just man's faith in ordinary circumstances, let us now see how it survives in circumstances of extraordinary trial.

First. The first of these to be considered, that which oppressed the mind of the prophet, when this text was uttered—calamity; that which exceeds the bounds of ordinary affliction. The word of the Lord, by the mouth of Ezekiel, defines it as "a sword—a sword sharpened and also furbished; it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter, it is furbished that it may *glitter;* terrors by reason of the sword shall be upon my people; *smite,* therefore, upon thy thigh. Because it is a trial, and

what if the sword contemn even the rod?"—the rod being the emblem of ordinary affliction. It is a time when the righteous and the wicked are involved in a common tribulation; when the scourge slayeth suddenly, and He who dispenses all events will "laugh at the trial of the innocent"—rejoicing in the power of his own arm to chastise a sinful nation, and the faith of his own followers to outlast the sorest vials of his fury.

War and famine, pestilence and earthquake, early conspired to impeach the objective faith of Christianity, and occasioned, on the part of its defenses, the best achievements of literature among the Fathers. But the refutation of pagan infidelity has never sufficed to deliver the grace of faith from all confusion and perplexity, when God arises to "shake terribly the earth, and bathe his sword in heaven." It is still hard to explain why one event happeneth to all, when a particular providence has in charge the safety of God's own children; harder to explain why the increase of his seed, as pillars of the land and salt of the earth, does not preserve its foundations from being destroyed; and, upon the other hand, why the ship of the commonweal is actually driven with the tempest, and dashed by the billows, for the sake of Christians themselves, that, like Jonah, may be asleep in their unfaithful departure from God.

And there was never, since the world began, a problem for our faith to solve, so hard as that which tries American believers at this time. We trusted that this model and mighty republic had been it, which should have redeemed the world from the curse of despotic rule, and the turbulance of incessant revolution. We trusted that a mission of millennial glory had been the reserve for which the bright evangelization of this continent was long preparing, and that the tie of the nation's heart with British nationality, in its aims of enlightened faith and freedom for the whole race, which had just been restored, was the very league that God's anointed would ordain to guarantee the world's salvation. But, alas! how suddenly and horridly has all this hope and trust been dashed to pieces! The most peaceful realm beneath the sun has become already the most bloody battle-ground on the face of the earth. And Edomitish envy, aristocracy, and greed, all at once forget the league they courted, and cry out against the hated republic: "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof." Hostile camps, which frown defiance at each other with such a bitter hate, that scarcely a sentinel can live between them, are hostile prayer-meetings also; and the Lord of Hosts himself is held by a wrestling faith, which seems strong enough on each side to remove mountains. Faith against faith fights, as if even Christ were divided, and the elements of this fratricidal strife would go up to mingle in the censer which burns in the most holy place of the highest heavens.

How can faith live through this deadly duel? How escape the ruin of a house divided against itself? Or preserve, when all the promises on which it lives and feeds are made them

selves a common object of rapine and plunder?

Hard as the problem may be to reason, there is no great difficulty to the exercise of faith; it never claims that prayer must be answered in the very form, and at the very time, the anguish of the heart may dictate, and feels that prayer is well requited when faith alone is strengthened, and some other boon of visible or invisible mercy is given, as much better for our best welfare, as God's wisdom is greater than ours. Blind and bewildered as we are, in all the calculations of sense, there is chart enough in the volume of inspired and uninspired history to guide us in believing. "Shall I go up again to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother?" said the weeping multitude of the children of Israel, when they asked counsel of the Lord, after having lost twenty-two thousand men before the gates of Gibeah, notwithstanding all their own overwhelming advantages. "And the Lord said, Go up against him." Faith obeyed; and was again defeated, with the loss of eighteen thousand men, who all drew the sword. Again they came to the oracle of God, with weeping and fasting, burnt offering and peace offering, and said: "Shall I yet go out to battle against the children of Benjamin, my brother, or shall I cease?" And the Lord said, Go up, for to-morrow I will deliver them into thy hand."

Such was the agony of faith in that great civil war which desolated the Hebrew commonwealth in the morning of its greatness. Such the piety and persistency of its life, until a peace was conquered by the extermination, almost, of one tribe in Israel: yet the beauties of Old Testament religion follow that war with a brighter effulgence than ever; as the spirit of inspiration has given its pages to our faith. We have Ruth, and Samuel, and David, in quick succession, we have the magnanimity of all the tribes, effacing the rancor of Benjamin, by taking the first of their kings from this diminished tribe; and excepting the sin of asking for a king at all, we have all the lustre of that theocratic empire in the sequel; its consolidation, its renown, its greatest benefit and blessing to the nations of the earth.

History hardly affords us another parallel so near to our condition; unless it was when the Puritans under Cromwell, and the Presbyterians of Scotland were marshaled against each other, and each camp was like a Bethel, for praying and preaching. Terrible tribulation followed that quarrel, at the restoration of Charles the Second, which it speedily accomplished; and both parties were punished, until the whole theatre of their unnatural and unseemly feud became a treshing-floor, on which almighty wrath seemed intent on crushing liberty, religion, and morals in a common destruction. But at length "an handful of corn," thrust out in the extremities of persecuting violence, and trampled in the ground by Claverhouse and his dragoons, came up to "shake like Lebanon," giving to Great Britian the principles of her best revolution, and to America the seed of

ours, and to the world a rich inheritance of regulated freedom.

As a believer in Christ, I cannot despair of my country. I cannot see why we should be slow of heart to believe that this baleful distress which fills us with so much grief and dismay, is only another agony upon the treshing-floor, in which pestilent theories of civil government shall be crushed out forever, and pestilent evils of social and domestic life shall be uprooted safely, or girdled till they die; and a new growth, of deeper root, and loftier hight, and wider shade, shall be the future of our chastened life as a nation.

However this may be, faith has enough on hand, without a moment for speculation, to engage the intense activity of this heavenly grace. Like Noah, when warned of God and moved with fear, the just man will be employed in preparing an ark for the saving of himself and his house. Instead of returning to the world at each interval of relief and hope, with eager and animated chase of its gains or its honors, he will by all means make sure of the "covenant," and hide himself only there, and take his children there, and see that it is repaired and finished as God has directed. To this ark he will gather all the institutions of God, which are the only hope of our land. He will no more allow the cause of Missions at home or abroad, the cause of Education, or that of a sanctifying literature to perish, or be imperiled in this "overflowing scourge," than Noah would have left one or all of his sons to perish with the world of the ungodly. He will search out his own sins, and those of his house, and those of his church, that more than any others, endanger the nation in which she is embosomed; and provoke the Mediator in his kingdom, to join his eyes of fire, with the ministers of destroying providence, to scourge the Church and the world together. Luke-warmness, the loathsome sin of Laodicea; contentment with outward order and immunity from scandal, the sin of Sardis; want of love among ourselves, and love of the world, strong enough to efface the distinction of God's own people, and to invade even the pulpit with its maxims and policy—these the man of faith will mortify, as the tempest of judgment approaches.

Second. Another trial is that of reproach for the faithful maintenance of truth and holiness. This is one, however, which is ordinary, instead of extraordinary, just as often as the spirit of heroic consecration dares to rise above the level of an average conformity, or pass beyond the circle of common expedient, in aggression upon darkness and sin; or stand like a "brazen wall" and "a defensed city," against the rage of prejudice and passion in times of excitement. Times like the present are full of peril to any form of uncompromising Christianity. Unregenerated nature, always, when stirred to its lowest depths by the pressure of public woe, rages against the barriers of a pure faith; in proportion as it stands up to witness for God, when his hand is stretched out, in con-

troversy with men. And we, of "this sect which is everywhere spoken against," may look for obloquy to come in the tumults of public disorder—for the bigot and the latitudinarian, the skeptic and the fanatic, the voluptuary and the demagogue, to say to each other, "a confederacy"—as often as the standard of this camp goes forward among the tribes of Israel.

Faith, in such a trial as this, probably the hardest of all, to the fortitude of its heavenly temper, will seek above all things to experience the power, sweetness, and consolation of everything in our profession, for which we are denounced or derided; will wake into life and beauty every hated feature of our testimony, and without plan or apology, concealment or accommodation, fix an eye on the authority of Jesus, and his example; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross and despised the shame." We have seen already how it was to the Hebrews, when they were a "gazing-stock both by reproaches and afflictions," that the great Apostle administered the text, where he tells them, they have "need of patience," and exhorts them: "Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." (Hebrew 10).

Third. Another trial is the return of infidelity—extraordinary, in that no completeness of defeat can prevent its returning invasion. It is the only thing under heaven that never dies out, beneath the light of demonstration against it—even boasting itself as "the Nemesis of faith;" and being born of night, will indeed ever seek to reverse the day with its shadow; even when "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days." It is sure to watch its opportunity, in times of public disorder, when religion fails to subdue the passions of men, and providence appears to disappoint the faith of the just; in order to unsettle hope and confidence in God, because his ways are not our ways. It exchanges persecution, and ridicule, and learned seclusion, and rhetorical flourish, and philosophical doubt, forms which have all in turn been exhausted; and now becomes Tractarian to the masses, courting the enthusiasm of ignorance, as it streams through the workshops, the camps, and the trains of foreign immigration.

We may have to meet it in terrific forms—true as it is to nothing but the venom with which it began the assault on "this Galilean." We must meet it in these new forms of activity and aggression. Faith, in this trial, goes on with her march of intellect, her work of education, lifting higher its standard, and keeping her sons in the van of all human learning, and at the same time with equal concern, she will repair that old redoubt of bluff and simple piety, from which the most unlettered of men may exclaim. "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see"—and the most learned repeat, "Let God be true and every man a liar. Child-like faith is a giant, more

than a giant; it has a sling and a stone, before which every giant must fall, to be dispatched by his own sword.

Fourth. Another trial is apostacy—extraordinary because it has been ordinary so long and so immovably. Like infidelity, it is always on the alert, in times of confusion and trouble, when the foundations of the earth are out of course; the sort of times in which it began to erect that vast incorporation, which for many centuries has been making merchandise of the souls of men. Closeted with civil power in the councils of the nation, and speeding on public errands, as if it were the soul of patriotism itself. Popery is the same political religion it has always been, and in nothing so unchangeable as its ambition to bestride the state. It has always clambered up on the existing temporal power, no matter on what side of the question; the first to chant a Te Deum in Charleston when Fort Sumter fell, and the first to rally the masses of New York to avenge that fall. "Popery is dead at heart and living at the extremeties," says a great writer of this age. It is living in these extremities, with power and policy of sufficient portent to make us keep in mind the martyr declaration of Bishop Latimer, whose blood was spattered on its fangs: "Once I thought that Popery would never return into England; but now I find it was not faith, but fancy.

Faith sees in the promises of God, a determinate time, when this great Babylon will sink, as a mighty millstone in the sea; and, without the help of curious computations on the one hand, or political combinations on the other, "writes for it"—never discouraged that it tarries so long; and never secure and relaxed when the "Man of Sin" appears to droop, as if destined to perish in a gradual decrepitude. Rather, the just man's faith will wait for the overthrow of this great apostacy, from the hight of that prosperity which sits a queen, and "glorifies herself and lives deliciously"—with instantaneous and astounding interposition of Almighty God—"her plagues shall come upon her in one day—for strong is the Lord God that judgeth her." Till then, the faith which lives in the exercise of vigilance that never sleeps, and efforts that never slacken, will cry out in sympathy with "souls beneath the altar" on high—"O Lord! how long?"

Such is an imperfect view of true faith, in its habits of ordinary exercise, and in situations of critical and extraordinary trial. How admirable its constitution! How rich its resources, what consolatory evidence does it afford us, that this life of faith is an imperishable principle; and that there is in any fainting extremity of its nature, a quenchless vitality, which may be called on to revive and "strengthen the things that remain and are ready to die." It is first in order; every other grace in the soul implies the precedence of this faith, and must be lost—hope herself must give up the sure and steadfast anchor, before this inner and ultimate life of faith can be destroyed. It is justifying; and stands in the presence

of God on the ground of a satisfaction, so infinite in value, as to guarantee the protection of that very justice which was arrayed against us. Justice herself expires, before the just man's faith will die. It is uniting; and lives in mystical incorporation with Christ himself, in the fullnefs of him who is "alive for evermore and hath the keys of hell and death." Sooner may the keys be stolen and pulsation cease from the hand which holds them, than the vital cord between that glorious Head and the meanest member, to whom he gives eternal life, can be discovered. It is realizing; and so diffuses light and breath to all other sensibilities of human life, that a visible existence will go out, before a soul of life like this expires. It is fruitful; and "herein is my father glorified that ye bear much fruit." Sooner than a fruitful faith will die, God would relinquish his glory. All its ordinary properties prove, it is deathless—that the just man lives by faith, and lives forever.

And amidst calamities the most dreadful, it rides above the waves in an ark of safety. Amidst reproach and scorn the most bitter, it realizes the honor which cometh from man. Amidst infidelity the most virulent, and apostacy the most signal and sear, it overcomes by the blood of the Lamb and the testimony it holds. All these extreme hostilities it smiles at with defiance; and when flesh and heart would faint and fail, finds in God the strength of our hearts and a portion forever.

Have you such a faith, my brethren? Not in conscious competency now, for every form of diversified trial and firm endurance—for as your day is, your strength shall be—but in that "spirit of your minds," which takes you always and immediately to Jesus? It is time, surely, to know what manner of spirit we are of—when the judgment of God are abroad over all this broad land. Already it is a bochim. And God only knows how soon every house may be mourning a first-born, and more than a first-born. The end may be worse than the beginning. Famine, pestilence, and anarchy, may tread upon the heels of war. Wicked ambition and vile corruption, at the North, may bring upon us fiery trials, in the very triumph which crushes out a wicked rebellion and a vile Confederacy at the South. And if none of these things be coming, death is at hand; the judge is at the door; unchangeable eternity is near. Oh! let us see to it, that we now live and stand fast in the Lord; so that over us the second death shall have no power. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

Perishing sinners, will not you beg that it may be given you, on the behalf of Christ, to believe on his name? Without another moment's delay, will you not plead that God would fulfil in you "the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power"? "He that believeth not, shall be damned." "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

SERMON XXIV.

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MAN'S RUIN AND GOD'S REMEDY.

"O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help."—HOSEA 13: 9.

THESE words were prophetic of the great disasters and that woful ruin which came upon God's chosen people, when the Assyrian led them into captivity and desolated their land with fire and sword. They were spoken in a time of comparative security, when the cities of Israel were teeming with inhabitants, and the broad harvest fields were offering their rich reward to the labor of the husbandman. The varied successes of the splendid reign of Solomon had not been swept away when Hosea prophesied, and it was in sight of the stately temple, in the midst of the art, enterprise and civilization which still abounded, that he foretold the days of darkness which were drawing nigh.

Amid the glitter and promise of that material civilization, God had discerned and denounced the real tendencies of this rebellious people, and with the certain issues of the future drawn out before him, he bade the prophet present the picture of desolated cities, a goodly land become a wilderness, a nation driven from their homes in exile, or dead upon the field of battle. And to this most woful prophecy, he appends the declaration that this ruin should be the natural consummation of the nation's progress, that they should be self-destroyed by the simple operation of the principles which they had adopted, and the institutions which they had founded. In other words, God herein affirms that the tendencies of the nation's life, in spite of their wealth, culture, martial prowess and wholesome laws, were all towards a complete and remediless destruction, and that all valid hope of protection and renewed prosperity was founded upon the interposition of his helping hand and saving power.

There is in this brief address made thus by Jehovah to his ancient people, a principle whose significance relates to man and his institutions, without regard to the limitations of time or place or national advancement. It points out to those who consider its real scope and meaning, the actual issues of man's experiments with the world, and his efforts after progress; and then presents the only means of permanent prosperity. It proclaims the solemn truth, that as he stands amid the bounties of God's providence, and the natural arrangements of the world, man is continually perverting them from their divine intent, and thereby bringing ruin upon his highest interests, and that the only remedy for his abuse of mercies and disarrangement of establish-

ed order is found in the constant interposition of Jehovah's arm in the processes of nature, providence, and grace.

Here is a truth which men need to learn thoroughly and ponder often. It is too much left out of the account or even spurned by statesmen, political economists, and historians; but is written clearly in the word of God, and has been engraved on the monuments of buried nations. I will ask your attention to a discussion of this subject.

The destructive tendency of human progress, and the remedy supplied by God to counteract the ruin. I will attempt to prove that such is the actual and universal tendency, and then to show how God is continually restoring what man destroys.

It is said to be a part of the prescribed ceremonial of the Chinese court for the great dignitaries of the Empire to appear before their sovereign and to offer to him on stated occasions, acts of adoration and ascriptions of a divine majesty and glory. Conscious as they are of the inherent falsity and absurdity of this adulation, they shower upon him such titles as "Emperor of the Universe, Brother of the Sun, Lord of Heaven," he meanwhile receiving the silly worship with the most undisturbed and serene complacency.

Now, there can be scarcely an exaggeration in the remark, that there is something wondrously akin to this Chinese usage in the temper with which many of the present age are wont to glorify its institutions, its achievements, and its progress. As if by general consent, the nineteenth century has been established upon a throne of honor, and around it have gathered the high priests of science and the leaders of opinion, to proclaim its successes and its destiny. On every side may be heard the praises of the mechanical enterprise and the material prosperity which are subduing the powers of nature, and making the earth a fairer paradise than the Eden in which man began his life. This is popular opinion. The hymn which the multitude are singing in the ear Eternal is a great chant of Hallelujah! for the sails of commerce are spread on every sea; for the iron roads are uniting every land; for the products of the fine and useful arts are multiplying with an unexampled rapidity upon the earth. It is by means of these inventions of the mechanic and these enterprises of the capitalist that the highest good is to be obtained for man, and the golden age is to shed its lustre on the world.

But, my hearers, it may be shown that the object of all this idolatry, is no less a shadow and a deceit than is that crowned and jeweled mortal whose life is flowing on to death, while his flatterers are extolling his immortality. The age whose intelligence and progess are thus exalted, resembles much the idol Dagon which the ancient Philistines worshipped, whose fair features and extended arms were terminated by the foul proportions of a monster of the deep. It were greatly profitable that the real truth concerning this so-called progress and development of man in the successive ages, should be distinctly understood, and that we might realize that in the midst of the works and wonders of our own time the same divine warning is proclaimed to us, as to Israel of old: "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself!" In proceeding with our theme, I remark:

First. The natural progress of man in the world is a steady lapse towards corruption and destruction. In spite of the arts, institutions, and triumphs of civilization, notwithstanding the experience of sixty centuries against the

accumulated warnings which have issued from the lips of far-seeing statesmen and holy prophets, and sometimes even of the despots and oppressors who have scourged the nations, it has been true from the beginning, and will be true until the end of time, that the natural development of the race is a descent towards misrule, oppression, anarchy and ruin. I am well aware that such a proposition opposes many of the theories of the age, but it will only be requisite that we should turn a few pages in God's three great volumes, Reason, Revelation and History, to make it evident beyond dispute.

4. Consider the nature of the ideas of civilization and progress as they are held by men, and as they operate in the world. That there is a "law of progress," in relation to man's material interests can not be overlooked, and ought not to be denied. The powers of man's busy intellect are exercised continually upon the physical facts and forces which surround him. The great wants of his lower life are ever clamorous for satisfaction, and the tastes and affections of his rational nature, equally impel him to exertion. On behalf of these varied needs, man is a ceaseless worker. By his inventions and attainments, he is ever seeking to make himself a home in the world, and to improve his temporal estate. Thus we find it to be true, as it is sung by Tennyson:

> "That through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Thus there is progress in the art of living, in mechanical inventions, in the range of the fine arts, and the scope of great enterprises, and in the fellowship of nations. One age profits by the mistakes and the successes of those which have preceded it. Barbarism merges gradually into civilization—the Gaul of Cæsar's time becomes the elegant Parisian of the present; the rude Briton whose huge proportions and ferocious aspect were the wonder of the dainty citizens of Rome, develops into the shrewd, manly Englishman whose arms and enterprise are influencing the world. As the centuries roll by, new territories invite the attention, first, of the explorer, then of the colonist, and then of the statesman; new facilities for intercourse and traffic are discovered and applied, and new avenues of wealth and culture are opened to the multitude. This is the process of civilization as it advances in the world. This is the path of progress along which the race is marching. Truly, here are great results, dazzling to the eye, and flattering to the pride of man.

But when this process is surveyed closely, and its real tendencies are accurately noted, what is it more or better than a reconstruction of the tower of Babel in which railroad iron, and telegraphic wires, and social comforts are substituted for asphaltic brick, and the fine arts for the builder's lofty plan, but the intent of which is equally with that of the ancient enterprise, to exalt man upon the earth, and screen him from the scrutiny of God. Remove the glittering ornaments from this popular idea of progress, and come down to its solid substance, what is there in it but a success which is material, a growth which is upon the surface only, a nobility which is for the sake of profit and of show? Expand it, modify it, or disguise it as you will, the fact remains that a process of development which rests upon these ideas, and aims at these results, is rotten to the core, and from it there can only spring corruption. It is not possible that the more diffusion of intelli-

gence, or the interchange of national products, or the hollow courtesies of diplomatic intercourse, or the creation of artistic taste and skill, can check the outbursts of human passion, or subdue the giant selfishness of man. In this material prosperity we have, then, the real end of progress, so far as it is sought by any human institutions, and in this there can not be a single element of conservative effect, or a single principle of enduring force. It is the progress of enterprises which have no intent of philanthropy, of arts which have no moral beauty, of principles which have no eternal life. It is born, not of the Father, but of the world, and grows not by faith, but by sight only. With this explanation of the ideas of progress and civilization as they are working in the world, let me pass next,

2. To show how this view is confirmed by the great lessons of history. It has been aptly said that "History is philosophy teaching by example." It is thus to history that we must look to find the actual law of progress by which nations and institutions are controlled. In the light of its solid facts we may learn the real tendencies of that refinement and civilization of which those who see things in the present only, are so prone to boast. I would then present this as the emphatic lesson of this great teacher; that every nation which has risen in the world, and attained to any real greatness, has culminated in such a civilization as I have described, and has found therein the elements of its decay and ruin.

The obvious illustrations of this truth would extend far beyond the limits prescribed to this discussion. But our thought turns to some of the more prominent. Forty centuries ago, before Rome, Athens, or even Troy were founded, the patriarch Abraham went from the land of Canaan down into the valley of the Nile, and found there a mighty people. In respect to their knowledge of the useful arts and the principles of agriculture, they were completely civilized. Their laws were wisely framed, their institutions reasonably free, and their style of living elegant. All this we know from the Scripture and from the inscriptions and decorations which remain upon their tombs and temples to this day. Here was the splendor of material civilization, and now to what has it progressed? Who does not know the sequel of that early magnificence and culture. That civilization developed into corruption, the strength of Egypt wasted, and her institutions went to ruin, until now, the sands of the Libyan desert have rolled over the temples of Isis and Osiris, and the swords of the Calif, the Mameluke and the Turk have sundered the scepter of the Pharaohs. And just this was the progress of the great Asian Empires of Assyria, Babylon and Persia. Notwithstanding the extent of their dominion, and the glory of their achievements, and the wisdom of their rulers, not one could resist the subtle forces which dissolved them. And thus also were shaken and overturned the Republics of Greece, in which there were, in rich profusion, arts, letters, eloquence, systems of philosophy, equitable constitutions, and above all, many great and good men who are still the models of the world.

But most impressively do we discern this truth when we pause over the ruins of the great Roman Empire, which Florus, one of its own historians, compared to the common life of man—since like that it had its period of infancy, of boyhood, of maturity, and of old age. Never has the world witnessed such a spectacle of solid strength and extended power as was presented

by this Empire in the Augustan age. Throughout the known world the Roman eagles flew in triumph. The doors of the great temple of Janus were closed on account of the universal peace. The treasures of every land were poured into the capital over the roads of stone which issued thence and reached on to the remotest border. This was the great estate of Rome. Thus she sat upon the seven hills and uttered her voices, while the earth trembled—and yet within three hundred years this empire was divided to protect it from its enemies, the seat of government removed to another land, the laws of the senate set aside by the soldiers, and the way prepared for that incursion of barbarians which wiped out all the traces of former supremacy.

There is yet another illustration of this which has just been recorded by this historian. In captive India there has grown up within a century a splendid empire, rich in all the treasures of Oriental art and tropical production. Acquired in the prosecution of commercial enterprise, it has been the avowed policy of its conquerors to secure its development by means of the appliances of science and civilization only. Every thing which could conflict with this intent was sedulously excluded, and the heathen nations of that great peninsula were guided in that one line of progress which results from physical and intellectual culture. So strict was the purpose that no other influence should be admitted, that in some sections the missionary of the Gospel was positively forbidden to prosecute his work, and it is upon record that within fifty years a converted Sepoy, of the Brahmin caste, was expelled the army for the crime of having embraced the Gospel. Thus the great Indian Empire was reared and civilized. Now I need not pause to picture to you the fearful fruits of that civilization, but will only remark that just where this material prosperity was most successfully secured, there the horrors of the rebellion were most appalling, and that among the leaders in these atrocities were the cultivated heathen whom the government had sought to preserve from the contagion of Christianity, and to restrain by the influence of English laws. So obvious has been the failure of this atheistic experiment, that the London Times was constrained to announce that "henceforth India must be held for Christianity and true civilization."

To these illustrations might be added those suggested by the experience of the Ottoman Empire, of the States of Italy, or the South-American Republics. But, passing these, we further vindicate our proposition by

(3.) A reference to our own land and the influence of our own institutions. From the contemplation of every other country and all other forms of government, we may return to our own with the confidence that here man is most correctly valued, and law is most equitably formed, and liberty is most securely guarded. Truly we have received a goodly heritage! The fabric of our Government was reared upon the pattern which God showed to Moses in the Mount. Our institutions were founded in the hatred of oppression and the love of right. The broad Atlantic rolls between us and the corruptions which have vitiated the older nations of the world. Our life is young and fresh. Our children have ample facilities for education. Our territory is boundless, and land is within the reach of all. We have no state religion. Our people do not bend the knee to king or priest. Such are we among the nations, with a history every page of which is radiant with the

record of our blessings; with a field of action on which even a colony of angels might make themselves illustrious. But now we ask what has been the career of this favored nation, what has been the direction of its progress? Has there been ascent or descent in the march of empire? It were useless to attempt to conceal what lies so boldly on the surface of our life. Notwithstanding these matchless institutions, and these prospering influences on every hand, the great lesson of history is being reaffirmed in our experience. It is true that in our national career we have gained in territory and increased in revenue, and advanced in culture and refinement, but amid all this, the primal vigor and integrity of the nation's life has wasted. Republicanism does not check depravity; it cannot make a weak man strong, or a bad man good. Representative institutions have not lifted man one iota nearer God, or renewed in this Western World the bloom of his Eden life. Nay, look at things as they are among us; and question the direction of our national progress if you can. Consider the fierce partisanship of politics, the strife of interests between different sections of the Union, the corruption of our legislators, the apologies for oppression, the insecurity of our cities, our eagerness in the pursuit of wealth for its own sake, the recklessness of our expenditure, and the fearful increase of crimes of darkest hue, and you can not but acknowledge the general tendency towards license and corruption. And when, passing by these inherent symptoms, you look at existing facts, how keenly do we realize the operation of this law!

The dragon's teeth—sown in false theories of Government, in recklessness of law, in craving for material prosperity, in disregard of humanity and justice, and in national forgetfulness of God—have sprung up in hosts of armed men who shake the land with the thunder of their exterminating strife. Discord rules the hour. Uncertainty for the future hangs like a pall upon the patriot's heart. Whichever side we turn, we meet the evil of man's doings and the perils which man has wrought of God's bounty. This is the spectacle which we present to-day, before high heaven, and the nations which behold us.

It is true that this is the darkest aspect of the picture, but its actual existence proves that here, as elsewhere, there is a suicidal tendency in human institutions, however freshly organized, however favored in the field on which they work.

Here, then, we may rest the proof for the proposition that the natural development of man is towards the ruin of his best institutions. View him in whatsoever circumstances, in old lands or in new, in bondage or in freedom, civilized or a barbarian, the same sad truth remains, in the family, in the state, and in the world; he shows the perverse tendencies of his apostate nature, and wanders from the light towards darkness and destruction.

Beholding this truth, we may use concerning our present age, notwithstanding all its advantages and triumphs, the stirring language of Jean Paul: "As yet it is the twelfth hour of night; specters uprear, the dead walk, the living dream. It is only thou, Eternal Providence, that canst make the day dawn." Leaving this branch of our subject, we come next to remark,

II. That amid these destructive tendencies there is hope for man in the *helping* hand of God. Briefly we here attempt to show that while man is *thus* progressing towards a social and national destruction over the best

institutions and through the highest civilization, God is continually averting perils, reconstructing ruined institutions, and infusing new life into the organisms which man has corrupted. Of this he gives us an assurance in the words of the text: "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help." Among the vivid creations of the Scandinavian mythology there is one which represents Life under the similitude of a Tree. Igdrasil, the ash-tree of existence, has its roots deep down in the very kingdom of death. At its base sit the three Fates, who water these roots from the sacred well, while its trunk mounts high towards heaven, and its branches spread into every land. Its boughs are the histories of nations. Its rustle is the sound of human life, swelling onward from of old. It grows there in spite of death below and storms above, the true emblem of man's life and progress, by means of the forces through which God sustains him in the midst of moral evil. For God has purposed better things for man than man has chosen himself. Upon the very scene of his moral overthrow and ruin, God has decreed a restoration and a progress which shall be worthy of his interference, and shall bring the richest blessings unto man. Out of the very elements of death he is evolving a progressive renovation which will change the tendencies of the race. It is in accordance with this glorious purpose that our world, in spite of its revolutions and corruptions, and downward descent, is held unscathed amid the other worlds of God, like the bush which burned before the eye of Moses in the desert, and yet was not consumed.

The process by which this is being accomplished is not natural as men understand the laws of nature. It is not the work of forces which men have set in motion. It is a process of miraculous effect and supremely glorious to the grace of God.

There is indeed a providential interposition which sometimes checks the advance of evil by the array of material elements against it, or by striking down the agent of destruction; but in these cases we see not progress towards a higher good, but merely prevention of impending evil, and beyond these we must look for the means of a true development.

If we look for the formal statement of this divine method we find it only in the word of God. It is by implanting living ideas of truth and righteousness; by renewing sinful human hearts in the divine likeness, and by presenting God to the world as a living presence through his Church and Spirit that man's ruin if turned aside, and God's gracious plan is urged towards its consummation.

It is by such an infusion of a divine life into the systems and institutions which man has corrupted, and by renewing man, the corruptor, in His own image, that God checks the world in its descending course and lifts it to a brighter destiny. In the spiritual influences of the Gospel lies the help which his word has promised, and which his hand affords. We say it confidently, Christianity is the one power of real progress in the world. Aside from its positive and incidental blessings, there is no advance in history, no triumph over evil, no hope of a golden age. By its ideal adaptation to man's wants, and by the test of history and experience, it is proven to be endowed with an enduring life and a progressive power. Thus says Vericourt, in his "History of Christian Civilization:" "The principles of Christianity have originated every progress and every social revolution during eighteen hun-

dred years. It has sown the ideas which, during these centuries, have been the springs of human activity; liberty to the enthralled—equality to all—brotherhood of nations—unity of man. It must and will level all obstacles. Nature yields to its divine laws." And we may also use concerning it, in this relation, the eloquent language which Dr. Harris has used in reference to another of its aspects: "The progress of Christianity through the nations has been as traceable as the overflowing of the Nile is by the rich deposit and the consequent fertility which it leaves behind. Virtue has gone out of it in every age and wherever it came. The Roman Empire was rushing to ruin. Christianity arrested its descent and broke its fall. Nearly all the tribes of Europe were sitting at a feast upon human flesh or immolating human victims to their gods. It called them away from the horrid repast and extinguished their unholy fires. The Northern invasion poured a new world of barbarism over Christian lands. The spirit of Christianity brooded over the chaotic mass, and gave to it the forms of civilized life. It found the servant a slave, and broke his chains. It found the poor—the mass of mankind—trampled under foot, and it taught them to stand erect, by addressing whatever is divine in their degraded nature. It found woman in the dust, and it extended its protecting arm to her weakness, and raised her to the side of man. It found the world without a single house of mercy, and it reared hospitals, distributed to the poor, and sent out its messengers of mercy unto the ends of the earth."

This, then, we proclaim to be the great civilizing force by which God helps this fallen world. This is the hand which reaches through nature and molds men into a higher life. With its grand message, "Peace on earth and good will to men," this power has begun its progress. It was before all other methods, and it will outlive all others. The civilization which is material only, will waste and perish; the hopes based upon a nation's wealth or culture, or liberal institutions, will be shattered. But the angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach to those that are upon the earth shall fly on until every land is lightened with his glory, and the word shall be heard from the mouth of God, for which the weary nations have waited long: "Behold, I make all things new."

Thus, my hearers, Christianity civilizes. Christianity leads on the enduring march of Empire. Christianity saves the world from corruption and destruction. There is no progress for man aside from its restraining and inspiring influences. Oh! that this truth might be engraven on every constitution, and transcribed to every patriot's heart!

Then would society be truly civilized—the state be reared on the great principles of righteousness and the highest welfare of the people be secured by a prosperity which should be at once material and spiritual, temporal and eternal.

And now, as I turn from the general aspects of this subject, let me offer a single remark concerning its connection with that crisis of our national experience which we are constrained to contemplate on this day of thanksgiving and praise.

It is in connection with this view of a divine Providence, overturning man's designs, counteracting man's self-wrought ruin, that we may draw the rays of hope which give us courage in looking at the future of our land. For however much we may deplore the present trial, we have a calm and fixed

assurance that in this strife which is still forced upon us, ours is the cause of justice, of humanity, and of the best interests of the human race. It is impossible for honest Christian men to deny themselves the consolation that the great plan of God is unfolding rapidly before us and for our good. In spite of all our faults, it is still true that this nation is precious in the sight of God. His church is planted here in purity and power. From the cradle this nation has been in covenant with God. It is the center of those grand ideas of law and liberty, and Gospel grace, which he is using to elevate the world. And therefore he will purge us from our sins by judgments. He will turn and overturn that right may triumph, and liberty and law; and so make us one in loftier manhood and a grander mission for mankind.

And, as we review the past year, we can see many striking illustrations of the great truth which we have aimed to state, in the vicissitudes by which it has been accompanied.

On the one hand, God has been with us as of old. In our harvest fields, in many of our commercial enterprises, in our national institutions, in our sanctuaries, and in our homes, his hand has been displayed, full of its wonted blessings. On the other hand, we have been perverting these benefactions to uses unworthy and destructive. By our forgetfulness of God; by our lack of lofty principle and steady faith, we have deranged the order which he has established, and have caused these sweet fountains to pour forth bitter streams. As the result, we witness a shadow spread over all the land and hear on every side the voices of pain and sorrow. In a country rent by wild rebellion, shaken by fratricidal war, in a wise government imperilled without cause, and with no hope of profit, in thousands slain and tens of thousands mourning, we can see how man has been destroying in the midst of God's beneficence. Here is the old tendency under a new aspect, and it presents a spectacle which will astonish and confound the world for centuries to come.

And yet, amid all this, can you not see the helping hand and the loving heart of God, still at work amid these ruins, bringing good out of the evil? "In me is thy help," is his cry to those who stand looking regretfully at the past or despairingly towards the future. By teaching us humility, by bitter discipline, by hallowing our love for a country which has cost so much, by leading us to estimate duty above material comfort, and heroic Christian manhood more than ephemeral success, by interposing with his omnipotence to shield us from our weak and wicked passions, he is displaying his desire to save.

By such tokens of his good will and generous impulse he is calling us to duty to our country and to his righteous cause. And who so blind that this does not reveal itself to him?

To stand firmly for the right, cost what it may; to sustain everywhere and always the divine authority of government; to turn from the insidious partisanship of politics, and study the patriot's duty in the word of God; to humble ourselves under his mighty hand, and then rise strong in the Lord to sustain the righteous cause; to count no duty painful which leads us in the way of his commandments, and no success desirable which withdraws us from his smile; to stand fn this hour of trial, every where and always, true to the God who sustains us, true to the holy religion which

saves us, true to the government which defends us, true to the life-work which is set before us day by day.

This is our duty, and in this lies our safety and our eternal reward.

In view of these things, let us turn to God with a fresh spiritual gratitude —thanking him for homes, and friends, and all material blessings—but, most of all, that his loving-kindness is not withdrawn from our country or our souls. For the descent of this spiritual mercy upon our land, our rulers, our institutions, and our sinful hearts, let us humbly and sincerely pray!

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

For the Prayer-Meeting.

The Repetition of Sin.

One of the most marked effects of sin upon the human soul is the insensibility which it produces to its own evil. That evil is one that pervades the entire nature; it deranges it, it revolutionizes it, it fills it with jarrings, strifes and anarchy. It sets the passions against the reason, and the will against the conscience. It throws the soul out of its orbit of duty to God and man. It impels it along a devious track, a strange, forbidden way, where sooner or later it must meet the catastrophe of its doom. This is the necessary result of sin—as inevitable as its definition, and yet how rarely or how imperfectly is it noted!

Let us suppose an angel that has hitherto dwelt unsullied in the pure light of heaven, stains his soul by a single violation of the law of right. He does one deed, speaks one word, thinks one thought—and yet but one which he knows to be wrong. Who can take the compass, or measure the consequences of that single transgression? It works, necessarily, an entire revolution in that angelic nature. It affects every element of his being. To his moral sense it brings a kind of paralysis, from which it wakes, if at all, to the keenest anguish of remorse. The conscciousness of the crime is indelible. It puts an impassable barrier between him and the holy blessedness he once enjoyed. It imposes a burden which years and ages can not shake off.

And yet repeated sin hardens the soul against the impression of the guilt and curse. The evil nature of transgression is obscured by subsequent indulgence. No after-sin can produce an effect so striking, so startling, so revolutionary as the first. This does a work of desolation which all after-sin only amplifies and completes.

The first frost of autumn—how its deadly chill in a single night blasts the whole face of nature, smites down its freshness and its verdure, and covers the face of the earth with the pale of death! Wait a few weeks, till winter has completed the desolation, till the last sign of life or beauty has vanished from the landscape, till through the leafless forest the winds sigh the requiem of the dead year—and what is the frost of the night then? The ravage is already too complete to allow its effects to be susceptible. Is it not so with the heart that, under the power of the first marked transgression, felt itself strangely transformed? Then all nature was vocal with condemnation. The rustling leaf gave back the echoes of a condemning conscience. The lightning was a flash from the eye of an angry God. But now sin is indulged in, is relished, and the soul is hardened against the sense of its depravity. The work of desolation is too complete, the moral nature is too thoroughly ravaged, to allow the effect of each repeated sin to be distinctly visible. When the heart is palsied, the expiring spasms of the limbs attract but little attention.

How few take note of this dire effect of transgression, the insensibility it produces towards its own evil! Sin tends to annihilate the moral consciousness of the soul, to reduce it to that state in which it is perfectly indifferent to the right or wrong of its own acts. It matters not what form it takes, whether more or less gross, it is a transgression of law, a violation of conscience; every repetition of it tends to complete the work already begun, till man is reduced as near as

possible to the moral level of a block or a brute.

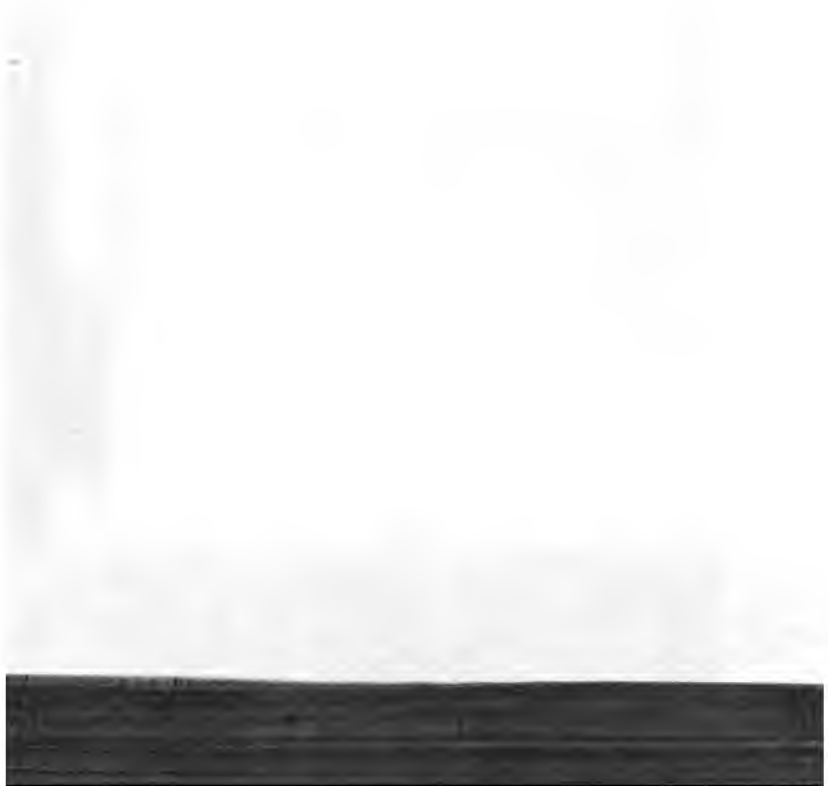
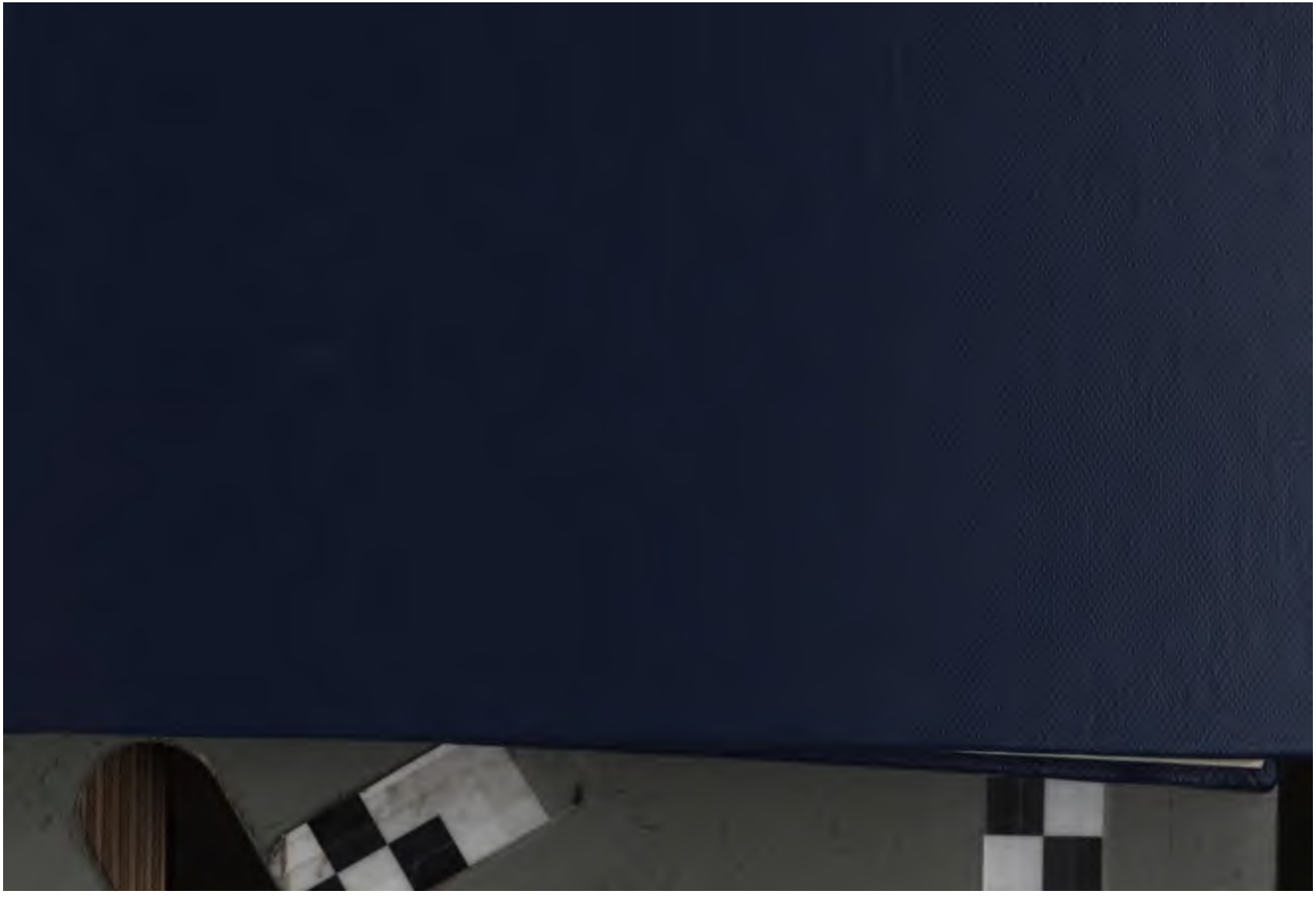
But even at this point he can not pause. Depravity is not merely negative. It does not merely take away holiness; it introduces the elements of perversity; it imposes the character of the demon. Satanic perfection is just the complete ignoring of all distinction between right and wrong, a readiness, whenever the emergency calls for it, to say: "Evil, be thou very good."

How solemn is this thought, that while by sin you ruin your soul, every step in your progress renders you yet more insensible to your guilt and danger. It is as in the infliction of a wound, the first incision stings as it strikes through the nerves spread over the surface, but as the weapon goes deeper, sensation utters no protest; you scarcely feel the more fatal infliction. Is it not wise, then, to pause where you are, to hesitate before you place yourself beyond the sense of your danger, to break off sin by righteousness, and your iniquities by turning unto the Lord? Your insensibility to the evil of your course, is but the earnest of the second death.

Appeal to Youth.

YOUTH is not immortal; though you are young now, you may die while you are young, and if you are still waiting and refusing to embrace Christ and give up yourselves to him, while you hesitate, death may be deciding, and while you may be saying, "Not to-day, Lord Jesus, to-morrow"—death may be saying—"Not to-morrow, but to-day; this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" And if this should be the case, and you die unregenerate, unforgiven, having come to years of accountability, having an understanding to judge between good and evil, and a conscience to have warned you of your danger, and having had faithful counsels and every opportunity—if you die in your sins, how melancholy is the consequence! When this glowing countenance, blooming with youth, now withered and decayed, sinks down into all the darkness and gloom of the grave, and the blackness of darkness and everlasting fire gathers around you, then that warm imagination that once painted to itself fairy scenes of future felicity, will be left to riot in all the dreadful conceptions of everlasting misery—what it must be to spend an eternity of agony! Then the memory that might have been the treasury of divine truth, and stored up God's gracious words, will only recall all that will torment you—all your opportunities and advantages, and all your own perverse abuse, neglect and rejection of them all. Oh! why must all the flower of youth go down to perdition? Why must the spring be blasted, and everlasting winter wither the soul? Why must that which should have been consecrated to Jesus, be forever the subject of Divine wrath? and he that might have been a rose-bud in the Saviour's crown—his diadem of salvation—be a withered weed cast out to everlast abhorrence and rejection?

REV. JAMES BENNETT. D. D.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